

Class No.....

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PUNCH



VOL LIX

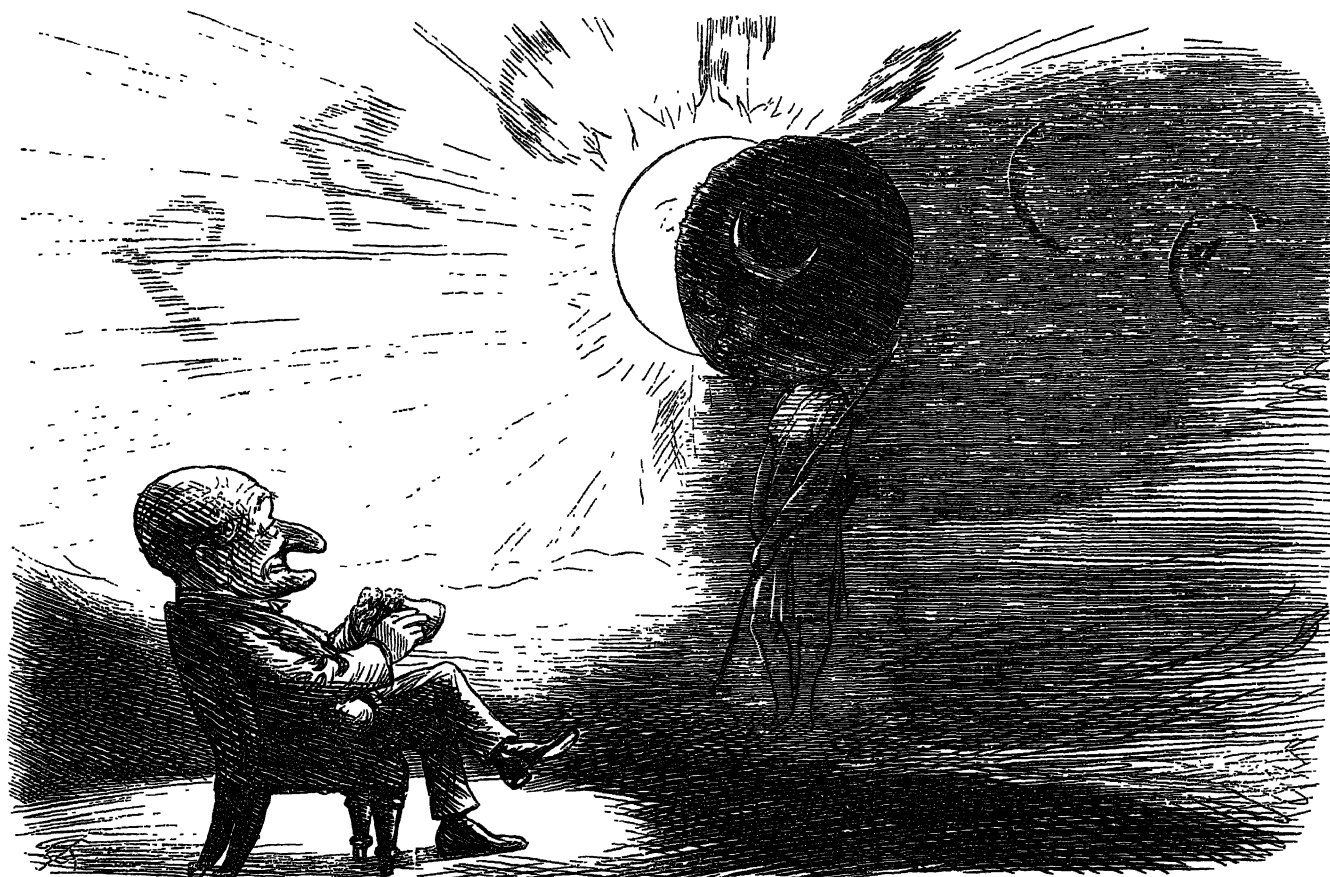
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IT was far into the night of the Shortest Day of the disturbed, disastrous, and dismal year, 1870.

But MR. PUNCH, the Philosopher, was not meditating on disturbance, disaster, or dismalness. He sat pondering on Eclipses, with the assistance of MR. NORMAN LOCKYER'S Elementary Lesson-book, and he had nearly persuaded himself that he partly understood something of the theory of those Phenomena.

"The longest time an Eclipse of the Sun can be total at any place is seven minutes," he read, and he seemed to derive comfort from that knowledge. "There has been no total eclipse of the sun in London since 1715," he went on. "Let's see, that was the year in which the Northern Lights vainly tried to eclipse the Star of Brunswick."

A card was brought in unto him, inscribed

Monsieur Helios.

Mademoiselle Selene.

"I do not know them; probably some balloon-refugees from Paris. They are welcome. Show them in."

His visitors entered. For a second, he was conscious of a blaze of golden glory, which was succeeded by a silvery effulgence, and then the new arrivals ceased to be more brilliant than other people of the world.

"Delighted," said MR. PUNCH, whose imperturbability is proof against Gods and Men. "How are you, Queen and Huntress chaste and fair? And how are you, my far-darter, Lord of the Unerring Bow?"

Olympian laughter rang musically, and then DIANA said, with the smile that made ENDYMION'S dream a Paradise "We have a little performance for the Astronomers to-morrow, and we thought that you might like a Private View."

"Thanks very much," said MR. PUNCH, playfully adopting the affectation of the hour. "But you will have to put the performance off. A vessel, laden with Science, has come to grief. I believe she is called—excuse my naming her," he added, with a sly glance at the lady.

"You may name her, Sir," said DIANA, laughing, and tossing her radiant head. PSYCHE was nothing to me."

LEMPRIÈRE——"

"O, if you'll believe LEMPRIÈRE, you'll believe anything," said DIANA.

"I don't believe anything," replied MR. PUNCH. "But may I offer you terrestrial hospitality? I fear that I am out of nectar and ambrosia."

"Has not MR. D'IXION told you that we consign such old-fashioned stuff to the sideboard?" said APOLLO. "There are some stupid old deities, uncle NEPTUNE for one, who believe in them, as old fogies on earth see luck in mince-pies. I'll have brandy-and-seltzer, and Miss DI will, I dare say, take some maraschino and a cigarette."

"As BYRON says, 'There was a light cloud on the Moon,'" said MR. PUNCH, handing her a paper of exquisite *papirosses Turc fort*, the gift of the Russian Ambassador, and marked "Moscou."

"This is the way I am going to put him out to-morrow," said the Goddess, interposing her fair, round face between her brother's and the Philosopher's. "You'll be thirty years older, dear clever boy, before I do it again."

"I daresay it's all right, and all very clever," said MR. PUNCH, "but I want a bit of astrology, not astronomy, from you. Raise your *voces stellarum*, and tell me what's going to happen in this Sublunary Wale."

"Do you mean to say," said DIANA, reproachfully, "that, with a grand Eclipse to behold, you care about Emperors of Germany, Balloon-Ministers, battles and sieges, broken treaties, and rubbish of that kind? Who will be thinking about them when the next Eclipse happens?"

"Goddess excellently bright," said MR. PUNCH, with that exquisite tact which combines a compliment with a repartee, "it is a good while since that fire occurred at a certain lady's house at Ephesus, and yet we talk of it still."

"Don't talk about that," said DIANA. "Do you know that the priests who incited that poor mad EROSTRATUS to burn my temple, cheated him out of his share of the assurance money?"

"Their Reverences made a good thing out of that Dis-establishment, eh? It does them credit. But now, news, news, news! What say the heavenly bodies? What planet rules the destiny of France, and what is the benefic JUPITER about, and does the violent MARS run retrograde?"

"Tell him something," said APOLLO, finishing his B. & S.

"Listen!" said DIANA. And leaning down, as erst she leant over her sleeping Shepherd, she whispered.

But what the MOON said to PUNCH is laid away in the golden casket of his Memory, and locked with the diamond key of his Fidelity. It may be revealed, however, in due season.

"By Dad," said APOLLO—

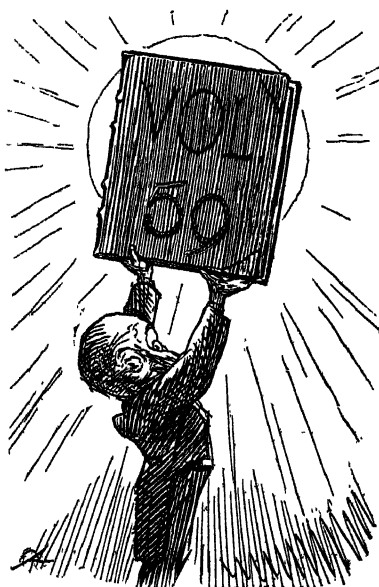
"By JOVE, you mean, I suppose?" said MR. PUNCH.

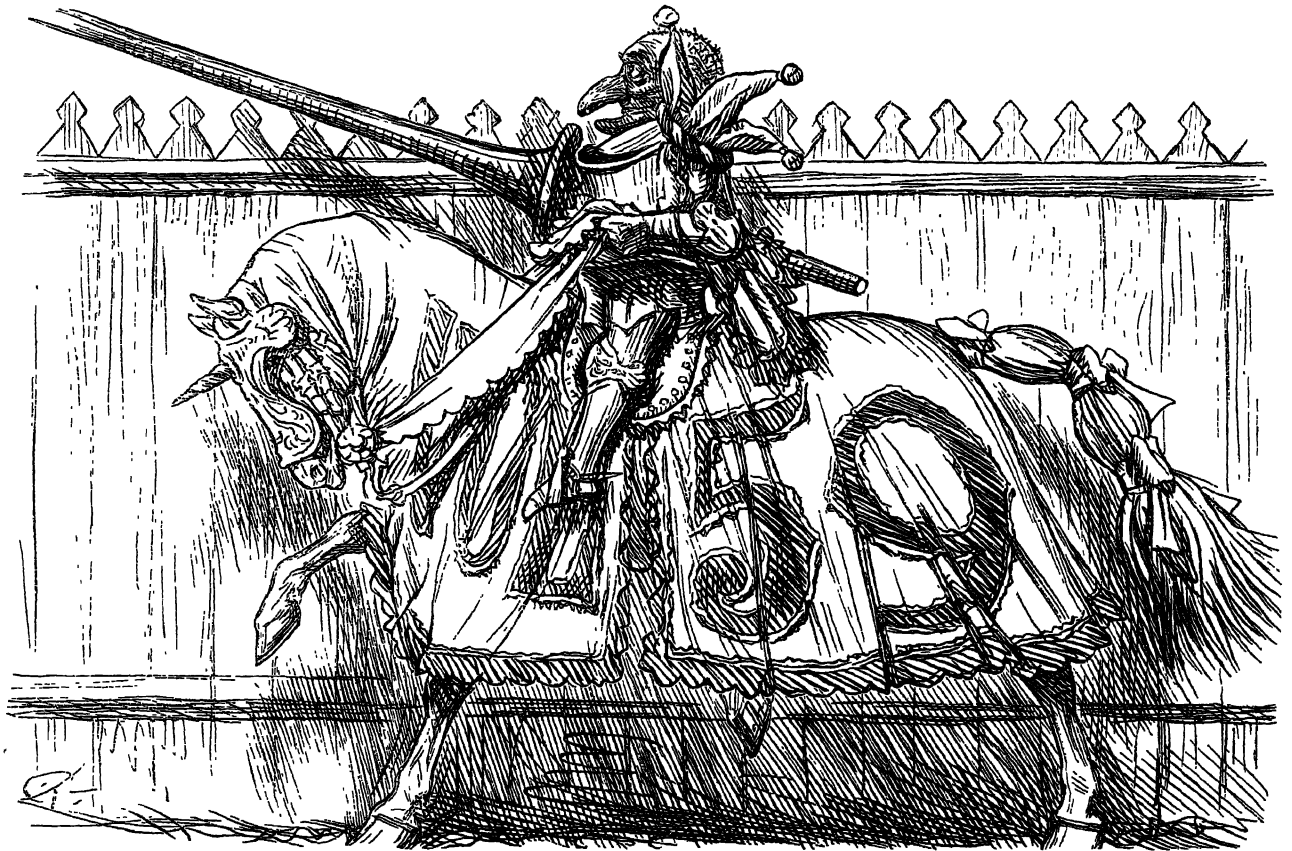
"Didn't I say so? DIANA, my dear, we shall be late. It will never do, after good-naturedly appearing at the times predicted, and saving the Astronomers' credit so often, to stultify 'em now, and show that they only make flukes. Kiss him, and come along, will you? We ought to be in Spain by this time. But I'll touch up the fiery-footed steeds, and make 'em gallop apace."

The salute of DIANA was given, and the bright guests were vanishing :

"Don't hurry your show," cried MR. PUNCH. "If the Sun is Eclipsed for ten days, no matter, I will enlighten Creation. Here is my

Fifty-Ninth Volume.





PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, June 20. EARL RUSSELL proposed that the Lords should ask Her Majesty to appoint a Commission to inquire into the means best fitted to guarantee the security of every part of the QUEEN'S dominions. He thinks that LORD GRANVILLE snubs the Colonies. Also, he showed his reading, thus:—

"In one of DRYDEN'S plays a man and his wife came upon the stage, and stated that, having loved each other as long as they could, and lived together so long as was pleasant to both, they had determined to separate. But that was the immoral sentiment of an immoral poet, and was not a proper guide for the colonial policy of this country."

We had not heard that the works of "glorious John" had been selected as the text-book for the Colonial Office, but we entirely agree with EARL RUSSELL that the above sentiment is decidedly improper. We should not call DRYDEN an "immoral poet," but a noble writer who sometimes ceased to be a poet, and stooped to immorality. The motion was resisted. Somebody has well said that the Commission desired by the Earl already exists, and the Commissioners are known as Her Majesty's Government. Finally, after a pleasing little debate, which ended in time to enable the Peers to dress for "a late 8" dinner (as *Lothair* says), the proposal was withdrawn.

SIR H. HOARE asked MR. AYRTON to state "with his usual courtesy," what he meant to do about that unfortunate Kensington Road. MR. AYRTON promised the courtesy and the explanation on another evening. We may as well say that he redeemed his promise, and gives up the plan. Hence learn a lesson. What all the sarcasms and violences of political opponents failed to obtain from the right honourable gentleman was thus gained by *Mr. Punch's* exquisitely gentle but perfectly irresistible Representation of the undesirableness of MR. AYRTON'S course.

DOCTOR DENISON, as we may now call him, apprised the House that he had been invited to go to Oxford, to receive from the new Chancellor, LORD SALISBURY, the degree of D.C.L. He requested a brief holiday for that purpose. MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI begged that he would go, and might have sung from *Cox and Box*—

"Saying, 'Dear Sir, you'll oblige us and honour us,
If you'll accept this as your holi-day.'"

It was therefore arranged that MR. DONSON should dispel the Fogs

of debate, while the SPEAKER went to hear himself addressed in very choice ancient Italian.

Education-Obstruction was then resumed. MR. RICHARD, rising from MR. BRIGHT'S seat in old days, but not rising to the level of the argument, as MR. BRIGHT would have done, placed himself in antagonism to the Government, and moved an Amendment, to the effect that

Grants to the present Denominational Schools should not be increased,

Attendance should be everywhere compulsory,

Religious instruction should be supplied by voluntary subscription.

Now, on this sectarian Amendment the House debated this night, and on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday. But *Mr. Punch*, having embodied his idea of the whole business in a Cartoon so suggestive and so subtle, that while the simplest mind can comprehend it, the profoundest must admire it, has no intention of wasting typography upon a *resumé* of the hundred-times-urged arguments. He records his approval of SIR JOHN PAKINGTON'S sentiments. That gentleman declared that he would support the Bill in two ways—by his vote, and by not occupying precious time with long speeches. MR. FORSTER announced that Government had come to the end of their concessions. On those who delayed the Bill should rest the responsibility. Admirable was one of MR. FORSTER'S sentences, and it told. "*It is not of the poor little children that we are thinking.*" In the course of debating, LORD R. MONTAGU said that the Denominationalists lost more than they gained, but that they wished to settle the question. MR. DIXON, of the League, complained that he and his friends were attacked, for they were the quietest people in the House, and seldom spoke, but represented a great mass of opinion outside. MR. HENLEY, but in no bigoted way, stood up for the Catechism, as teaching the great truths dear to almost all.

On the last night, there was some good speaking by MR. MUNDELLA, who asked how spiritual instruction was to be refused unless we withheld MILTON and other religious poets from the schools; MR. W. H. SMITH declaring, from his large personal knowledge, that the artisan class was hostile to the exclusion of religion; MR. WALTER confirmed that testimony, and believed the Bill a wise one, because tentative; MR. HORSMAN galloped over everybody, but himself came a moral cropper, and MR. GLADSTONE finished with a fine and vigorous

answer to all antagonists—the result being that the Seculars went out only 60, and the united Conservatives and Liberals 421. MR. RICHARD'S defeat is a matter for as much congratulation as *Mr. Punch* can offer on this subject, while disputants block the child's way to school.

Tuesday. MR. SOMERSET BEAUMONT (Wakefield) proposed that no Bishops, hereafter to be consecrated, should sit in the House of Lords. Needless to say that a motion of this kind brought out some smart and sharp sayings from the enemies of the Mitre. But MR. GLADSTONE rose up and executed judgment upon them. He thought that the presence of the Prelates in the House of Lords was very valuable, for they were men who had risen by their merits. He reviewed episcopal history, and showed that the Bishops, though they might often have been wrong, had manifested independence and a readiness to suffer for principle:—

"ARCHBISHOP LAUD went gallantly to the scaffold, and no man, I believe, ever behaved better upon it. Every Bishop of the Church of England took contentedly the spoiling of his goods, and in that respect proved himself to be a successor of the Apostles. What happened in the reign of JAMES THE SECOND, when the Bishops made themselves the leaders of the people on behalf of liberty and law? (*loud cheers.*) What happened in the reign of WILLIAM THE THIRD, when a large number of Bishops—wrongly as I think, but with spirit, independence, and disinterestedness, and because of the scruples which they entertained as to the title of the King to the Crown—abandoned their temporal advantages, and descended into obscurity, if not beggary? (*cheers.*) Let us do justice in this matter. The Bishops of the Church of England may have their faults—no doubt they have, like every other body of men—but they have eminently been a body distinguished by independence and regard for character."

Contrary to his custom (not that he binds himself by the faintest rule)

"Disposing men and things His Own Majestic Way."

Mr. Punch quotes the above passage, and requests that all anti-Gladstonian Clergymen will read it aloud to their families on Sunday next, at breakfast, and "without note or comment," save what may be silently made by conscience.

MR. BEAUMONT said that he was a supporter, not only of MR. GLADSTONE but of MR. BRIGHT, who had used exceeding strong language condemnatory of the presence of Bishops in the House of Lords. He regretted, especially "this week," the absence of "our distinguished leader." The motion was rejected by 158 to 102.

MR. GILPIN made complaint of the late hours kept by the House. One Member said that such hours were all very well for bachelors who had no home-charms to attract them. Another very properly said that able and leading politicians used to accept dinner invitations for Wednesdays and Saturdays only—now the rule seemed to be to accept whatever invitations were given, and throw the House over, until ten or eleven. These be truths. MR. GLADSTONE thought no rule could well be made, but promised to try not to bring on "opposed" business after 12.30. The House divided twice, and then MR. GILPIN withdrew his motion. But more must be heard on the subject. It is nonsense to say that it is the business of Parliament and not of the public. It is because the business of the public cannot be done well in what a Member (recollecting NANTY EWART, perhaps) called the Small Hours, that we wish it done in the great ones. Nothing but dancing, flirting, and eating lobster-salad can be performed well after midnight, and even those things had best be let alone, especially the last.

Wednesday. The only matter of interest was a Bill for doing a little justice to the Medical Men who look after the poor. DR. BRADY said that these gentlemen were liable to be called out at any hour of the day or night, to go great distances, in all weathers, for a remuneration which he justly described as truly disgraceful to those who tender it. So will everybody say when told that in 239 Unions the average monthly pay of the doctor is from eightpence to three shillings a case, and in 384 from three shillings to seven shillings a case. This bill is to provide a superannuation scheme, enabling the Unions to give the retiring medical man a small allowance. He gets less, said MR. MUNTZ, for attending a large district than Members pay their butlers. Yet he voted against the Bill, as did 27 others, but there were 139 for it.

SIR GEORGE JENKINSON wants to establish a Court of Appeal in the case of Capital Sentences, but his plan was declared by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to be ill-considered, and it was withdrawn. MR. BRUCE defended himself for having relieved a murderer who was so curiously constructed that his execution by the cord would have been difficult, and said that the commutation had been made to avoid a public scandal, and had nothing to do with the pain which carrying out the sentence might have caused to the assassin.

Thursday. The House of Lords was crammed with Peers, anxious to debate or hear debates on the Irish Land Bill. But as *Mr. Punch's* readers have probably heard as much as they desire to hear of the details of this Bill, it shall suffice to say that (new LORD O'HAGAN, Irish Chancellor, having taken his seat, with graceful compliment from Grace of Richmond) a variety of Opposition Amendments were put, discussed, and carried against Government. They may be described as having been made in the Landlord interest, and as some of them are

opposed to the principle of the Bill, *Mr. Punch* may assume that his friend, MR. GLADSTONE, will find some means of convincing the Peers that his scheme may be best left intact. LORD O'HAGAN lost no time in making his maiden speech in the Upper Chamber, supporting the Bill, and thanking "a noble nation" for attempting the reparation of wrong.

But what is life without fun? LORD CLANCARTY proposed that no compensation should be given to an evicted tenant who had exhibited to his neighbours an example of habitual drunkenness, vice, or misdeemeanour. But LORD SALISBURY was sarcastic on this attempt to make Irishmen virtuous through the agency of draining and fencing, and inquired whether the judges would have to take into consideration the question whether the tenant had paid such attention to his neighbour's wife as should attract the unfavourable notice of LORD PENZANCE. The remarkable proposal was withdrawn.

Punch has said how the Commons were occupied, but must add his tribute to SIR R. KNIGHTLEY, who declared, pityingly, that MR. GLADSTONE laboured like a galley-slave at the oar—trusted he would have stamina to carry him through the Session, but added that if the PREMIER succumbed, it might be recorded on his tomb that he was, like Actæon (can SIR R. K. have looked into that legend lately?) torn to pieces by his own dogs.

Punch was pleased with MR. PETER TAYLOR, the other day, for agitating in favour of making the Reporters more comfortable. But why won't he keep in our good books? Why did he say that the Gun-Tax was intended to deprive the People of Arms? If this meant anything, it meant that the People might want arms to shoot at the Executive. Now, MR. TAYLOR, is there any use in such nonsense? By the way, the Licence is reduced to ten shillings.

Friday. The Lords disported themselves with the Irish Land Bill much as on the previous night, and *Mr. Punch* refers to the words in which he has described the former proceedings as exactly descriptive of the latter also. LORD SALISBURY compendiously stated the principle of the Bill as being that "it is better to pay compensation than to be shot," and LORD GRANVILLE thanked the CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD for putting his disagreeable things into epigrammatic form, instead of saying them in a diffuse manner. LORD GRANVILLE'S ingenious courtesy could not be better illustrated than in such a compliment. The LORD CHANCELLOR hinted at pettifoggery alterations, and this aggravated the DUKE OF RICHMOND, who indignantly denied that he was inclined to pettiness. Many noble Conservatives would not obey their nominal leader, and divided against him as well as against Government.

Mr. Punch has already stated what happened in the Commons, and only adds that MR. MUNDELLA, in alluding to MR. BRIGHT, quoted the Laureate's exquisite little lyric—

"O for the touch of a vanished hand!
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

Which quotation was "poetically pretty, but historically false," as GILBERT A'BECKETT wrote. *Mr. Punch* rejoices to know that MR. BRIGHT'S hand probably holds a very good cigar, and that his voice is still—as fine as ever. For which relief much thanks to "the Monster Head of Orme," and the demesnes that there adjacent lie.

FOOLS AND THEIR MONEY, ETC.

"The Law Lords were yesterday occupied in hearing arguments in a cause which has already come before two tribunals in Scotland, and is now brought on as an appeal before their Lordships' House. The question at issue affects the ownership of a triangular piece of ground, about eight square yards in extent, and estimated to be worth about 5s. The LORD CHANCELLOR'S attendance was required at a Cabinet Council, but LORDS CHELMSFORD, WESTBURY, and COLONSAY sat to hear the case, in which, amongst other counsel, the LORD ADVOCATE OF SCOTLAND, SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, and MR. MELLISH are engaged."—*Daily News.*

After reading the above highly instructive paragraph, which is not taken from a work of fiction, describing the habits and practices of an imaginary nation, but from a newspaper informing its readers of what goes on in this advancing country and in these enlightened times, can any perplexed Paterfamilias, puzzled to know what he shall do with his numerous sons, hesitate for a single moment to bring them all up to the lucrative profession of the law?

Oxford and Origin of Species.

THE University of Oxford has evinced liberality in offering MR. DARWIN, who is a Cambridge man, and a scientific naturalist, the honorary degree of D.C.L. They might have proposed to create the great Doctor of Development a D.D., which, of course, nobody could suppose to mean Doctor of Divinity.

A "DOLLY SHOP."—CREMER'S.

THE BOOMPJE PAPERS.

*Being the Papers of the Boompje Club, collected by its Secretary.
For further particulars see the present Series.*

PREFATIAL.



To all and singular, individually and collectively, Boompje! The history of the Boompje Club resembles that of most other great and flourishing institutions. It has been developed successfully out of small beginnings.

Such remarks as appear here are made in my capacity of Secretary, and on my own personal responsibility.

* * * *

No man is a Boompje all at once.

This must be borne in mind, because we didn't, as a Club, begin by being Boompjes. We, as it were,

awoke one morning in a new country to find ourselves Boompjes.

One of our party—we started as a party and continued as a Club—looked out of the Hotel window at Rotterdam, by the river-side, and says he, gravely,

"Do you know where we are?" There was a pause, and he continued, "We are on the Boompje."

Thereupon, somebody said, "Let us be Boompjes," and somebody else said, "Let's," and the motion was carried *nem. con.*

[On investigation we found he was right. We were on the Boompje.

"The steamers," said our friend, appealing to the infallible Murray, "and their passengers on the fine quay called the Boompje." * * *

"The philosopher BAYLE ended his days in one of the houses on the Boompje." This was enough.]

We find (so runs the extract from the Boompje diary of that memorable day) that we have hitherto been Boompjes without knowing it. This is evident on examining Boompje principles.

Boompje Principles.

Examples.—To say at ten A.M. "I'm off!" and to be off to Anywhere (America, for example), before eleven, is to act upon Boompje principles.

A man may act on Boompje principles, unconsciously, and without being a member of the society, as that gentleman did, who marched up and down his room for one hour and a quarter, overhead, while I was trying to write the first stanzas of my poem, *The Fisherman of Scheveningen*. I had begun:—

It was a Fisher of Schevening,
Who went out in the evening,

but at this point one of our party (the names will be given soon) knocked at the door, on Boompje principles (*i.e.*, he did it so suddenly that I started up—boompje'd—from my chair), and informed me, when I asked him "if it wasn't pretty," that "*evening* wasn't a rhyme to *Schevening*, because *Schevening* was pronounced *Skayvening*:" and then, having only come in to ask me what time it was (which I couldn't tell him), he walked out also, on Boompje principles, *i.e.*, banging the door violently. So, when I set to work again, I saw no prospect of a rhyme to *Schevening*, as pronounced, unless the poem could be supposed to be written by an Irishman, who would pronounce "*evening*" as "*avening*," which I rejected, after dashing it off on one Boompje impulsive principle, and tearing up the paper on another.

It was a Fisher of Schevening
Whose ravening.

Something about "hunger" here. On second thoughts it occurred to me, that if you could talk of "stabling a horse," why couldn't a poet speak of "haverning a boat?"

"Oho!" I cried, inspired, "the Boompje!!" and forthwith wrote:—

A Fisherman of Schevening
His little boat was haverning,
When—

And here the man above began to walk about. Then there came a

banging of doors in the passage; then a creaking of a door, somewhere, at intervals. So that when the man didn't walk, the doors banged; when the doors didn't banged, the door creaked; and when I was going to ring my bell violently, and say to the waiter, "For Heaven's sake, stop this inf—" the noises ceased, and, passing my hand through my hair, I once more set myself to find line No. 3 for

A Fisherman of Schevening,
His little boat was haverning,

When { a storm
a bell
a—a—

Arrival of a party, and "would I mind letting a lady see the rooms?" With pleasure: I'm going out. On with hat; off with self. Boompje!

Coming to think of it, I don't know anything more remarkable than the way in which we suddenly struck on the title. Came down, as it were, whop upon it, Boompje!

It's a wonderful word. Boompje!! If any one doubts me, let him try it as applicable to all sorts of occasions.

You talk of your acquaintance, the DUKE OF UPESHIRE, as "UPESHIRE" or "old UPFY," after being introduced to him, and saying good-bye to him at the corner of a street. This is Boompje.

You rise in the morning; out of bed at last. Boompje!

You bound along the pavement, buoyant, light-hearted, and happy. Boompje!

See the rollicking carelessness of the porters in dealing with your portmanteau and trunks at Dover and Calais. Boompje principles. Boompje!

You are sad, despondent, and depressed. B-o-o-m-p-j-e.

You are up again. Boompje!!

You go out for a ride, in Rotton Row, on a mettlesome charger, at so much an hour, and tell a friend that you are trying a horse with a view to purchase. Boompje! Boompje!

You have all your electro-plate out and silver too (if any) for a leg of mutton and potatoes. Boompje!

In short, if the intelligent reader will but give his mind to it, and just try the word on every possible occasion, he will find it not only suitable, but exactly appropriate to all possible occasions.

In short, Boompje is everywhere in some form or another. In due course, as we proceed, I will give you the Hymn of the Boompjes.

* * * * *

NOTE POST-PREFATIAL.

Note.—The mystery or secret of the Boompje Association lies in the mode of pronouncing or giving effect to the word Boompje. It is two syllables; the first (it is scarcely necessary to add) being *Boomp*, while the second (it is important to notice) is *je*. All that the present writer is at liberty to say on this subject to those whose destiny has not as yet led them to be Boompjes, is, that something of the force of the words may be gathered by coming down heavily, as it were, on the first, namely, the *Boomp*, and coming up, lightly and sharply, on the *je*. *Boomp* on one side of an ordinary see-saw, and *Je* on the other, will convey some idea of this mysterious word to the uninitiated. In any case the *Je* is to be *Je* up. *Allons!*

THE TOUR COMMENCES.

The Boompje Party prior to Boompjeism.

ONE morning BUND comes to me and says, "I want to make a party to go abroad." As a commencement, we went out for a walk together, and called on MAULLE, the eminent artist, who had just finished his great picture of *Home Again*—(subject: a young cavalier has rushed into an Elizabethan drawing-room to meet his wife or somebody—represented by nobody being there—and through the door, which in his haste he has left open, are seen five interiors in perspective, one after the other, with the hall-door open in the distance, and a very little perspective man taking down a very little perspective portmanteau from a little perspective coach—sold for something over four figures, on the honour of a Boompje)—and was anxious to get away for a holiday. "Now," says BUND, who is an enthusiastic musician, and an amateur of the violoncello, "Here's the party: Painting, Music, and Literature." I was "Literature," and deputed to keep a diary. Somebody suggested that *Threes* wasn't "company," and while we were debating this point, enters to us DICKY GOOCH. "Look here," says he, "you fellows: if I come with you," making it a favour, "I must be back in ten days, because of the London season."

This being an imputation upon our social status, we all asserted that not only must we be back in that time or less, but that we experienced the utmost difficulty in tearing ourselves away from the crowds of parties, balls, concerts, teas, drums, &c., to which we had been invited at the rate of five a day for the next two months. (Boompje!)

[*Boompje note.*—GOOCH had managed (I afterwards discovered) with some difficulty to get an invitation for a private operatic performance at the house of somebody whom he didn't know, and this represented his engagements for the season. But a genuine Boompje of London Society would rather die than own such a melancholy fact.]



A CLIMAX.

Wistful Benedick. "THAT'S A HEALTHY LAD OF YOURS, MY FRIEND!"

Bob Quiverful. "YES, HE'S A FINE BOY, SIR—AS FINE A BOY AS EVER YOU SEE IN ALL YER BORN DAYS, BLESS HIS LITTLE 'ART! AND THAT AIN'T ALL, NEITHER; HE'S THE MOST GENEROUS-ARTED LITTLE CHAP IN THE 'OLE WORLD, AND THE BRAVEST, AND AFFECTIONATEST, LET ALONE BEIN' THE BIGGEST AND THE 'ANSOMEST. BUT, LOR' BLESS YER, MASTER! WHY, WE'VE GOT ANOTHER LITTLE CHAP AT 'OME AS THIS ONE 'ERE AIN'T EVEN SO MUCH AS A PATCH UPON! AIN'T WE, POLLY?"

WICKED WASTE.

EVERYBODY KNOWS HORACE WALPOLE'S receipt for dressing a cucumber. "Buy it, wash it, slice it, add oil, vinegar, and pepper—and then fling it out of the windows."

Our military authorities seem to have adopted a similar rule for dealing with our soldiers, in the late hot weather. It is true that a full private costs a good deal more than a cucumber. But the full private is among the human fruits of civilization what the cucumber is among vegetables—one of the most costly. He is said to cost JOHN BULL, on an average, £100 a year,—taking him with his appurtenances, the extensive and expensive machinery for buying, washing, slicing, oiling, vinegaring, and peppering him.

This expensive and wonderful product, in his shiny shako, tight stock, close-buttoned coarse woollen tunic and trousers, contract boots and belts, with his sixty-pound load of great-coat, mess-tin, knapsack, rifle and cartouche-box, we set to execute long marches of from twelve to eighteen miles, over dusty roads, in the full heat of the hottest sun that has shone for years! The strongest men suffer, but struggle on; the weaker fall out; the weakest drop and die.

If that isn't flinging the cucumber out of window, what is it?

Yet this is what our sapient "military authorities" have been doing last week. We read in the *Globe*—

"On Wednesday last, which was one of the hottest days we have had for years, the head-quarters of the 2nd battalion of the 9th Regiment, with the depot of the 2nd battalion of the 10th Regiment, marched from West Ham to Kingston-on-Thames; and on the same day the 94th Regiment marched from Guildford to Aldershot. The distances were not unusually long—nineteen miles in one case, and about eleven in the other—so that they might easily have been accomplished, in the latter case, either between four and nine o'clock in the morning, or between the same hours in the evening; and in the former case, the distance might, without inconvenience, have been divided between those periods. . . . 'Private Maloney, 9th Regiment, fell on reaching

Kingston, and died at twenty minutes past ten o'clock the same night.' The 94th Regiment had not marched more than three miles on the way from Guildford when a corporal fell from sunstroke and died at eight o'clock the same evening. The marches were made in heavy marching order. . . . On the Tuesday's march of the same detachments of the 9th and 10th Regiments, from Warley to West Ham, a sergeant fell out from the effects of the sun, who is since reported to have died."

If this be true, it is simply monstrous. Who gives such orders? To say nothing of common humanity, economy is at stake! JOHN BULL has a right to know who is the ass in office who is allowed to fling his costly cucumbers out of the window in this way.

OLD ENGLISH SONG AND SUMMER.

SING O the weather and the crops!

With a 'mather, woo't? and a way, gee wo!

A shower were pearls and golden drops

To the husbandmen, by my faith, I trow.

But Swithun will anon be here;

It will come down then, or it may before;

Old ale is better than table beer:

And there raineth no rain but it aye doth pour.

In harvest time an skies be wet,

So there sprout no grain, why the corn may swell;

Drought never bred dearth in England yet;

And the best of all burdens is ding, dong, bell!

Cabman's Quest Law.

IF MR. HADDAN'S Alphabetical System of Progression ever becomes the Law of the Metropolis, Cabbies will have to mind their P's and Q's.



“OBSTRUCTIVES.”

MR. PUNCH (to BULL A.L.). “YES, IT’S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY, ‘GO TO SCHOOL!’ HOW ARE THEY TO GO TO SCHOOL WITH THOSE PEOPLE QUARRELLING IN THE DOORWAY? WHY DON’T YOU MAKE ‘EM ‘MOVE ON’?”

Frederick Mullett Evans.

AGAIN, and after sadly brief lapse, we speak of mourning. We deplore the loss of our old, warm-hearted, faithful friend, FREDERICK MULLETT EVANS, who, after severe illness, borne with manly constancy, now rests from the labours of an energetic and honourable life. He was endowed with high abilities, which he exercised with unflagging vigour almost to the end; and his generous nature chiefly prized worldly success because it enabled him to promote the happiness of those who shared his love. His course is finished, his work is done, and they who inscribe these lines to his memory will never lament a more kind, more genial, or more loyal friend.

June 25, 1870.

NOTES FROM THE LAZY CLUB. (JUNE, 1870.)

75° *in the shade*. This is the weather any one would sign thirty-nine articles, or forty.

Should like to be in a Stalactite Cavern with dripping wells all about. Apropos, should *now* like to be the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

By the way, he would have been the proper President of the *Pan-Anglican Synod*.

80° *in the shade*. Did I ever know anything like it?

Yes. What? EARL RUSSELL in the Upper House; 80 in the shade.

* * *

If I had any floating capital, I would speculate in Swimming Baths.

* * *

What does Q. C. stand for?

Eh? Why Q. Cumber, of course, in this weather.

ATTRACTIVE THEATRICAL ADVERTISEMENT.

DURING the present Oppressive Heat the Theatre will be ICED.

Private Refrigerators, to hold four persons, three guineas. Some Fresh Air by the Orchestra every half hour.

The Performances will commence with the Farce of

COOL AS A CUCUMBER.

After which the Romantic Drama entitled

THE SEA OF ICE:

To conclude with the Laughable Afterpiece called

NOTHING TO WEAR.

No Cookery Book.

In a list of new publications a work is announced, bearing the rather startling title of *Bits About Babies*. The bits, however, to which this book relates are only bits of anecdote and information, and they constitute a repast intended for Mothers, and not for Ogres. It is not superfluous to notify this explanation in these days of Baby Farming.

A "MIRACLE PLAY" in England would probably be one *not* "taken from a French or German original."

MANNING THE SHIP.

In the debate on the Gun Licence Bill, when—

"MR. HENLEY inquired who was to pay for arms, such as muskets, &c., carried in a vessel.

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said that he had often heard of a man being termed a chosen vessel, but never of a vessel being termed a man. However, the Government would look seriously into the question."

Suppose, on looking seriously into the question, the Government should discover a "man-of-war?" What would Bright Bob say then?

Our Ritualist Poor Relations.

A MEETING under the presidency of the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH was held at Willis's Rooms the other evening to discuss "The Future of the Church of England." With regard to that future little clairvoyance much to be relied on was manifested by any of the speakers; but a MR. ANTONIO BRADY said something remarkable. He observed that "the Church had driven out the masses, and was now only the Church of the privileged few." There are masses and masses, and, simulating the latter, mock-masses. It is to be wished the Church of England would drive out these masses, and the mimes who celebrate them.

Un Mot de Madame Ramsbotham.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM (MRS. MALAPROP's friend) was much grieved about the fire at Pera. Recounting the details to a friend, she said, "You will be glad to hear that though the British Consul lost almost everything, he managed to save his anchovies." It turned out that she meant the Archives.

More Fever than Fodder.

A PHYSICIAN advertises a book on "Hay Fever." This work has run to a sixth edition. Hence it would seem that Hay Fever is a prevalent complaint. But has not that disease been named in a mistaken idea of its cause. The fever may be raging just now; but where is the hay?

FORTE AND WHISKEY.

WE hear that in the event of the noble Fenians liberating trampled Ireland from the galling yoke of the atrocious Saxon, the SULTAN OF TURKEY is to be asked to become Sovereign of Hibernia. The reason (not bad for an Irish one) is that he is the Paddy Shah.



SELF-DENIAL IN EXCELSIS.

Civilian. "ARE THERE MANY IRISH IN YOUR CORPS?"

Private O'Flanagan. "IS IT OIRISH YE MANE? SORRA THE ONE OV THIM WOULD BE ALLOWED IN THE RIJMENT!"

CANDID REACTIONISTS.

THE Absolutists of Spain appear to have taken a leaf out of the book of BISMARCK; an open leaf, with their intentions inscribed thereon in large letters. According to a recent telegram from Madrid:—

"The Central Carlist Junta have concluded the discussion of the manifesto which is shortly to be issued. A great majority voted for religious intolerance, and a majority of two approved the re-establishment of the Inquisition."

Ha ha! This is at all events fair and aboveboard; there is no hypocrisy in such a candid avowal. It is precisely in the Prussian Minister's style; but no less in that of another personage, whom Spanish Carlists are more likely to have copied than to have imitated BISMARCK; namely the POPE. They, in fact, boldly proclaim themselves resolved to reduce the principles of the Syllabus to practice if they can. Have the Jesuits and their set adopted a policy of plain-speaking? They must be very confident indeed that they are going in to win, saying what they mean in the way they have taken to do; as it were, inviting their adversaries, with a manliness quite British, to shake hands before engaging in a regular stand-up fight. Honour, therefore, to the sons of IGNATIUS LOYOLA, if not exactly success!

Equal to the Occasion.

It is announced that our TENNYSON has expressed a wish to go with one of the parties about to be despatched by the Royal, and Royal Astronomical Societies to Gibraltar, Sicily, and Algiers in December next, to observe the total eclipse of the sun. Let us hope the Laureate will be enabled to carry this wish out. We shall be sure to have a grand account of a phenomenon displayed by the sun from a witness specially qualified to describe it by having already achieved the kind of renown peculiar to those who are famous as *Phæbo digna locuti*.

OXFORD COMMEMORATION, 1870.

WHEN Oxford of late to elect began,
The whole of our intellectual clan
Thought SALISBURY far the most suitable man
The Chancellor's chair for filling;
And high were the hopes of the Dons that he,
And nobody else, might Chancellor be;
And great was their sober, donnish glee
When he answered, "Markis is willing."

The hour has come and the man is here;
The grave, grey city gives him a cheer,
Discarding entirely her old, austere,
Conventional way of behaving;
The trees are vocal to give him thanks,
Presenting their arms as he passes their ranks;
And Isis jumps up to peep over her banks,
Where all her flags are waving.

At first there are hints of a rainy day;
But the clouds in compliment clear away,
When they find that he really means to stay,
And has reached his destination;
And so he can sit at the river-side,
Where the eight-oared galleys past him glide;
And Alma Mater presents him with pride
To her floating population.

Now Music is master; and every throat
Possessed of a single singable note
Trolls out all the songs that its owner can quote,
Whether SHAKESPEARE'S, MILTON'S, or HERRICK'S;
Old Oxford behaves like a crazy thing:
The domes go dancing round in a ring;
The very spires are beginning to sing,
And "the High" has gone into hysterics.

To-day each College, to share its glee,
Has invited a country-cousin to tea;
(Or something stronger it perhaps may be,
As ALLSOPE, BASS, or BURTON :)
All Souls' and Abingdon look quite grand;
And Woodstock and Worcester are hand-in-hand;
While Ifley and Oriel take their stand
Next door to Sandford and Merton.

"The Corn" sends up a resounding roar;—
It has not been so trodden on ever before;
Then into "the Broad" the multitudes pour
And vainly to make their way try.
The people with tickets, by tens and twelves,
Crowd round "the Sheldonian"—lucky elves!
Where "the Heads" on the railings are nodding them-
selves,—

Those great *Idola Theatri*.

Let us take one look at the scene inside,
And mark how, proud with an honest pride,
The Chancellor stands, and his brilliant bride,
Two highly-gifted creatures!
The Undergraduates, might and main,
Are cheering them both, again and again;
And nobody thinks of Salisbury Plain
As he looks on the lady's features.

And then they must needs give new Degrees!
(There were 80, at least, in the shade of the trees!)
And the ruthless robes made a mocking breeze
When the wearers came to don them;
For all the new Doctors, of course, received
The scarlet gown, all crimson-sleeved;
And they "bore their blushing honour," and grieved
To find it so "thick upon them."

Then the CHANCELLOR flies, with unfailing powers,
To dinners and dances, to fêtes and flowers,
And, at last, to secure a few sleep-stilled hours
At "Omnium Animarum";
But first, with a patience nearly sublime,
He hears Essays in prose and Addresses in rhyme,
And an "Ode," adapted in tune and time
To the special "Use of Sarum."

* * * * *

Commemoration's tints have fled,
And the towers of Oxford look dusky and dead;

We can't be sure this is what they said,
But at least it's what they all meant:
" 'Twould be the best thing that could well befall,
If it took ten years one man to instal;
If *this* weren't the 'Installation' at all,
But only the first instalment."

BIG BEN IN DANGER.



THE Westminster Clock Tower has all but been burned down! Big Ben, and his appurtenant clock—or DENISON'S Clock and his appurtenant Big Ben—which ever is the *major*, and whichever the *minor*—have all but fallen a prey to the destructive element, which might, indeed, have licked its lips over such a meal—to say nothing of their costly case, MR. BARRY'S campanile! It seems we keep four tons of loose cocoanut fibre under the bell and clock, to deaden the fall of the weights, in case any of them should

take it into its head—if leaden weights *have* heads, as men's heads have leaden weights—to come crashing down.

This seems certainly the remotest danger to provide against we ever heard of. Are we to understand that clock-weights and works are in the habit of thus unhooking themselves? or is it a vagary peculiar to such weights and works in the Westminster Clock Tower—a result, perhaps, of their unsettled habits, resulting from the disturbances of which that bell and clock have been the occasion and object.

On the whole, and looking at the matter as an outsider, it strikes Mr. *Punch* that the danger of fire from four tons of loose cocoanut fibre, stored close to heated flues, and, even without them, liable to smoulder and burst into flame at any time from the "dottle" of a workman's pipe, or an attendant's tread upon a loose lucifer—to say nothing of the possible incendiary consequences of MR. DENISON'S un-official, and MR. AYRTON'S official, connection with the clock—is far more serious than that of any possible damage either to the clock-weights or the campanile, from the former taking it into their head to jump off their suspenders, and crash through the floors of the latter.

Considering—as the French say in their *exposés de motifs*—the heats which the Westminster Palace has engendered among its architects, clockmakers, amateur and professional ventilation doctors, Commissioners of Works, æsthetic Members of Parliament, and all connected with it, in any degree however remote;

Considering MR. BARRY'S probable frame of mind under his late treatment by MR. AYRTON;

Considering MR. AYRTON'S power of heating to a red heat the tempers of all he comes in contact with;

Considering the late hours the House has been keeping, and the generally exasperated and desperate state of the minds of Ministers and Members from excessive and unprofitable talk;

Considering more particularly the Education Debates and the Irish Land Bill, and the amount of highly combustible material thereby accumulated in the minds of classes so excitable as ARCHDEACON DENISON and other High Church divines, determined dissenters, Irish agitators, and Irish landlords;

It seems to Mr. *Punch* that special precautions against fire ought at this moment to be taken in the Palace at Westminster.

"There is no smoke without fire" is a wholesome proverb.

Think of the immense quantity of smoke which has been lately raised in both Houses round the two questions of Irish Land Tenure and National Education, and it will at once be admitted that the fire cannot, in fact, be far off.

It is *Punch's* proud privilege to roast members of the Legislature; but he does not wish to employ for that useful purpose the means which, according to CHARLES LAMB, the Chinese employed for roasting pigs—burning down the building which contained them. For pigs this process was costly: for Members of Parliament it would be ruinous.

A ROYAL ACADEMICAL REVIEW.

DEAR PUNCH,

I HAVE not been able to visit the Academy this year. So much the worse for the Academy. But as *Punch* and England expect every man to do his Academy, I have procured a Catalogue from a friend, and have selected certain numbers, which I now give your readers, with the way in which the subjects *ought to have been treated*, and would have been, had I manipulated them. Should your readers, on seeing the pictures, be disappointed, having expected greater things from my notice, that is not *my* fault, but *their*, and the artists', misfortune.

Yours, artistically,

AFTER-BLOW.

SELECTIONS AS THEY OUGHT TO BE.

4. Rebec Player. Man playing on a Rebec.
6. Fruit. William of Orange.
7. Study of an Arab. An Arab in his study writing the Arabian Nights.
13. Cupid's Ambassador. Portrait of Mr. Love, the celebrated Ventriloquist.
18. A Capri Mother. A mother cap'ring.
24. The After-Glow. Portrait of a gentleman after a cold bath.
25. The Village Violinist. Should have spelt it the Willage Violinist. *Subject*, "The cat and the fiddle."
28. The Nun. Portrait of Nobody.
46. The Worsted Winder. A winder with all its panes smashed.
51. Craft and Confidence. A fat man going out in the slightest possible outrigger.
55. Children's Heads. *Exhibited by Order of the Queen*. Should have called them Queen's heads.
58. The Haunt of Diana. [Diana was the daughter of Jupiter. Juno was Jupiter's sister, *ergo*, Juno was the Haunt of Diana.] *Subject*, Juno.
179. Mill near Whitby. This I should, of course, have dedicated to patrons of the P.R.
152. Highland Cattle Going South. Should have mottoed this, "Nae ganging bock agen."
271. Kas-es-Saad. Charming subject! Leaves so much to the imagination.
279. Study of a Head. *Subject*. Hairdresser operating on customer.
318. Fuzzled. *Subject*. (Evidently) an irritable tourist intent on a Bradshaw's Continental Guide.
310. Houses of Parliament, from Lambeth. (Never knew they'd been there.)
315. Old Smithy. Portrait of Old Smithy. (Dear old boy, whoever he is.)
333. Deer. Should also have introduced here a portrait of myself, and called it "Deer Me!"
334. Boyhood of Raleigh. Sir Walter's early propensities were shown in cutting up the schoolmaster's cane and smoking it.
340. Home from Sea. (Don't mention it! Ugh! painful subject.)
354. Fall on the Tummel. (Another painful subject. Easier imagined than described.)
448. "Will She Fetch it?" I should have had a companion to this, "Won't She Ketch it?"
465. Doubt. Portrait of an elderly gentleman after eating a fungus, which, he has since been told, was probably poisonous.
627. The Fleecy Charge. Portrait of Six and Eightpence.
666. A Silent Pool among the Hills. Quakers round a billiard table in the Highlands.
690. A Sailor Boy. The Buoy at the Nore.
720. Winter Time. Bosham, Sussex, evidently a non-sensical sort of place.
905. The First Dip. Girl lighting a rushlight.
918. Taking Shelter from a Squall. Papa shutting the nursery-door and going down-stairs.
934. Only a Rabbit. *Subject*. Gentleman at supper, at Evans's, Covent Garden, being asked by waiter what he'll take, replies, "Only a rabbit."

This is all: and I hope it will be of use to Visitors to the Academy.

The Rogues' March Funereal.

STILL Fenian Demonstrations Ireland curse.

Interred, last Sunday week, was Convict LUBY.

Eight thousand followers marched behind his hearse;

All of them traitors; every one a booby.

COMPASSIONATE OLD SOUL.

MRS. MALAPROP (MRS. RAMSBOTHAM'S friend) was very sorry to hear that the Archives were destroyed in the fire at Constantinople, and anxiously inquired whether the bees were saved.



QUITE SAFE. (A PARK STUDY.)

Nurse. "So, you'RE A AIRING OF THE PUGS TO-DAY, COACHMAN?"

Coachman. "WELL, MISSIS THINKS JAMES 'RUNS 'EM TOO FAST, AND REDOOSES THE POOR THINGS; AND SHE KNOWS AS I'LL GIVE 'EM STEADY WALKING EXERCISE, DON'T YOU SEE?"

ARGUMENT IN THE HONEYMOON.

BLEST HUGGINS, and his newly-wedded bride,
Were basking on the sands at ebb of tide.
The head of him was pillowed on her knee;
"I say, how jolly hot it is!" said he.
"Yes," she replied, with meditative air;
"So hot down here; what must it be up there?"
Her parasol she pointed to the sky,
And added, "I suppose it boils on high."
"As ignorant you are," he spoke in play,
"As pretty, and that's something, dear, to say."
She pinched his ear; and he pursued, "Behold!
Those fleecy clouds aloft—they're deuced cold.
I'll tell you, because then, perhaps, you'll know
They are considered to be drifts of snow."
"Oh, yes!" she cried, "I dare say. That's your fun.
Don't think I haven't read about the sun.
A globe of fire; 'twould be, of course, more hot
The nearer to the heat that one had got."
"Reflect," he answered. "What is Mont Blanc's height?
Those clouds are higher, and Mont Blanc is white."
"Yes; but Mont Blanc's a mountain, and," she said,
"Has, therefore, always snow upon its head.
So don't tell me, because it is no use."
"Kiddlums!" he gently whispered. She, "You goose!"

Working Men and Talking Men.

THE Collective Wisdom in the House of Commons is known by its much speaking, which commonly keeps our loquacious legislators up till past three o'clock in the morning. What, it is asked, is the work of the hardest worked working man compared to that of a Member of Parliament? Little enough in point of duration; but work is one thing and talk is another.

THE DURHAM CAT-ASTROPHE.

THE indignation expressed at the flogging, by Magistrate's order, of a ruffianly prisoner called MAW, who assaulted a warder in Durham Gaol, seems to us so far appropriate to its subject, that it is eminently *Maw-kish*.

The writer in the local paper, against which CANON GREENWELL, who directed this scratching of MAW's back, has moved for an information, thinks it was quite bad enough to mew MAW in prison without taking the cat to him besides. But, so far as we can see, that nine-tailed animal is one which might with excellent effect be employed in the correction of wife-beaters, child-torturers, garroters, police and warder-assaulters, and all that class of ruffians. *Her* tails are the only ones they are likely to listen to, or find improvement from.

We Need not Name Them.

IN an admirable article on Education, the *Times* says that "a certain alternative implies arrangements for the employment (as teachers) of Religious Volunteers." There can be no objection to any good Volunteer's teaching in a Sunday or other school, but we beg distinctly to apprise certain Volunteers who assemble in the Temple, and other legal precincts, that the invitation does not apply to them. Their tender of service would be unprofessional. The School is retained *against* their Client.

COMMERCIAL UNEASINESS.

"THE panic in cotton." Rather a startling heading this for an article. Perhaps the first of a series to comprise "The alarm in molasses," "The anxiety in jute," "The apprehension in calico," "The nervous trepidation in cocoa," &c.

RATHER TOO LARGE A PARTY.—The Réunion of Christendom.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, June 27. This day the nation lost a veteran and valuable servant. The EARL OF CLARENDON, the Foreign Secretary, expired, after a very brief illness. He had been in his place in the House of Lords on the previous Thursday. LORD CLARENDON, who united the character of a warm-hearted man and an accomplished diplomatist, deserved the love of his friends and the gratitude of his country. LORD GRANVILLE, as his colleague, the DUKE OF RICHMOND, as the leader of Opposition, and LORD DERBY, as his predecessor in office, to-night bore the warmest tribute to his memory; and LORD COWLEY, vainly essaying words, testified more eloquent homage by emotion. LORD CLARENDON was a patriot of the "old Whig" type, and an honour to a party whose members, few in number, and not "popular," are, for the most part, high-minded English gentlemen. LORD GRANVILLE has taken the duties of the Foreign Office, which he held in 1851-2, and LORD KIMBERLEY, Privy Seal, will probably be the new Colonial Secretary.

Feeling would have induced their Lordships to suspend business for the time, but they did better, and honoured their departed friend as a true man would wish to be honoured—they attended to duty. The Irish Land Bill was again discussed in Committee. More alterations were carried, whereon we shall hear the PREMIER at a later date. *Blackwood* says he will "bluster." As that will be his very first performance in that line, we shall certainly attend to hear how he acquits himself of a task so utterly foreign to his nature, that only on such authority can we believe he will make the endeavour. Sometimes things are called by wrong names. The exhibition of legitimate anger is not bluster, and "anger is one of the sinews of the soul, and he that hath it not," continues good old MR. FULLER, "hath a maimed mind" which quotation, besides being interesting, is instructive as showing that the soul and the mind are one, according to old MR. FULLER.

MR. J. B. SMITH gave notice that he meant to try and insert in the Education Bill a provision that, after the 1st of July, 1877, no person shall vote at an election unless he can write his name and address, in presence of a witness. Members "laughed." Can they tell us why?

To question as to the late fatal result of certain Marches on which soldiers were set walking, heavily laden, while the sun shone down scorch-

ingly, MR. CARDWELL gave reply which has been properly described as unsatisfactory. Questioned again later in the week, he said that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE considered that the order in the *Queen's Regulations* on the subject of marches had been violated, and H.R.H. had caused his disapprobation to be signified to the officers who were in command. We shall probably not hear of another case of the kind, but it seems hard that soldiers should be put to death in order to induce officers to read and understand documents prescribing duty.

As matter of history, *Mr. Punch* records that the excavations for the foundations of the New Law Courts are to be commenced at an early period. By the way, there ought to be a "find" of curiosities, coins, and so forth. People in charge are hereby required to keep a good look-out. *Mr. Punch* dropped a sixpence, with a hole in it, somewhere thereabouts, in 1849. The finder may bring it to the office, and shall receive for it two copies of the current number.

We then took the Education Bill, and battled thereon until one in the morning. Three divisions, and large majorities for Government.

Tuesday. The Lords worked hard at the Land Bill. LORD MALMESBURY called one of the clauses a "humbug," and protested against noblemen being "dragged into silence." Nevertheless, the Bill went through Committee, the EARL OF LEITRIM finishing the debate with a declaration of his total and entire dissatisfaction with the proceedings, and of his opinion that the Bill had been dictated by Extreme Rancour against the landlords. "Laughter" add the reporters.

Some clever person has done the Admiralty out of £2,233 9s. He wrote to say that he would accept that sum in commutation of his pension. With exquisite courtesy and promptitude the Admiralty acceded to his terms, and sent him the money. He had no pension to sell. The authorities have ordered an investigation. The bold and lucky gentleman is said to have gone to America, but there is no doubt that he will send back the money, by return of post, if it be explained to him that he has no right to keep it. To doubt this would be to distrust human nature, which is a very wrong thing to do.

More Education debate, and then a well-received, but to-be-postponed scheme by LORD SANDON, for establishing Parochial Councils for the regulation of Divine Worship. MR. GLADSTONE spoke favourably of the idea, but thought that it was enough to entertain the general principle. When we come to details, we hope that power will be given to the Councils to "invite" sundry clergy-



THE WITCH:

(ANCIENT AND MODERN SPECIMEN.)

men to preach better sermons; and if the very proper answer be made that you cannot expect 20,000 gentlemen to be all clever, the replication should be, that we do not, but that as most clergymen can read, those who are not gifted with the art of composition may desirably select discourses from the vast treasury to be found in the works of older divines. "What" SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY's chaplain "did, and ADDISON approved, cannot be wrong."

Then did the Government get, not a victory, but a decided beating. This was mainly drawn down upon them by MR. GRANT DUFF, who, in resisting a motion by COLONEL SYKES for further investigation into an Indian military grievance, spoke in an unkind and unjust manner about the officers who had lost their regiments in the mutiny. The House was indignant, and MR. GLADSTONE sought to soften down its anger, but on division it was decided by 113 to 92, majority against Ministers, 21, that the QUEEN should be addressed on the subject. MR. GRANT DUFF is an exceptionally clever man, but he made this terrible blunder by not being clever enough to manifest a feeling which we have no doubt he possesses. Englishmen are not Gushers, but they resent the semblance of heartlessness.

Wednesday. The Commons sat in Committee on a most valuable and important Bill, one for regulating the doings of Life Assurance Companies. In the course of the debate, it was declared that the word Actuary cannot be defined. Who says "cannot" to Mr. Punch? The name is derived from the Latin *actuarius*, which simply means *qui acta describit veloci stylo, eaque descripta deinde recitat*. Put that into the Bill, and leave the Judges to interpret it. If you want to know where Mr. Punch found the description, he will tell you, for he scorns small secrecy. In DR. ADAM LITTLETON'S "Latine Dictionary" (1703), which he bought in Tottenham Court Road for two and sixpence, and a little boy carried home for twopence—also the child had a cup of tea and some bread-and-butter. Is there anything else that the Many-Headed would like to know? "'Tis fit the Many-Headed know all," as MR. TENNYSON says, with another word which Mr. Punch omits, he being of excessive politeness.

MR. RYLANDS (Liberal), formerly Mayor of, and now Member for Warrington, moved the Second Reading of a Bill for closing Public Houses on Sunday. MR. BIRLEY (Conservative Member for Manchester) seconded. MR. ALDERMAN LAWRENCE opposed, until the hour of adjournment. This Bill shall not pass. Mr. Punch hates, detests, execrates, and abominates drunkenness, and there you have his faith in monosyllable, dissyllable, trisyllable, and quatersyllable, and he would punish an offence committed in liquor (or against liquor, ye adulterating fiends) with a double punishment. But nobody, with Mr. Punch's leave, shall prevent thirsty men, women, and children, from getting a drink of beer in the course of a hot Sunday walk.

MR. RYLANDS, MR. RYLANDS,
Heaven sends moisture to the dry lands,
Though the day bears scarlet letter;
MR. BIRLEY, MR. BIRLEY,
You must get up precious early
Ere Punch owns your plan a better.

No, Gentlemen. You mean so exceeding well, and there is so much to be said about British drunkenness, and what it produces, that it is not pleasant to fight you for the key of the public-house; but fight we must, if you want to lock out decent folks because others abuse the gifts of Nature. Punch bears you no malice, but get your hands up, for this Bill SHALL not pass.

Thursday. The Lords considered a Bill for amending the mode in which Solicitors are paid for conveyancing business. This reform, come when it may, will be due to Mr. Punch, who, some years ago, exposed the vices of the existing system (which is hard upon the high-minded and artistic conveyancer) in so masterly a way by an illustration of its working in the case of a Work-Table, that the Profession would have sent him a Testimonial, but that (he supposes) they thought he might not like it. He respects their scruples, but they may send it now—he promises not to be offended, if the article be handsome enough. A Medical Act Amendment Bill also made progress. It gives power to the Medical Council to declare a Quack "infamous" and "disgraceful," which is well; but it should include a clause for flogging him at a cart's tail if he dares to bring an action against a newspaper for publishing the fact that he has been branded on his dirty forehead. There are scores of Quacks whom the journals would scarify next week, but for the state of the law, which gives the most despicable creature the power to put the most respectable newspaper to a heavy expense. Let it be enacted that no action shall lie for any publication of the Council's declaration, or for any comments thereupon. Will the LORD SALISBURY please see to this when the report comes up?

Education again, till nearly two in the morning.

Friday. LORD WESTBURY called the attention of the Lords to the choked-up state of the Judicial Committee, the Grand Court of Final Appeal for the Empire. The other day there were 370 appeals waiting to be heard, and 150 new ones are coming from Bengal. This Court

is especially prized by the native Indians; and LORD WESTBURY pointed out the injudiciousness of neglecting them. The rich Indian whose well-tutored mind sends him to his Queen's home tribunal for justice, deserves all consideration. The LORD CHANCELLOR promised a Bill to rectify matters.

Like *Debreit*, the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is "Under the Revision and Correction of the Nobility," and Punch hopes that they will attend to the above titles as carefully as they do to the record of their own in the said Golden Book.

MR. STANSFELD explained that high-class costs had been allowed in the case of the poor little Welsh Fasting Girl, because the public mind had been excited, and high-class lawyers had been employed. A fair answer; but ought not the best kind of law to be used in all cases, even if it be the dearest? SHELDON gave a man a bad shilling for conveying him in a bad coach; but this is not a precedent for Governments.

Is it needful to say that Education "brought up" the rear of the week's history? We might say, with MR. ROBERTSON'S kind permission (unasked) that *School* and *M.P.* are having a tremendous simultaneous run. And, "as we have introduced the subject," we add that the latter play is stuck as full of smart things as a tipsy cake is of almonds—and it is strictly within the Essence (and if it weren't, do you think we should care?) to say that there is the spirit of true comedy in Mrs. Bancroft's reason for wishing to see her lover in Parliament. "I should so like to hear you Called to Order."

POACHED EGGS AND THEIR POACHERS.

THE *Agricultural Journal*, under the heading of "An Egg Poacher," narrates an exploit of a gamekeeper who, in the neighbourhood of Camborne, Cornwall, after several ineffectual attempts to catch a harrier hawk, too cunning ever to come within shot, by means of a gin baited first with a rabbit, then with a bird, and next with a weasel, finally succeeded in trapping it with the bait of an adder, which he had killed, coiled up as though it were living. Aha! and so the egg-poacher was caught at last, thinks MR. BENJAMIN BOWBELL. Not exactly so, BENJAMIN; the egg-poacher was the mere vermin used for a bait, and not the reputed vermin, but really in a great measure useful creature which it allured, and whereby it would have been killed and eaten if alive. It is a pity that gamekeepers are generally actuated by a zeal which is not at all according to knowledge, but is, on the contrary, according to ignorance, the grossest, of natural history. Beneath its influence they shoot down, under the name of a hawk, every one of the *Falconidae* without mercy and without discrimination. Harriers and buzzards live chiefly on mice and reptiles, and the same may be said of the kestrel, which many a clown, no better than a cockney, confounds with the sparrowhawk. They are very beautiful birds, and not only ornamental but useful, especially the harrier hawk that destroys such egg-poachers as adders. When a gamekeeper shoots a bird like this he makes much the same mistake as that of shooting at the pigeon and killing the crow, or rather shooting at the crow and killing the pigeon. Even sparrowhawks, and other really destructive birds of prey, should be kept under, but not exterminated. If they are of no good in a state of nature, of what are they in the British Museum?

Penny readings have become popular institutions in the rural districts. Could not some of the resident gentlefolks, by way of a change from reciting, for the instruction and entertainment of rustic audiences the poem of the *Chameleon*, for example, or the fable of the *Hare and the Tortoise*, occasionally enlighten their minds by a familiar account of the various birds and other animals, with whose sight they are familiar, but about whose habits and manners the majority of them know nothing, and entertain a variety of absurd persuasions? The idea of teaching your gamekeeper anything on the subject of eggs ought to be as absurd as that of instructing your grandmother in a method of eating them; and at any rate gamekeepers might be expected to know all about poached eggs; but few of them probably are aware that adders poach them, and that in killing a harrier hawk they are destroying their own ally against egg-poachers.

What Says Prim?

THE EX-QUEEN OF SPAIN suggests to the Spaniards a King called ALFONSO. AS MR. DICKENS wrote, "If ever there was an ALFONSO who carried in his face plain BILL," (dynamically speaking) this is the young gentleman.

SUGGESTION FOR SPAIN.

SPAIN wants a King, lets MARSHAL PRIM Rule her, and might as well crown him.

ILLUSTRATION FOR A COPY-BOOK.—Procrastination picking *Time's* pocket.

BOBBY NOT ON HIS BEAT.



WEDNESDAY morning, in last week, and between the hours of 1 and 2 A.M., thieves undisturbed, at their leisure, bent apart two bars in the grated window-shutters of a watchmaker's shop in Cheapside, and cut a disc of glass out of one of the panes. They had just hooked out a chain, which, unfortunately for the daring and ingenious fellows, had dropped between the shutters and the window, when their noise aroused the watchman in charge of the premises, and caused that Argus to raise an alarm, which put them to flight in safety. These particulars are gathered from a newspaper, which mentions, besides, the watchmaker's name. That is omitted here, because the possibility that *Punch* could publish, or be let in to copy, a covert advertisement, must not even be suspected. But, of course the operators who trepanned MR. HYPERN's window were genuine thieves. Then this is the second operation on plate-glass which artists of that denomination have been able to take their time in performing, since the other day, in the midst of a chief City thoroughfare. How can these facts be accounted for, except on the supposition that there are tares in the City Police corn? Can that generally fine and trusty body of men contain any members of the dangerous classes who have crept into it in disguise? Is it possible that the civic authorities have set thieves to catch thieves unwittingly, and not according to the proverb? Was the leisurely perforation of windows in Fleet Street and Cheapside practicable by connivance of accomplices in blue? These questions will perhaps engage the attention of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. There is something so rotten in the state of their police arrangements, that if scientific housebreaking continues to be practised in open gaslight within their boundaries, people will soon begin to say that the Mansion House is as bad as the Home Office.

The Drought and the Jolly Farmers.

Homegreen (on top of hill shouting over intervening valley to *Hawfinch* on hill opposite). How all the countree's burnt up along o' this here drought!

Hawfinch. Ees. The land everywhere now about I calls the same stuff as the leases on 't.

Homegreen. As how?

Hawfinch. Parchmunt.

GREATLY GALLED.

THE other day a well-known Economist was found by his friends in tears. Asked the cause, he pointed to the return obtained by MR. CRAWFORD, showing the cost of writing fluid in our public offices, and said emphatically—*Hink ille lachrymæ!*

BORE AND APT.

Who designed the new helmet for our police? Whoever it was, he must have done it in a fit of pique.

A CASE OF GREEK CONSCIENCE.

A BRIGAND lately executed in Greece wrote a letter of dying wishes to his brother. From a translation of this document, originally published in the *Phos*, the writer appears to have been brought to some sense of his situation. As thus:—

"BROTHER NICOLAKI, I salute you. My brother, I enjoin you to give 50 drachmas to the church of St. Paraskeyi, in the village of Limogarthi; also to St. John of Paleochori 30 drachmas; give a gallon of oil to the church of Neochori, and a gallon of oil to St. Nicholas of Divri. Give a gallon of oil to the Virgin of Xeriotissa, and when you return to our native place give to the poor all you choose for the salvation of my soul."

These injunctions are not followed by reference to any fund out of which the expense of executing them was to be defrayed, except the following:—

"Do what you like with the cows that I have at Divri."

It may be surmised that this legacy was hardly considerable enough to meet the charges of fulfilling the pious intentions above specified, and sundry others whereof the detail follows:—

"Make a garland, write my name upon it, and with it crown the head of St. Nicholas in our church. Do not quarrel on account of the disputed cattle with Yannaka Founta, or else his curse will follow me, but take for settlement what he chooses to give you."

Besides practising moderation and forbearance by posthumous proxy, he proposes likewise to perform expiation:—

"When I was a lad I robbed from the church the holy books of FATHER VERA, and he cursed me; therefore, you must find a priest, and bring him to my grave to bless it, otherwise I am afraid that my body will not be changed."

This clerk of St. Nicholas—a saint to whom, by the way, it may have been noticed that he bequeathed a special offering out of his brother's pocket—had, in his education, evidently enjoyed religious teaching, of a sort, combined with secular. However he had been impressed with some idea of the obligation to provide for his own—still at the cost of his brother:—

"If you do not intend to return to our birthplace, take care of my child and treat him as your own; and execute faithfully all that I command you here."

He recognised the obligation of almsgiving; by the same means:—

"When you meet ragged beggars, receive them, and assist them as much as you can, otherwise God will not permit the salvation of my soul."

Qui facit per alium facit per se was his economical maxim applied to good works. They were necessary, in his view, but could be done by deputy. He gave his brother a power of attorney to be charitable to the poor, and to himself also. Had that brother, however, been a perfect stranger, and had he met him in a mountain pass near Marathon, or on the highway, could he have more coolly charged him with any commission than with one such as this:—

"I left my watch with MR. RIZOLI-MANOLI. Go to him and give 28 drachmas. Sell your own and take mine as a keepsake."

Doubtless this remarkable specimen of a penitent thief regarded his own particular brother only with a higher degree of the same fraternal affection as that which he had always cherished for his brother man; for mankind at large. He subsisted by putting his hands into their pockets during life, and he thought to buy salvation by putting them after death into his brother's.

Most people have seen the photographs of certain lately executed Greek brigands' heads in the picture-shop windows. Nothing, one would think, can be more probable than that one of those heads belonged to the subject of the preceding remarks.

Just Worth Mentioning.

THE *Saturday Review* advises MR. JAMES GRANT (of the *Advertiser*) to do what another gentleman did a great many years ago "in the case of *Punch*." That is, to retire from a periodical because it assailed the POPE. We do not know whether MR. GRANT (ultra-Protestant) would think such a cause sufficient to justify the course suggested; but that is his affair. Ours is, to express no sham regret that the *Saturday Review* permits either ignorance or spite to blotch its pages, which do habitual service to literature and to morals.

NEW TRANSLATION.

WE know from HORACE's first Satire what the fashionable Roman tailor said to MÆCENAS, when he came and tried on his new toga—"Qui fit, MÆCENAS?"—"How does it fit, MÆCENAS?"

ADVICE TO PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS.—Keep your breath to cool your turtle.



THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

FRANTIC DESIGN, EXECUTED IN A DREAM DURING THE RECENT OPPRESSIVE HEAT.

THE CLOD AND THE CABLE.

AGRICULTURIST.

In railways we finds ourselves ridun
As fast nigh, as bow arrer shoots,
But Ziunce still faster is stridun,
To zay so, in thousand league boots.
In short varty minnuts a girdle,
As thof a fine thing to contrive,
Puck said as he'd put round the wordle?
You brags you can do ut in five.

Electrical communicaaishun
Around all this globe now extends;
We zoon shall exchange converzaaishun
At Botany Bay wi' our friends,
As quick, purty nigh; as we'm able
Wi' voice droo a mouth-pipe to shout,
By manes o' the Telegraph cable;
That is if we plaze to fark out.

I mind as it thundered and lightened,
In youth when a smock frock I wore,
How people was used to be frightened
Along o' the vlash and the roar,
What caused at they questioned wi' wonder,
When I was a chubby-veaced chap;
But now we hears lightnun and thunder
Is but a gurt spark and loud snap.

Now lightnun you makes, and can send ut
News bearn so fur at a shock,
That, rachun the wire's 'tother end, ut
Is future news there by the clock.
Magishuns showed zome things to PHARAOH
As caused the beholders to stare,
But never a one in Grand Cairo
A wonder did work like that there.

But Ziunce and Zorcery together
So fur and no farder can goo.
No wizard can alter the weather,
That's more nor your chemist can do.
In drought like this here all reliance
On wisdom and nollidge is vain.
Saint Swithun I'll trust afore Ziunce.
Yaa, Ziunce can't gie us no rain.

INSTRUCTOR.

True, Farmer; the fall of a shower
Is not under human command;
But 'tis in a husbandman's power
Some tanks to construct on his land.
And then he will have, in a season
Of drought, no occasion to howl.
"Make hay in fine weather," says Reason,
"And store up your rainfall in foul."

Theory and Practice.

A CONTEMPORARY speaks of "the time-honoured theory that races are indicated by the colour of the hair." Surely this is not so much a theory as an actual fact. Look at men returning from Ascot or the Derby, with their hair completely changed in colour by the dust. This indicates quite plainly their presence at the races, and a theorist need only speculate whether they return the better for the trip.

A Jewel of a Woman.

MRS. MALAPROP visited the South Kensington Museum on Saturday last, and was received by the policeman in attendance. On her return home she rather puzzled the family circle by speaking of the "conundrums" she had seen in one of the galleries. As it was found, on inquiry, that she had been looking at the Townshend gems, it is supposed she meant the "corundums" in that collection.



VERY HIGH FARMING.

FARMER GILES (*electrified into sudden brilliance*). "INJY AN' BACK IN VIVE MINUTS!! LOR' A MASSY!!!—EH, LASS, MAYBE THEE 'LL TELEGRA-A-PH TO S'N SWITHUN, WULL 'EE?—TELL UN TO TURN ON A GOODISH DRA-AP O' REEN VOR MY POOR TURMUTS!"

THE BOOMPJE PAPERS.

BUND we elected Commodore, Commander-in-Chief, and President of the Travelling Society, whose object was to be the pioneer of civilisation to Dutchland. He wanted to bring his violoncello with him, but this was objected to by the entire party. There were still a few preliminaries to be settled. As to expenses, that is a matter generally ignored as "mere detail" on Boompje principles.

"Hallo!" says GOOCH, "Who talks Dutch?" He generally prefaces a question or an observation with "Hallo."

It was explained to him, by the Secretary, that Hollanders generally talked Dutch.

"No, no," says he; "look here, you fellows" (another formula with him), "I mean which of you talks it. I don't."

No one did. MAULLE thought it wasn't necessary. The Secretary thought it was; but suggested that French would do, to a certain extent.

BUND asked if he was Commander-in-Chief or not? Yes, he was.

"Very well, then," says he, "we'll have a Courier."

It was carelessly objected that this course might be expensive.

It was statistically proved by BUND that it couldn't be anything of the sort. His answer was, simply, "No, not a bit of it."

It was mildly opposed by the Secretary; while GOOCH, whose proclivities are swellish, but whose means are limited, halted between two opinions. Boompje, however, prevailed.

MAULLE said that he'd once travelled with a Courier, and the plan was delightfully luxurious. He had just sold his picture, as I have already hinted, for a sum which would have purchased a wilderness of Couriers. (Boompje adaptation of *Slylock*.)

BUND offers to be Paymaster-General, and settle with everyone at the end of the time.

The Secretary and GOOCH immediately agree to this plan, foreseeing the convenience of a distant settlement, and place themselves entirely in BUND's hands.

MAULLE yields, on condition that he is to map out what we ought to see.

BUND knows a Courier, and the thing is done.

Our reasons for going to Holland may be individually stated thus:—

BUND goes because he's seen the picture galleries once, and forgotten all about them.

MAULLE, because he knows all the pictures by heart, but has never seen them.

GOOCH, because he has never heard of or seen the pictures.

The Secretary, because he has never seen the pictures, but heard of some of them vaguely.

The Courier, because he's taken.

Coincidence which I notice at Rotterdam after the Boompje title has been adopted, viz., that our Courier's name is JÖMP, pronounced Jump; and, therefore, the very name for a leader and guide of the Boompjes.

On we go to Holland, *viâ* France and Belgium; and back again, *viâ* Belgium and France. Boompje!

"Yes," cries GOOCH, as we were carrying it off jauntily on the quays of Rotterdam, with hearts both light and merry (with which "hey down derry" is to rhyme in *The Miller and his Men*, *vide* opening chorus), "here we are regularly out on the spree."

"No," returns PROFESSOR MAULLE, sweetly rebuking his junior, "do not say 'on the spree;' say that we are out on the Boompje."

START OF THE BOOMPJES—LILLE—GHENT—THE BOOMPJE HATS.

MAULLE is to meet us at Antwerp, which we are to pass through on our road to Rotterdam, but where we do not wish to stop, as three of the party "know it by heart." MAULLE being of an independent Boompje nature, sets off by himself.

From the moment of our concluding arrangements with JÖMP, the Courier, all trouble is supposed to be taken off our hands. We merely tell JÖMP where we want to go to, JÖMP knows the place, of course, intimately, and he could find the way there blindfold. So JÖMP arranges our route. We propose, JÖMP disposes. JÖMP gets all the necessary tickets, and we are to be oblivious of everything until we find ourselves at our first halting place, Ghent.

The only inconvenience about this plan, we find, is that *we* change our minds, and JÖMP doesn't. We decide that we ought to go *viâ* Antwerp first. Then having decided that, we decide again that Antwerp oughtn't to be taken at all, but begin with Bruges.

GOOCH exclaims, "Look here! I say! Why not stop at Lille for a night?"

No one knows exactly why not, but it being discovered that there's nothing to be done at Lille at night, "except go to bed, that's all," says JÖMP, disparagingly, the proposal is dismissed as unworthy of notice, and GOOCH says, "Hang it: he thinks you might listen to some of his suggestions." As this looks like breaking up the party before it starts, we compromise by calling in JÖMP (which would have saved us con-

siderable trouble at first, as we now find he has taken all the tickets *viâ* his own route) and asking him if we go near Lille.

JÖMP, when questioned, always gives one the idea of having been called out of bed at short notice, and dressed himself in a hurry. He collects his scattered senses by passing his hand forwards and backwards over his head several times, and murmuring something, partially unintelligible, still in his character of a man not quite awake.

"Lille," he is understood to murmur vaguely, "vell—um—um." It should be mentioned that JÖMP is, it is supposed, of Swiss origin, and possesses such a knowledge of languages as is enough to render him generally unintelligible in any particular tongue.

"Lille," he replies, considering, "Lille—vell—um—um—um! Oh yes!"—this he gives in the tone of a permission—"Oh yes, you can go by Lille," wherewith he shrugs his shoulders, as if to give us to understand that such a *détour* will put the train to considerable trouble, not to mention the entire derangement of his own plans.

"Yes." But BUND puts it in a barrister-like style. "Do we go there or *do we not*?"

"Vell," says MR. JÖMP, after polishing his head slowly, preparatory to taking his cap in both hands, and holding it behind him, "Vell—you can go by Lille—oh yes—de train pass true dere." Then he adds suddenly, as an afterthought, which is to take us by surprise, "If you go that way."

It is finally decided that we won't stop at Lille. And the route is mapped out to the satisfaction of all parties.

BUND says confidentially to the Secretary, that he should like to have got down to Milan, or spent the time in Switzerland, instead of Holland.

MAULLE takes an early opportunity (when we subsequently come up with him at Antwerp) of informing me that he gives way to the majority, but for his part he should like to have made Dort his chief place, and stopped *there*. MAULLE's one idea is to go to Dort. BUND, who is always ready with an argument from *Murray*, points out that his authority says, "There is nothing to detain the traveller at Dort."

MAULLE says that it is only true *after* you've seen everything. He is sure that Dort is the most interesting place in Holland. JÖMP says, "Oh yes, um—um—um, you can stop at Dortrecht—um—um." Then, as an afterthought, "if de steamer go dere." On the whole, we keep Dort in reserve for MAULLE, if he won't go on without it. First Boompje sonnet by MAULLE:—

To judge by report,
I always thought
That we ought
To stop at Dort.

BUND thinks it stupid! GOOCH says that *Dort* doesn't rhyme to *ought*; and MAULLE likes it himself, and reads it to me privately.

GOOCH hopes [before we start] that we shall push on to Brussels, and "see some fun." No one knows exactly what he means, except, apparently JÖMP, who says, "Oh, yes—um—um, you can do something at Brussels," which is the fullest information he can offer us on the subject.

We start.

A broiling hot day. GOOCH thinks that there won't be a ripple on the water in crossing.

BUND is of opinion, having had something to do with nautical affairs in his time, that it may be "blowing freshish outside." The mention of "outside" exercises an unpleasant influence over GOOCH. He stations himself as near the centre as possible, and won't rise from his seat.

MR. JÖMP, with admirable forethought, places the coats and bags on our seats, which he secures for us several minutes before the boat starts, in such a position that we get the sun in our eyes, the blacks from the chimney, and the heavy moisture from the steam valve pipe.

On being remonstrated with by BUND, who points out to him (BUND once had a thirty-ton yacht off Erith, which he thought resembled the French coast without the nuisance of having to learn a foreign language) that when the wind is S.S. by E.E., and the sun is at meridian, also when a boat is steering from S.E. by N.W. *then, if you want to keep out of the sun, you must get into the shade*, JÖMP replies, with an admirable readiness, which shows him equal to any emergency.

"Vell, yes—um—um—you can move the things."

GOOCH, finding that there is no chance of being inconvenienced by the voyage, now becomes hilarious, and ventures upon pale ale and a cigar. He regales us with anecdotes of himself in various towns of Europe, chiefly Boulogne and Paris. He begins to air his French, and points out two or three people on board who he assures us, on his own experience, are "regular foreigners," and who turn out to be commercial travellers from Liverpool. Boompje!

At Calais he rejoices in being on the shores of France once more—*la belle France* he exclaims—as if he'd been born or brought up there. He exhibits the soldiers, the *douaniers*, and the French people to us generally with this preface, "Look here, you won't see this sort of thing in England, you know. We can't do *that*," a summing up generally in depreciation of his own country.



THE ECHOES AT KILLARNEY.

Captious Lady-Tourist. "BOATMAN, WHY DO YOU PLAY THAT AIR OUT OF TUNE!!"

Boatman. "MUSHA, ME LADY, HOW CAN I HELP IT? SHURE, THAT'S THE WAY THE FAIRIES PLAY IT ON THE MOUNTAINS! JIST LISTEN TO THEM!"

THOUGHTS OF GREAT MEN.

(Now first Collected.)



WE gather a few tender tinted shells, a few tufts of bright weed, and sup off costly molluscs; but the Sea and We are still Strangers, we and the Sea make no progress, and Life sinks behind the horizon before the Bud of Acquaintance has burst into the Bloom of Friendship. Walk by the Margin, and listen to the Waters moaning their strange Secret to the sympathising Stars, and take another cigar before you turn in."

MILTON well knew that the experience of all middle-aged men would amply corroborate this chain of corollaries:—

- "Never exceed your income.
- "Never exceed the bounds of decorum.
- "Always brush your hat when you take it off.
- "Be careful how you interfere with another man's fire.
- "Do not sit in damp clothes.
- "Study the polity of the State, and be at your post, although of the meanest order, when the walls of the Republic are threatened.
- "The true Citizen never omits to have his boots properly blacked every morning."

How thoroughly that wise old heathen, EPAMINONDAS, knew the

MUSCULAR CHRISTIAN EXERCISE.

AT the Summer Meeting of the London Amateur Athletic Club, held last Saturday at the Little-bridge Grounds, West Brompton, heading the list of sports which then came off, there took place a pedestrian contest of a somewhat remarkable denomination, namely, a "Race by Novices." This may be imagined to have been an interesting combination of athleticism and asceticism. On that supposition it must be supposed to have taken place *permissu superiorum*; and credit will accordingly be given to the superiors for their liberality and disposition to meet the times. But, on further perusal, finding that "the first heat resulted in favour of PERCY SPURLING," the reader has probably discerned that the Race by Novices was at any rate not a foot-race between young ladies in their novitiate; which deprives it in a measure of the interest it would otherwise have possessed.

Sport and Game.

THERE is something in the argument that, as pheasants and other game have come to be bred and fed like domestic poultry and live stock, they should now by statute be declared to have ceased to be *feræ naturæ*, and to have become property. To abate the prejudice which objects to this proposal, perhaps, as the slaughter of tame animals is no sport, the landed poulterers will discontinue shooting.

A NEW ERA.—In Greece it is not the Golden Age, nor the Silver Age, nor the Iron Age, but the Brigand-Age.

works of the human heart! Listen to a few of his gems. "Never lend your horse. Seem, rather than be. Build your garden wall higher, if your neighbour can look over it. Tread warily, if your path is strewn with broken bottles. Be ready to do small kindnesses—always have postage stamps in your pocket, and Metropolitan time-tables, and the finest Eau-de-Cologne that money can procure."

Mark what LAVATER said to WILLIAM TELL, when they were coming home in the dawn from a *post-mortem*, over the Bridge of Sighs, and talking about the Revenue Returns. "Put a good face on the matter. If troubles rise, stare them out of countenance. We all wear the same uniform—only the facings are different. The richest man cannot escape the toothache, and the poorest may enjoy a sunset and a salad. Be content, and fill up your income-tax paper with conscientious fidelity, and you will be scheduled with the soft."

Golden words these of BACON'S: "The weaknesses of men are often the strength of states, and the favourites of princes have before now become the shuttlecocks of vengeful Fortune. Some men are born and others die; but none can escape either the one day or the other. Between the beginning and the end there lie many intercalated Stations, where we may rest and recreate, and gather strength for the ventures that Fortune hath yet in her wallet. Blind as she is, she sometimes drops the bandage and catches the SPEAKER'S eye; but her myrmidons are a host, and her followers a great army, and to be victorious over Fortune your weapons must be keen, well-tempered, and bright, your arms strong and resolute, your courage dauntless, your endurance martyr-like, and your wife's relations unexceptionable."

CRITICISM AND KINDNESS.

NOUGHT of the dead but good. Forbearance kind.

Disparagement can hurt them now no more,
Injure in credit, or affect in mind;
Praise after death him you traduced before.

Sprinkle his grave with flowers of purple hue;
For 'tis an office to perform inane.
Throw roses for the dirt you sometime threw.
No longer they can please, or it give pain.

Him, whomsoever defunct, extol; be sure
No better for your praises he can be.
Assail the living, those who yet endure,
And may be harmed, or vexed, by obloquy.

CONSTANT CLERICAL DISABILITIES.



legislation, will remain imposed on every Minister of the Church of England who does not happen to be in independent circumstances.

YOU must see that there are clerical disabilities which neither the Bill now before Parliament nor, perhaps, any other that may become law, will ever remove. No Clerical Emancipation Act that can possibly be passed will enable a curate in a rural district to wear a bird's-eye neck-tie, or, in some parishes, where old women abound, any other than a white one. The disability to dance is one to which a clergyman will generally be subject under such penalty as his amiable parishioners may have it in their power to inflict upon him, either in a social or pecuniary way. So is the disability to play any game at cards, from the limited loo to a round game of "speculation" at Christmas. Disability to hunt and shoot, notwithstanding

SEWAGE-FARMING IN BOTH SORTS.

"THE CHESTER TRAINING-SHIP.—Once a year, in commemoration of the establishment of a nautical refuge for destitute boys picked up in the streets of London, a meeting is held on board the *Chester*, lying off Greenwich. During the three years that have elapsed from the establishment of the home up to December, 1869, no fewer than 546 boys have been admitted on board; and of these, after a training of upwards of two years, 350 have gone to sea as sailors, or taken other situations. . . . A party of about 250 of the friends and supporters of the training-ship went down in the *Peter* yesterday. . . . Early in the afternoon the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY arrived accompanied by LADY VICTORIA ASHLEY, MR. J. M'GREGOR, and others, and was received by the Committee, and CAPT. THURBURN, Commander of the Ship. His Lordship having taken the chair, the boys were put through several of their sailors' duties, such as furling and reefing sails, all of which were performed with cheerful alacrity and seaman-like promptitude. "To encourage deserving boys, the system of the Royal Navy is adopted of conferring good conduct badges and stripes, and appointing a certain number as leading hands and corporals, with some privileges. . . . At the meeting yesterday, the prizes were presented to the successful boys by LADY VICTORIA ASHLEY."—*Daily Telegraph*, June 30th.

"SEWAGE CROPS.—The local authorities of Blackburn, in Yorkshire, and Reading, in Berkshire, are endeavouring to obtain Parliamentary powers for utilising their sewage by irrigation. Yesterday a practical proof was afforded to the Private Bill Committee, in the Reading case, of the agricultural value of the process. On MR. W. HORN being called as a witness in support of the bill, that gentleman produced a number of samples of crops reared by the application of town sewage. From the Lodge Farm, at Barking, fertilised by the sewage of the metropolis, came a fine specimen of wheat, the stalks about five feet high, and with ears of great length, the whole characterised by a healthy and vigorous green colour. The wheat in question was stated to be the last in a series of four successive crops of the same cereal. A quantity of very fine strawberries also made their appearance. From the Lodge Farm there came a large and fruitful currant-bush, which gave to the committee-room a singularly rural aspect. This bush was said to be a fair sample of hundreds growing at the same spot. In addition were specimens of fruits and flowers from Breton's Farm, fertilised with the sewage of Rombord. The fragrance of a splendid bouquet of roses seemed to be much appreciated by LORD LIFFORD and his colleagues; and interest was excited by the display of sewage-grown lettuces, carrots, spinach, peas, and Italian rye-grass."—*Standard*, June 30th.

Of all the truths that PALMERSTON in his long life-time spoke, And they were many and grave ones too, for all their jaunty cloak, He never spoke a truth it more concerns JOHN BULL to face, Than when he once defined * us "dirt" as "matter out of place."

There's dirt of many sorts about, as we all know too well, By witness both of soul and sense, of sight and touch and smell.

* LORD PALMERSTON was not the real author of this definition, though it owes its currency to his having first given it circulation by adoption into one of his speeches. The real authorship of the definition belongs to MR. F. C. WARD, the author of another saying hardly less pregnant—"The nix fall to the river: the sewage to the soil."

We cannot look into ourselves but LAMB's joke seems apropos, "If dirt were trumps, what splendid hands too many of us could show!"

There's the dirt of dirty money, that sticks to hands and hearts:
There's the dirt of dirty dealings, that infects our shops and marts:
There's the dirt of dirty labour, that darkens the light of day;
There's the dirt of dirty pleasure, that poisons our rare play:

With the dirt of uncared-for bodies we sap life's strength and spring;
The dirt of uncared-for dwellings we as plague-seed broadcast fling;
With the dirt of speech, God's birthday gift to the first create of men,

We foul the waters of knowledge and life, by dint of tongue and pen.

There is human dirt as there's household dirt—a dirt that eats and breathes,

A life that festens in our streets, as the filth in our sewers seethes:
Refuse, still swept by the besom of the Force, with its "Come, move on!"

To the hideous human dust-hole, where too much, ere this, has gone.

Some of this dirt, in mercy to it and to ourselves,
We dispose of, small and early, where the baby-farmer delves:
Sowing the small starved corpses, land'num-sodden'd, here and there,
Under railway-arches—in rubbish-heaps—just out of the gaslight's glare.

But baby-farmers are few, and the life in human dirt is tough,
And in spite of cold and hunger and kicks street-Arab grows into rough;

And human dirt accumulates—dirt-babes born to dirt-wives—
Till it swells our rates and cumbars our gaols, and perplexes us out of our lives.

And all the while this human dirt's but "matter out of place"—

The matter of immortal souls, reduced to this evil case!

The life that should flow through England's veins, for strength of work and play,

Left in ever-slums to fester, or in plague-streams soak away.

So closely holds the parallel 'twixt dirt in matter and man—

'Twixt the foul contents of the scavenger's cart, and the load of the prison-wan—

That 'tis as true of the streets above as of the sewers below,

Two streams of precious matter, misplaced, to waste are let to flow:

Then, bless the strong stomachs and kindly hearts and far-seeing heads of those

That from either foul and festering stream have not stopped or turned the nose;

But have said to the misplaced matter, "Thy right place take again,"

Do good work and breed blessing, not waste and plague, for men.

God bless our sewage-farmers, be it dirt of man or mire

They take to turn from filth to food, from ill to good desire;

Whether unto the fields they give what from the fields was ta'en,

Or in what once showed God's image bring God's image out again.

Whether they turn to yellow corn, green rye-grass, juicy root,

Or vegetable succulent, or luscious-berried fruit,

The sewage that pollutes our streams, or festers at our gates,

For the fattening of fevers and the ripening of rates—

Or culture into self-respect and train to useful toil

The pestilent Street-Arab that lived by sin and spoil;

That knew of Law nought but its gripe, of Justice but her sword;

Whose good was ill, whose right was wrong, Hell a jest, and God a word.

Yes, God bless our sewage-farmers, I say and say again—

Bless their tillage—be't of cereal, or be't of human grain!

For their every seed there's a blessing the more, and a curse the less, under the sun:

Each new-tilled span of field or man to God's use is re-won.

Croquet and Chivalry.

THE Croquet Tournament at Wimbledon did of course not want a Queen of Beauty, nor did that Sovereign lack subjects of the most resplendent charms, but what sort of knights were the gallants who figured in the lists? Accustomed to distinguish themselves principally on the field which is carpeted with turf, doughty as the champions of Croquet may be, they must, for all their prowess, be regarded as carpet knights.

THE PREVAILING WIND AT THE NORE.—Nore-Nore-East.



THE RIVALS.

City Man (who has the Family on his side). "THAT WAS A CHARMING PIECE YOU'VE JUST PLAYED, MISS FLORENCE, AND THE ACCOMPANIMENT ON THE FLAGEOLET WAS VERY, PRETTY!!"
"Ignorant beast!" thought Young Pumpcourt, considered the best Amateur Flute-Player at the Bar.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

"A gathering of 300 of the notabilities of rank, science, art and fashion took place yesterday at the mansion of MR. JOHN PENDER, Arlington Street, Piccadilly, to celebrate the completion of submarine communication between London and Bombay, by the successful laying of the Falmouth, Gibraltar, and Malta, and the British Indian cable lines."—*Court Journal.*

WHERE Piccadilly's ablaze, in the height and the heat of the season—
 Rises a gaily-hung tent, in the yard of the mansion of PENDER—
 Mansion belit and bepictured and crowded with stateliest sweldom,
 Sweldom that, down from blood royal, in Wales and in Cambridge
 embodied,
 Flows through the pipes of the Peerage—Diplomacy—Ministers—
 Members—

Thence to the Magnates of Money and so to the syndics of Science.
 Ceaseless the buzz and the bowing, the flashing of stars and of garters,
 Ceaseless the mopping of brows and imbibing of cooling refreshments,
 Endless the glare and the glitter and gossip—the wealth and the wittles.
 What have they met to accomplish, these leaders of fashion and science?
 What is it brings them together, before the small syphon that, waving,
 Scatters its fine jet of ink in accord with the pulses electric,
 So making plain to the eye what the spark through the wires is conveying?

What is transacting to-night in the tent of the mansion of PENDER?
 Lo, 'tis BRITANNIA stretching invisible hands under ocean,
 Bringing the farthestmost East and the uttermost West into contact;
 Hearing and answering words from the height of the far Himalayahs—
 Hearing and answering words from the White-House across the
 Atlantic,

Hearing and answering words from El-Khasr, and Divan of Khedive:
 Hearing and answering words of Portuguese LUIZ at Belem;
 Quick as next-door neighbours a question could ask and could answer.
 Sending the VICEBOY OF INDIA a greeting of wifely affection,
 Rousing him out of his bed, at four minutes past five in the morning,

Though 'tis to welcome a message dispatched ere the striking of mid-night:

So doth the spark of our wires outpace e'en the fleet foot of Chronos!
 Miracle-workers are we—sitting here in the mansion of PENDER,
 Gossiping thus, at our ease, over Continents, Hemispheres, Oceans,
 Saying to space, "Be no more," and to baffled Time, "Get thou
 behind me!"

Yet one achievement remains—who among us will see it accomplished?
 Only to turn this power, with the ends of the earth of conversing,
 So to account, as to use it for wise talk, talk to the purpose,
 Talk that shall lessen earth's evil, and make its good larger and larger:
 Talk that the ends of the world into brotherhood's bondage shall gather;
 Talk that shall forward his work, who guideth the path of the lightning!

Ample Accommodation.

"Two or three furnished rooms to let in a private family."

MS. in shop-window.

What a curiosity this family must be! We have all heard of individuals who are said to have the upper story unfurnished; but we doubt whether there is any other instance on record of two, nay, three furnished rooms being found in one family.

"HUNGER is the best Sauce;" *ergo*, the Hungriest is the most sassy.

A LAWN PARTY.—Convocation.

THE RIGHT PLACE.—Antiquaries and historians are agreed that in ancient Babylon all the executions took place in the hanging gardens.

ADVICE TO PERSONS WHO HAVE "FALLEN IN LOVE."—Fall Out.

DICTA FOR DANCING.

(Lectures on the Gay Science. By Tobaccolaureus Artium.)



THE season is far advanced, and ladies are bewailing the presence of "Wallflowers," who are neither useful nor ornamental, but simply crowd the staircases, the conservatories, and the landings, getting in everyone's way, and by their inopportune appearance, preventing the blossoming of many a serious flirtation, and nipping in the bud the projects of far-sighted mammas, and the hopes of eldest daughters.

With eyes moistened by iced champagne cup, Mr. *Punch's* Tobaccolaureus Artium, having given his earnest consideration to the case, has arrived at the conclusion, viz., that the Art of Dancing is being neglected; that there are several old acquaintances which would bear revival, and several foreign dances which would tend to promote hilarity and good humour, and would drag the aforesaid Wallflowers from their seclusion and repose. The Tobaccolaureus Artium proposes (it is for Professors, according to University announcements, always "to propose"—let the proverb be finished by whoever cares to do it) to hold classes in his L.F.T. (Light Fantastic Toe) School, but for the benefit of those who cannot at present, or will not just now attend, he further proposes to publish a few hints (the mere sketches of his oral teaching) for the Ball Room, which he at once commences.

1. On the End and Aim of all Dancing.

Dancing is the Poetry of Motion. Considering how often a motion is before the House of Commons, it is surprising what opportunities it has lost, of converting the most prosaic, into the most poetical proceeding. If every Honourable Member danced when he had to "move," what marvellous steps the House might take towards the despatch of business!

"The Art of Dancing is one whereby the feelings are expressed."—How true this is everyone who has seen, or joined in, a waltz, must immediately acknowledge. Rage, Jealousy, Love, Respect, all are to be gathered, by the observer, from the manner in which the *trois temps*, or *deux temps*, is performed.

One object in these hints will be an attempt to revivify the polka. Wallflowers have forgotten *this* as well as other figures; thinking, in fact, very little of any figures except their own.

With the ancient Greeks and Romans, dancing was a part of their religious rites. So it is now in England; the high-priestesses are the Match-making Mothers. Regardless of their doom, the little victims dance.

Dancing contributes to the preservation of health, and is apparent from the absolute necessity entailed upon every Paterfamilias, with sons and daughters, of rushing off to the seaside, or to some watering-place on the Continent, where the young people appear with the glow of health on their cheeks, the sparkle of life in their eyes, and exhibit a strength of limb, which will overcome mountains. In these you behold the votaries of the Dance, the most constant worshippers, the Fast Partners, who have done three parties a-night since the commencement of the season, and, Saturday evenings excepted, have never been in bed for nearly three months, before five in the morning.

Dancing is conducive to the formation of manners, as we shall proceed to show, by giving a few rules for conduct in the ball-room.

Finally, great and illustrious men in all ages, have danced. SOCRATES danced; PLATO danced; XENOPHON invariably danced while writing his *Anabasis*.

HENRI QUATRE of France nobly said, in answer to one of his bishops, that "he danced because he liked it;" a reply that appears at the time to have given considerable satisfaction to his subjects. CÆSAR AUGUSTUS invented the ballet, and NERO is too vulgar an instance for us to quote here. In old days, as the Poet sings, They—

Made for Terpsichore
Temples of hickory,

Practised no trickery,
Drank all the chicory,
Long may she reign!

Which shows, if nothing else did, or would, how blameless and simple were the followers of the goddess, and also the nature of their libations in her honour.

But antiquarianism must not detain us; though the substance of the above will serve admirably for conversations between partners during quadrilles, when such topics as the weather, the Park, and the Opera, have been exhausted.

2. The Quadrille Reformed.

Let us have steps, not a languid and slouching walk. If, as has been said above, Dancing is a language for the feelings, let us point our toes as we would our remarks. Number one is *Le Pantalon*.

Simple Rules.—Set and turn to Partners; cross over by yourself; chassey right and left. Stop to see where you've got to. If the quadrille has finished, return to your partner and apologise. If not, join her, and express your sentiments in a lively (or otherwise) measure.

L'Eté.—First lady advances and retires; then retires and advances. If your memory fails you during this quadrille, always return to your partner, balancez, and insist on taking his hand and going round with him. Or (if a gentleman) with *her*. In dancing an unknown or uncertain figure, the strong determined will comes off best.

Grand Rule for all Occasions.—When in doubt, *balancez*.

La Poule.—Cross over on the first opportunity, and get back again on the first opportunity after that. Thank heaven for your safety so far. Take hold of somebody and chassey: apologise, if wrong.

La Trénise.—Ladies' chain. Set to some one; your partner, if possible. Advance twice, with or without partner. Change sides. Glissade, chassey, and *turn partners inwards*. (This is usually called the Colwell-Hatchney Figure.)

La Pastorale and *La Finale* is chiefly advancing and retiring *ad libitum*, and galopading about with your partner. Be always ready to start galopading, and say, "Now then, come along!" A shout adds to the real excitement. But better perhaps leave this until after supper.

N.B. Figures in themselves are of small importance to the true dancer; *steps are everything*. Genius invents figures as it goes on, and steps too.

The Royal Wales Quadrille, or Prince's Fancy, as danced at ALL the Court Balls.

Top couple advance, retire, and turn inwards.
Four ladies join right hands in centre, and
Swing gentlemen into places.
All chassey across, in the form of a star, and
Return to places.

3. Etiquette.

You may galopade with a lady all about the room without being introduced to her, and you will not be thought guilty of presumption in so doing. When you've finished with her, put her down somewhere. You are not bound to ask her name and address, nor need you take any further notice of her.

SPEED THE "DENOMINATIONAL SYSTEM."

Chorus of Ratepayers.

FORWARD, each Denomination,
In the cause of Education,
To the rescue from the State,
That you may indoctrinate
Your own poor with your own views,
Thus you'll no adherents lose.

To this end there's but one way,
For your own schools 'tis to pay,
Do it with no sparing hand,
That they may o'erspread the land,
Happy we if it befall
That you school, between you, all.

France in a Frenzy.

WHAT if PRINCE LEOPOLD of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, Catholic Hohenzollern, were to become KING of SPAIN? As a constitutional Sovereign, what power would he have, even had he the will, to help the Protestant KING of PRUSSIA to subjugate France? The French have the reputation of being dainty. Their Emperor has a taste; so, doubtless, has OLLIVIER, so has the DUC DE GRAMONT; and they may have cause to be offended with the great Teutonic sausage, but must be over fastidious indeed to object so violently as they do to a mild "Small German."



MORE REVENGE FOR FLODDEN.

SCENE—A Scotch Hotel.

Tourist (indignant at his bill). "WHY, LANDLORD, THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE THERE!"

Landlord. "MISTAKE? AYE, AYE. THAT STUPID FELLOW, THE WAITER, HAS JUST CHARGED YOU FIVE SHILLINGS—TOO LITTLE."

THOUGHTS OF GREAT MEN.

(Now first collected.)

WHAT can be more magnificent than this apostrophe to "Time" by THOMSON?

"O, Time! thou greatest autocrat of all
Who reign o'er millions and o'er millionnaires,
Despotic sovran of a drooping world,
Wrinkled and worn, and faded as a robe
Blanched hueless by the Sun's solstitial ray—
Deal gently with this young connubial pair,
Launched gaily on Life's tossing sea to-day,
And now *en route* for Folkestone and Boulogne:
Drop scythe and glass, and bid thy visage wear
A cheerful smile, as in those jocund days,
When in the morning of the buxom world
All things were bright, and fresh, and gay, and cheap,
And universal credit reigned."

The almost crystalline clearness of the following profound reflection of KANT's cannot fail to be at once appreciated: "We are not what we seem. We are something else, and yet the identical. Our entity wavers, but our being remains immutable. Essence is in permanence, accidents vacillate. Various in invariableness, with many phases, but of one unyielding type, we are not to-morrow as we were the day before yesterday, and a fortnight hence we shall be on our way to Newhaven."

No other author, ancient or modern, could bring the pleasing scene which ADDISON describes, before our very eyes with equal vividness and fidelity to Nature. He says: "I walked by the side of a stately river, renowned in commerce, in history, in tuneful song. The evening was tranquilly beautiful; the sun was departing in regal glory; the

"THE CUT DIRECT."

(Given and Returned.)

WHEN LESSEPS planned the project grand
Of cutting Suez' isthmus,
Looking askance, BULL seemed to stand
Afflicted with strabismus.
Buttoned his pockets: cash from him
Forbade the fool to expect:
In short, gave him and his big whim,
Alike, the "Cut Direct."

Lo, LESSEPS now, with bright bold brow,
Strong in the "accomplished fact!"
And England, glad to do *Kotow*,
Backs him, from whom she backed!
Of English cheers, 'gainst English sneers,
Let LESSEPS weigh the effect:
Nor, as he might, in victory's right,
Give us the "Cut Direct."

Magnanimous, as strong men are,
Let him smile on the crowd,
So lately scornful, round his car
Of triumph now so loud!
'Twixt "deed" and plan your Englishman
The difference can detect!
The *beau rôle*'s yours: you have had *ours*;
Now we've your "Cut Direct!"

RAINFALL AND REASON.

A FRENCH Chemist, arguing from the fact that great battles have coincided with heavy showers, has proposed that, in order to terminate a drought, the attempt should be made to shake rain out of the clouds by a general cannonade. This, with the view, apparently, of getting the popular mind of France to entertain the idea of it, he suggests, might be associated with some religious celebration. We should like to know what FARADAY would have said to this twofold proposal, which, if it were practised, and found to answer, might rather mislead the faithful but unscientific multitude? A French philosopher might not mind doing that, but a true English one would. We would dissociate the theological from the scientific experiment for the deduction of rain. Invoke St. Swithin on St. Swithin's day if you like, but try your cannonade on some day before or after.

crescent moon rose in the amber sky. The sound of plashing oars and merry voices mingled with the nightingale's plaintive trill and the pensive chime of distant bells.

"Seated on the bank, sat a youthful pair. Their hands were joined, her face was turned to his with all the ardour of passionate affection, with all the purity of maiden innocence. Wishful not to disturb their happiness, I selected a path which took my steps away from the tuft of verdure they occupied, when, turning once more to admire the glowing west, I saw, to my amazement, my sorrow, that her head was averted, that her hand was no longer clasped in his. That moment a cloud passed over the face of the moon. Had a cloud so soon overshadowed their happiness? My interest in the lovers overcame my unwillingness to intrude on their retirement. I approached, and heard a slight but familiar noise. My fears were dispelled, my doubts were at an end. She had turned away her face, and withdrawn her hand—to sneeze!"

A Warning to Waiters.

BY A FREQUENT DINER-OUT.

Ye, at tables small or great,
Who stand behind our chairs in state,
Ne'er be slow to change a plate,
Ne'er be heedful of our prate,
Never breathe upon our pate,
"Learn to labour and to wait."

ECUMENICAL AND CANINE.

WARM work as well as words may be anticipated at Rome if the debate on Infallibility is to go on, so that the POPE's proposed dogma shall be discussed during the dog-days.



OFFICIOUS INTERFERENCE.

(PATERFAMILIAS'S STEAM-YACHT HAS COME TO A STAND-STILL, THE FIRES HAVING GONE OUT.)

Polite Stranger (paddling to the rescue). "MAY I OFFER YOU A LIGHT, SIR?"

SPECIAL PLEADERS' MUTUAL PROTECTION SOCIETY.

THIS Society appeals for support to those unfortunate practitioners who have incurred heavy penalties by their unskillfulness in framing Declarations of attachment, but who are still courageously bent on devoting their tender energies to please.

Statisticians have computed that fines amounting to £85,703 14s. 10d. are annually exacted from "promising juniors" who have declared in error.

One very distressing case occurred recently, where an ingenious young Scotch Lady, aged 27, succeeded in obtaining damages to the tune of £1,000 by playing on a Cornet. The Cornet we may add was spasmodically affected on hearing his banns published at Church for the first time of asking.

A still more shocking calamity happened to M. D., a retired emotional Physician, who was mulcted in £3,000 by a young Spanish Widow, whose second husband M. D. learned when too late, had very shortly after marriage sighed and sued for a judicial separation, failing which he had let himself down into a quicksilver mine in Siberia.

This Society guarantees to indemnify its members against all losses occasioned by chivalrous promises, and will furnish them with an approved form of Declaration, adapted to fascinate beauty, while her guardians are deprived of their mercenary sting.

Form of Declaration.

I, A. B. (Bachelor) truly, solemnly and sincerely declare that I am held and firmly bound to L. N. (Spinster) by the ties of (admiration or affluence as the case may be), and I promise and engage to offer the said L. N. my heart, hand and fortune within (six) calendar months from this date. Provided nevertheless that this Declaration shall be null and void to all intents and purposes on any of the following conditions:—

1. If L. N. (Spinster) shall become a Doctor of Civil Law, or be

called to the Bar of Missouri (U. S.), or be appointed a Professor of Sanscrit in any English or Foreign University.

2. If L. N. shall, by intimidation or otherwise, control the election of Members of Parliament, or shall publicly or privately advocate Spinster suffrage pure and simple.

3. If it be discovered that L. N. has never been separated from her Mamma.

4. If at Croquet L. N. shall be inordinately obsequious to a suffragan Bishop as Patron of the lawn.

5. If L. N. shall wear an outrageous *chignon* of an objectionable colour.

6. If alone, or in conjunction with other speculative Spinsters, L. N. shall float a Company, or become immersed in bubbles, or prompted by feminine notions of economy, shall make "time-bargains," or look with tender regard on "Bears" of any kind whatever.

7. If L. N. shall confess to have spent a pleasant day pending A. B.'s recovery from influenza.

8. If, aspiring to fame, L. N. shall translate the *Iliad*, or exhibit in any walk of literature a Grecian bend.

9. If L. N. oblivious of the female shall go so far as to drive a Mail or a Curricule, or shall covet the reins of Government, or the position of a Ministerial "whip."

10. If maliciously designing to destroy his gravity and disturb his balance, L. N. shall bother the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER when mounted on his favourite bicycle with £2 7s. 1d. for unpaid Income-tax.

11. If in fashionable mockery of Professor TYNDALL, L. N. shall raise a dust in the Park, proudly regardless of the mischief which follows in her train.

Finally. If in cooler moments A. B. (Bachelor) shall think better of it, and wisely prefer entering the *Trappe* Monastery, to being caught in a matrimonial trap.

WEATHER REPORT.—In many country parishes the drought is having one very serious effect—the Sermons are drier than ever.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



IMPORTANT! *Monday, July 4th.* Posterity, observe! This week is note-worthy, by reason that in it broke on Europe the news that PRINCE OF SPAIN had selected LEOPOLD of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen as King of Spain, and that NAPOLEON of France forbade the elevation of a Prussian Prince to the Peninsular throne. Europe believes that if the KING OF PRUSSIA supports or permits the selection, there will be another "War of the Spanish Succession." As the war at present known by that name cost England at least £62,000,000 (let us put it into words also, for the better

appreciation of the amount—Sixty-Two Millions of Pounds Sterling), it may be hoped that if the apprehended conflict take place, England will manage to keep out of it, the rather that it matters not at all to her who reigns in Spain. There must be some Parliamentary utterances on this subject—perhaps there may be a legion—so here the Public has the case stated once for all.

To-day the Lords spoke on the Bill for making illegal the sale of the next presentation to a benefice, and of certain advowsons. Up came, of course, the irrepressible Rights of Property, and the Bill was read a Second Time, only on condition of its being sent to a Select Committee. LORD SALISBURY thought that if purchase in the Church were abolished, we should have to abolish purchase in the Army. May be so; but buying the right to be killed, and buying the right to preach religion are surely as distinct things as can well co-exist.

The Bill for sequestering the benefices of parsons who do not pay their debts, was passed by the Lords—who always pay theirs. By the way, it has just been finally decided that a Peer may be a bankrupt. Imagine a Lord walking in procession with his certificate in his coronet! Clearly, these be no feudal times.

Married Women's Property Bill is sent to a Committee, and Mr. Punch relies upon that noble body to make the excellent Bill excellent, but by no means to impair its value to those who now suffer most unjustly for want of protection. The Lords can stick up stoutly for Rights of Property, as has been seen. Here is an opportunity for doing so in the most righteous way.

Note, if you please, that LORD GRANVILLE is the new Foreign Secretary, that LORD KIMBERLEY is the new Colonial Secretary, that LORD HALIFAX (*olim* SIR CHARLES WOOD) is the new Lord Privy Seal, that MR. FORSTER enters the Cabinet (the Commons cheered him, and Mr. Punch echoes the cheer), and that MR. TREVELYAN, ceasing to be Admiralty Lord because he disapproves of a portion of the Education Bill, is succeeded by LORD CAMPERDOWN, Lord-in-Waiting, who was 1st Class in Classics at Balliol, and is descended from our glorious old Admiral, VISCOUNT DUNCAN, who nobly put into the family arms the figure of the Sunderland sailor, CRAWFORD, who, at the battle of Camperdown, did seven times, amid a storm of shot, nail his Admiral's flag to the mainmast of the *Venerable*. Here be three "who's" in six lines, but it is too hot to recast sentences.

Census next year, Ladies. In Ireland it is to be Religious; that is, the professed faith of everybody is to be stated. So, in Scotland. But in England it is to be Irreligious. The reason of this is, that when a person does not describe himself as belonging to any particular sect, he is claimed by the Church of England, and sundry who are not her friends desire not that she should be thus aggrandised.

Mr. J. B. Smith. Will the Post-Master-General now adopt the French Gram?

Lord Hartington. He won't.

A good talk about Counts Out. There have been many of late, and divers Members wax wrathful. But there is to be no surrender of the right of the House to be relieved altogether of speeches which are not worth the attention of forty Members. MR. DISRAELI very properly suggested that there should be no sharp, snatching practice, but that a gentleman's instinct should guide the mover of a count.

University Tests Bill went through Committee, and next day was

read a Third Time by 247 to 113, and passed—the House of Commons. Never do *you*, pensive Public, pass a typographical hint by Mr. Punch. Observe that dash. "There's toys abroad, he'll tell thee more anon."

Tuesday. Very materially indeed did the Lords modify their treatment of the Irish Land Bill. Specially, by 130 to 38 votes, was restored the old form of the Bill in regard to the amount of rent that is to entitle a tenant to compensation. It again rests at £100, to secure the approval of the "leaders of the Irish tenantry." Some alterations by the Ministers were accepted by the Conservatives, and on the concluding night of debate the Bill was read a Third Time, LORD LITTRIM alone shouting forth his discontent.

Catholic friends at a distance and near will please accept this intimation. The Ecclesiastical Titles Act has ceased to be. Let's have a *fete* at the Crystal Palace, with a firework picture of S. Peter's, and His Holiness smilingly accepting compensation presented by Britannia!

In two years the Thames Embankment from Chelsea to Battersea will be finished, said SIR WILLIAM TITE. The eminent architect added, that though we can't afford granite, we shall use a stone called millstone grit, and thus have a beautiful and elaborate stone wall instead of brick. Dear MR. AYRTON, but that you are going away—you *must* go away!—and, therefore, you need counsel no longer, Punch would ask you, Why can't you answer an æsthetic question as SIR WILLIAM TITE does? You can't think how easy and pleasant civility is when you once get into the habit of using it?

MR. LAMBERT advised MR. LOWE to pay the National Debt. MR. LOWE said the suggestion was rather a good one, and he would see what he could do. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK (whose opinion on this and everything else is very valuable) did not think that the way MR. LOWE proposed to go to work was the right way.

An interesting debate on the running down the American *Oneida* by the English *Bombay*, and on the conduct of MR. EYRE, the captain of the latter. In brief, it may be said that he was acquitted of inhumanity in not having remained to cruise about for the injured vessel, but was considered to have been in error. SIR J. ELPHINSTONE said that if the *Oneida* had not been a "Yankee," we should not have heard a syllable about it. MR. GLADSTONE adroitly availed himself of the word (only a corruption of the Indian corruption of "English") to censure the feeling of the gallant sailor. SIR J. E. disclaimed disrespect for the Americans, whom he looked upon as "our right-hand men." Mr. Punch takes leave to go further, and to say that because the vessel was Yankee, it was fitting that excess, rather than deficiency, in attention should be shown, for the reason that blood is thicker than water; and that the Americans, though they quarrel with us as only relations quarrel with relations, are our own flesh and blood after all; and so three cheers for the little *Mayflower* and the Pilgrim Fathers; and now let's liquor up. Brandy and soda, as suggested above, by our artistic young man.

May Punch note that to-day the EARL OF DERBY was wedded to the Dowager COUNTESS OF SALISBURY? Both names are so Parliamentary that he has admirable excuse for here tendering his choicest felicitations. Besides—he does as he likes.

Wednesday. A Bill by MR. BROWN for doing away the Poaching Act of 1862. There was some diverting talk, as there always must be when pheasants are put up in an assembly so devoted to their preservation and slaughter. The Act was said to have worked well, and to have broken up many gangs of professional game-thieves, and its abolition was refused, by 140 to 62.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES (another MR. BROWN—ha! ha! "how blest are we that are not simple men!") brought in his Sunday Trading Bill for Second Reading, and carried it by 109 to 61. MR. RYLANDS quoted with approval LORD MELBOURNE's famous question whenever it was proposed that anything should be done—"Can't you let it alone?" But MR. BRUCE thought that this was not one of the to-be-let-alone matters.

Just let this be understood, you Educated, by any Uneducated whom you may hear saying as how they heerd as Parliament is goin' agin waxination. MR. BRUCE, Home Secretary, fully and resolutely adhering to the principle of Compulsory Vaccination, gives a Committee to consider how that can be best enforced with due regard to the wishes of the people. As for any so-called Educated person, quack or not, who opposes the system, sensible folks are hereby requested and authorised not to argue with him, but to call him a Fool. He may strike, in return. It is to be hoped that he will. Then remember the Conversion of COLONEL QUAGG. It is inimitably told by MR. SALA; but you may imitate the process he describes.

MR. D. DALRYMPLE brought in a Bill to provide for dealing with folks who "habitually" take more liquor than is good for them. We notice this at an early stage, as it may have interest for sundry persons known and unknown to Mr. Punch.

Thursday. The MARQUIS OF TOWNSHEND saw good reason to withdraw a Bill of his for the Protection of Children. But he pointed out that, as recent Baby-Farming cases had shown, children stood—no, the poor little things have not even learned to stand—lay in want of protection. Also, he protested against the brutality of certain school-

masters, who correct pupils by blows on the head. *Mr. Punch* is no sentimentalist, and has often and vigorously applauded the application of the hardest cat-o'-nine-tails to the back of ruffianism. He may take leave to say that any schoolmaster who strikes a child on the head deserves the cat. A parent's fist in the fellow's eye might not, however, be a bad substitute. In these observations *Mr. Punch* means no disrespect to KING SOLOMON, who suggests correction, not injury, as has been well pointed out by LADY LEANOVER, and by *Ma Chère Mère*, in MISS BREMER's delightful story, *The Neighbours*.

A debate, interesting to clergymen and other church-folks, on the Bill authorising the use of the new Lectionary, which is to come into use on and after Advent Sunday next, Nov. 27, by which time the Bishops appear to think that the knowledge of the proposed changes may have found its way into "rural parishes." Really, dear prelates, with the telegraphs established all over England (except in idiotic towns where the people are afraid of their twopenny secrets being known to the postmaster or postmistress) this is a behind-the-age way of looking at the matter. *Punch* will back MR. SOUDAMORE to instil the requisite information into every clergyman in the kingdom in one week.

LORD SHAFTESBURY did not like the "Popish" word Lectionary. But as it is not to be in the Prayer Book, the nation is saved from the POP, so far. The Earl objected to any part of the Apocrypha being read in church, though, out of 132 chapters, only 44 are to be retained. There are noble things—and ignoble, in that singular book, and many of the former may be read with all advantage. Another question which the Earl raised was answered by a Bishop; and, perhaps, it may be wise in *Mr. Punch* to give the answer in the Prelate's own words. LORD SHAFTESBURY complained that a certain chapter, in which the Sun is described as having stood still, is not to be read. The BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL explained that the record in question forms but a small part of a history which is less edifying than terrible. The Bill was read a Third Time and passed, Reverend Friends.

Education was the topic on several nights in the Commons, and on

Friday. The very qualified Compulsion proposed by Government was approved by large majorities, MR. FORSTER predicting that Compulsory Education would soon be adopted. MR. GLADSTONE intimated his hope that at the next sitting the House would go on without any very accurate regard to the time of night. Evidently the PREMIER has no fear that

They'd all be nodding, nid, nid, nodding,
They'd all be nodding round the Great School Bill.

But there was no nodding at nine o'clock. MR. W. H. SMITH, Member for Westminster, asked for an Address to the QUEEN, begging Her to prohibit the erection of Public Offices upon that part of the Victoria Embankment which is between Whitehall Place and Charing Cross. That land, he ably argued, had been conquered from Father Thames by the rate-payers of London, and they had a right to their lawful spoil. MR. LOWE vigorously contended that these two and a half acres were the Crown's. MR. BERESFORD HOPE was against offices, but thought (as *Mr. Punch* thinks) that the site would be an excellent one for the Natural History Museum. Provincial Members murmured that if London were to be favoured, country places ought to be. There was a very jolly fight; and, after an elaborate argument by MR. GLADSTONE against the motion, the House, shouting and impatient, divided, and MR. SMITH beat the Government by 156 to 106.

"So thanks to SMITH, and LOCKE, and HOPE,
Should we behold, on yonder slope,
Mammoths and hippopotamusses,
Instead of Swells and scribbling cusses."

AN INCOMPLETE MEMORIAL.

THE following telegram, dated July 2nd, arrived the other day from Toronto:—

"To-day is Dominion Day, and the Governor-General has been present at the unveiling of a memorial statue in honour of the Volunteers who fell while resisting the Fenian raid."

Ha! This monument is very likely a fine work of art, and suitable, in its way, for a memorial of the fine fellows who died fighting filibusters for their country. But another memorial than a statue is wanting to attest the manner of their death. Such a memorial might have been erected in the shape of a permanent structure on which the Fenian "raiders," as the rascals are called who murdered them, might, if they had happily been caught, have been suspended; but unfortunately they cheated their victims out of a complete memorial, and also, by running away, cheated that which would have completed it, namely, the gallows.

DESSERT FOR CONVOCAION.—"First Fruits."

OUR COUNT-OUT AND OUR COLLINS—AND MORE POWER TO THEM!

(BY A MUCH-FAGGED M.P.)

"No Member of the House is so bold and open in informing the SPEAKER that fewer than forty are present as MR. THOMAS COLLINS, the representative of Boston."—*Times' Leader*.

WHAT! take our defence 'gainst the long-winded bore!
Our rein for the rider of hobbies!
As well to *Bill Sykes* hand our shops and their store,
Without bulwark of beaks and of bobbies!
With "counts out" do away, but for which who can say
How oft the bore's tusks we were tost on!
No! Our shield from that beast let us hold to, at least—
And hurrah for TOM COLLINS, of Boston!

Who but he, when some spinner of yarns loose and long,
Has his motion set down on the paper,
Is at hand with extinguisher, swift, short, and strong,
That quenches his rushlight in vapour!
The proser might prose, and the prater might prate,
Turn his *douche* of tall talk, at our cost, on,
The hobby-horse rider ride o'er us, elate,
But for "Counts" and TOM COLLINS of Boston!

Calm, serene, scorning storms, he the SPEAKER informs
He has counted: not forty are present—
See! The bore feels the spear that arrests his career—
To him, and him only, unpleasant!
For the rest, ask the *serre* of the flowers when hot air
Is let in from a flue, with the frost on:
E'en such, in our grief, is the blessed relief
That we owe to TOM COLLINS of Boston!

We might all use the right, but most shrink in affright
From bearding the bore in his track;
And some, 'neath the skin, to the bore feeling kin,
Fear he some day the spear might send back.
Thus the worth of a "count"—though all own its amount—
England's wisdom collective were lost on,
But for tongue, eye, and ear, above favour or fear,
Like the SPEAKER and COLLINS of Boston.

"Counts out" stint or stay, and, dull day after day,
We were swamped by a wild wordy ocean;
Our business estopped, and our brains worn away,
In the grind of perpetual motion.
Bores gruesome and great the field of debate
Would range, all untamed and uncrossed on;
And we'd sigh for the hour, when they sunk in their power,
To the "count" of TOM COLLINS of Boston!

The plague of small talk while 'tis urgent to balk—
While reins we need hobbies to bridle—
While crotchets all round trip us up as we walk,
Spun from brains that are addled or idle—
So long to "counts out" we'll hold on, stiff and stout,
As his life-buoy the sailor wave-tost on,
And our "council of forty" will ne'er be without—
Let us hope—a TOM COLLINS of Boston!

"THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE" AT THE ADELPHI.

"PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE" at 7."

SUCH is MR. C. READE's Adelphi advertisement. Surely it ought to run—

"PUT YOURSELF IN YOUR OWN PLACE" at 7."

Punch suggests the amendment, and begs to second the advice. It is worth all the money to see MR. NEVILLE forge a knife for his lady-love to carve her chicken with, to the music of the "*Harmonious Blacksmith*."

Thus the public can enjoy at the same time the actor's execution of the blade, and the orchestra's execution of the "*HANDEL*."

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,—I read among the items of news brought by the last Indian Mail, that "disastrous floods have taken place at Indore." May not these Indore floods have something to do with our Out-door droughts?

Yours respectfully, WEATHER-FOOLISH.



CAUGHT AT LORD'S.

Cambridge Swell. "AW, PUBLIC SCHOOLS' MATCH! AW, NEVAR WAS AT ONE BEFORE! NOT SO BAD!"
Stumpy Oxonian. "OURS IN MINIATU-ARE! OURS IN MINIATU-ARE!!"

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

"It is generally supposed that another vacancy will be created, ere long, on the Treasury Bench. The option, it is said, has been presented to Mr. AYTON of a foreign appointment, lucrative in pay and important in character."—*London Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian.*

LET me draw my breath a moment! There the happy tidings are!
 Is it true? No mere club-shave—let's hope—or smoking-room *canard*.
 Is the Noble Savage going, from the realm where wild he ran,
 Rending artists, ruffling Members, unendurable to man?

Happy Clerks, fling up your beavers; Sec and Under-sec be gay;
 Meekly, Messengers, make merry, as his shadow rolls away:
 Blighted Arts, spring up, rejoicing, in the hope of better days;
 Smooth, M.P.'s, the ruffled feathers 'twas his privilege to raise!

Only, THWAITES, wail a Philistine worthy of thy Board of Works:
 Lower even than its LOWMAN*, more a Tartar than its Turks:
 Cunning "how *not* to do it," than the most do-nothing there
 Scorning taste, and showing temper, in the shade of THWAITES'S chair.

Artists, whom he snubbed and sat on; deputations, whom he riled—
 Questioners of Friday questions, on whose heads his scorn he piled—

All who in the House of Commons had to face his vicious fling—
 All whom, out of it, his joy was on their marrow-bones to bring—

All to whom he has imputed meaner motives than they knew—
 All on whom he has cast insult, where his best respect was due—
 All whom he has rubbed against the hair, and asked to kiss the rod—
 All whose raws he has cayenned; all on whose corns he has trod—

* See the words of MR. LOWMAN TAYLOR in the discussions of the Metropolitan Board of Works, *passim*. This gentleman may be called the AYTON of Spring Gardens.

Painters, architects, and sculptors, landscape gardeners,—one and all,
 On whose arts and occupations he has let his vitriol fall—
 All who seek to clothe the bareness of this Babylon of brick,
 And mask ugliness with beauty, if but skin-deep and inch thick—

Sursum corda! AYTON'S going! From the Board he's to be pulled,
 Where, square peg round hole misfitting, what he meddled with he muddled;

Where an owl of penny-wisdom and pound-foolishness he ruled,
 Scoffed at things beyond his vision, and his betters snubbed and schooled.

Even LOWE hath taken pity: had not *he* too felt the pain?
 Even GLADSTONE has admitted all cheeseparing is not gain:
 That candle-ends may cost too much in the shape of row and raw:
 That you may pay too dear for brass, and concede too much to jaw.

But while singing, "Oh, be joyful" for our own and London's sake,
 Let us think of the poor wretches our cast burden doomed to take!
 Well for us who have the blessedness of seeing AYTON go,
 Woe to them, upon whom *he* comes—be they Whites or Niggers—
 Woe!

Union Promoted in Ireland.

ALREADY the result of the policy of conciliation which we have pursued towards Catholic Ireland is seen in the development of Green-Orangeism. This is a hopeful symptom. It warrants the most sanguine expectation that, by perseverance in the same generous course, we shall at last succeed in uniting all classes of our Irish fellow subjects—not, let us trust, against ourselves.

A GREAT AUTHORITY.—MRS. RAMSEOTHAM (MRS. MALAPROP'S friend), who was brought up in the country, blames the farmers greatly for not irritating their lands more.



THE EDUCATION PROBLEM.

MASTER FORSTER. "PLEASE, M'M, I'VE DONE IT, M'M!"

SCHOOLMISTRESS (BRITANNIA). "AND *HOW* HAVE YOU DONE IT, WILLIAM?"

MASTER FORSTER. "PLEASE, M'M, I'VE REDUCED ALL THE FRACTIONS TO THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATION."

SCHOOLMISTRESS. "GOOD BOY! GO UP!"

[The Good Boy enters the Cabinet.]

THE BOOMPJE PAPERS.



Gooch, when on French soil, is very much annoyed at being taken for anything else but a Frenchman. Indeed this is Gooch's peculiarity everywhere abroad. He has no desire when in Holland to be thought a Dutchman, but he is immensely pleased when the Dutch waiters address him as "Moshoo," and flatters himself that there isn't a trace of the Britannie Islander in him. In Holland and Germany he is strong in his French, even to substituting it occasionally for English. But in Belgium he is more diffident of speech, excessively polite, and full of action.

Gooch calls the French language so "expressive." His idea is practically illustrated by his seldom finishing a sentence, even if he gets half through it correctly (which is wonderful), but attempting to convey the remainder of his meaning by a shrug and a look. This is quite satisfactory to a foreigner, he says, who understands as much from this expressive pantomime as he does from the previous conversation. BUND and the rest assent to this as highly probable, seeing that, on one occasion, when Gooch returned from talking with a Frenchman with the intelligence that "he had found him (the Frenchman) a very pleasant fellow, full of information," and that he (Gooch) "had picked up a good many valuable hints in answer to his questions," we found the French gentleman in a state of utter bewilderment as to "what language your friend (Gooch) had been talking, as he (the Frenchman) hadn't understood one single word he'd been saying."

MAULLIE is as decidedly English (which Gooch is perpetually deploring) as Gooch is undecidedly French. [Arcades ambo—Boompjes both.] Gooch travels as if he were dressed for Regent Street, so as to be ready, he says, for the towns. MAULLIE, who has started in advance of us, when he does appear bursts on us in a light check coat, check trousers, white waistcoat, and white wideawake. The English tourist complete. Bradshaw in a bag slung behind him, and a sketch-book and pencil in his off-hand pocket.

Gooch, not knowing MAULLIE very well, confides his misery to us in the evening. "I say," he asks, "can't anyone hide MAULLIE's wideawake and burn his Bradshaw? Or, look here, couldn't we subscribe and buy him a black hat and black coat for towns? And (impudently to us all) do talk French more. Hang it; why shouldn't we all talk French? And, then, we shouldn't get mixed up with these 'travelling English' everywhere." [Boompje.]

On account of that white wideawake and light coat of MAULLIE's, I know that Gooch suffered mental agonies.

One morning, BUND, the Commodore, exhibited a black soft felt hat, of a Tyrolean form, smashed. It had braved many tours, and was now produced by him to save his other hat and be comfortable. Gooch eyed it, and merely observed that it was impossible for him (BUND) to go out walking in that thing. MAULLIE was bad, but to be excused solely on the ground that he was an artist. But BUND had no excuse, and his hat was several times worse than MAULLIE's.

THE TOUR CONTINUES—THE INTELLIGENT JÖMP—THE BOOMPJE LIVERY.

There is certainly a good deal of Boompje about provincial continental towns, perhaps not more nor less than in ours. But no matter, here, there and everywhere all is Boompje.

N.B. The careful and inquiring reader will be able to collect for himself, from time to time, such Boompje proverbs as embody most of the Club's leading principles.

1. Once a Boompje always a Boompje.
2. When with Boompjes do as the Boompjes do.
3. Here there and everywhere all is Boompje.

As to Lille and Ghent, this being previous to the Great Boompje declaration at Rotterdam, suffice it to record the following facts:—

That being interested in the town of Lille, Gooch asks BUND, who passes it on to the Secretary, if Lille wasn't a very celebrated city.

The Secretary replies, Yes.

Gooch asks what for?

The Secretary passes this back to BUND the Commodore eating ices, who thinks it was something to do with wars, but he will tell JÖMP to get his Murray out of the fly. Gooch implores him not to: he says it's so touristic: so English. Ask the waiter.

The waiter doesn't know that Lille is particularly celebrated for anything: except perhaps the shop where he is, and its ices.

"Fortifications?" suggests Secretary.

"Yes, fortifications," returns the waiter, shrugging his shoulders depreciatingly.

"Thread?" asks BUND.

"Yes; it is celebrated too for thread," the waiter thinks.

"Lille thread." BUND turns to us, explaining.

We tell JÖMP to let the coachman take us round the town.

We are passing a quaint old house; gabled and carved all over.

"That," says JÖMP, cleverly, from the box, "is the Town House."

We ascertain it to be the *Hôtel de Ville*.

We stop before a tremendous cannon, ancient and unwieldy.

Mrs. JÖMP, on the box, points it out to us, as if there was any possibility of our not seeing it.

BUND asks him if it's a gas pipe?

Mrs. JÖMP being taken aback, and having no invention ready to hand (it is the business of a Courier to be always ready with some story about an object of interest) replies, "Vell—um—um—yez—perhaps," and we drive on. If Mrs. JÖMP ever takes another party there, he'll show that cannon as the first gaspipe ever laid down and taken up again in Lille.

We see an arch. "What is that?" we ask the intelligent JÖMP. "That?" returns our inexhaustible courier, "um—um—um," he looks at it and thinks; then to us, as if astonished at our want of perception, "That is an arch, an arch." With which explanation he expects us to be as perfectly satisfied as he is himself. We see Vauban's fortifications being pulled down. We view two churches, which are large and have fine windows. We don't know their names, but are as much pleased as if we had heard all about them.

Gooch says, "There! now we've done Lille, let's go back to the train."

We all feel the better for this episode, and presently, about four hours after, arrive at Ghent.

At the hotel and ready for dinner.

Ghent. Gooch asks, "*Qu'est-ce que vous avez?*" meaning for our dinner. The waiter is a little startled; but suddenly, bursts out with "Roas beef, you can have, and mutton, and some plum puddang."

"Confound it!" says Gooch. "What's the good of coming abroad for that?" And forthwith, the table arrangements having been confided to him, he orders an elaborate menu.

At dinner Gooch, in his character of *un vrai Parisien*, insists upon having *hors d'œuvres*. But for these (which turn out to be radishes on one plate and butter on another) the dinner is served in purely English style: whereat Gooch is very angry with JÖMP, who, he says, has told them that we are English, and like this sort of thing.

JÖMP denies this; but says he is very sorry.

"What for?" asks Gooch, brusquely.

"Um—um—um," replies JÖMP, "vell—um—I do not know."

But for a long time he doesn't get over the imputation of having betrayed the secret of our being Englishmen, and living only on "roas beef, mutton, and plum-puddang."

We apply to JÖMP, as knowing all about it, to know what there is to be seen in Ghent.

JÖMP replies, "Vell—um—um, you can see—um—um, a great many things." We wait to hear a few mentioned particularly. "There's" (it suddenly occurs to him by a sudden inspiration,) "vatever you like."

He says this as if Ghent belonged to him, and he was throwing it open gratis for our inspection.

"Ain't there some fine churches?" BUND suggests as a leading question to freshen his memory.

"Oh, yez," he returns, shrugging his shoulders; "there's, um—um—vell—there's churches."

"Hang it!" cries Gooch, "go and ask somebody;" and JÖMP, more hurt than ever, in fact, almost shedding tears, quits the room, and we hear voices on the landing. JÖMP and the waiter.

"He said he knew all these places," BUND explains apologetically. [Evidently a courier's Boompje.]

JÖMP, the "intelligent officer," as the police reports say of a policeman who has done nothing but "receive information," returns, having ascertained that there is a Belfry to see and a Church of St. Paul. He takes us to the Belfry, and tells us it is St. Paul's; he takes us to St. Paul's, and tells us it is the Belfry. Both are shut; but an old man, in his shirt sleeves, offers, instead, to show us the Gymnasium. Declined, with thanks.



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.

("When the poor Sheep and Silkworm wore
That very clothing long before."—DR. WATTS.)

DAME WASHTUB ON THE WEATHER.

DROUGHT, drought for nearly three months long, and not a drop of rain,

Ah drat the drought! though well we know 'tis sinful to complain.
And havin' bin so fine, 'tis true, and not the slightest doubt,
That not a day have passed but what a body could get out.

The farmers always grumbles, be the weather what it may,
But sartingly we must allow a felure of the hay,
Which therefore butter is so dear, and dearer it will be,
And what with that and butcher's meat, a-lawks-a-daisy me!

But no one, and it only shows how rare is folks that's just,
Have e'er a word to speak for them as feels the drought the wust.
The soap hard water takes to use you'd think past all belief,
There's none as grieves for want of rain like washerwomen's grief.

But still we're only havin' what old people used to call
In my young days, "a good old English summer," arter all.
Some seasons it is all as wet, may be another year.
The climate altered? Fiddle! To sitch talk I gives no ear.

Saint Swithin is a comin', which if then it rains, they says,
'Twill arterwards rain every day, or night, for forty days.
It never rains but what it pours; that's what they means: that's all.
I don't believe Saint Swithin, for Saint Swithin ain't Saint Paul.

And oh that ZADKIEL! he foretold that June was to be cool,
Which therefore he is either an imposture or a fool,
And if so be as how he's wrong when he foretells the weather,
What can his prophecies be wuth? ah, drat it, altogether!

But would Saint Swithin sprinkle, as the sayin' is, the apples,
Apart from any mummery and mash in Popish chapels,
It would be a relief now we have bin so long a fryin'.
But there, if bad for washin', this hot weather's a good for dryin'.

THE UNDOUBTED CENTENARIAN (THAT IS TO BE).—Punch.

THE TWO PLAGUES IN THE PAPERS.

(To our Esteemed Contemporaries.)

If you have further information
About the Bill for Education,
Or that concerning Irish Land,
Which we have need to understand,
State it, but O, for Goodness' sake,
In as few words as it can take!
For months you've kept on day by day,
Bore, bore, bore, prose, prose, prose away,
Drear, drowsy dullness without dawn,
Perused with effort and with yawn,
Details, as dry as driest dust,
Of idle clauses, first discussed
By prolix tongues of spouters; then
In lengthy articles with pen.

We throw the papers down with curses.
The Education Bore the worse is,
A tedious comment upon chattering
Whose best result will be a smattering
Of merest rudiments of learning.
Enlarge no more that theme concerning.
Into discourse thereon we dip,
See what 'tis all about, and skip.
Briefest remark on dull debate is
Best. Cut it short. *Ohe, jam satis!*

Gilpin Run Away With as Usual.

MR. CHARLES GILPIN has pronounced against a Compulsory Vaccination Act. He thinks the people who refuse to believe in well-performed Vaccination as a prophylactic against Small Pox, are to be convinced by reason and argument!

JOHN GILPIN borrowed a horse from his friend the Calenderer, and it ran away with him.

CHARLES GILPIN has borrowed a hobby from the *laissez-faire* livery stables, and it has run away with him.

ADVICE TO THE FARMER.—Keep your Weather Eye open.

ECUMENICAL HOPE DEFERRED.

St. PETER's day has come and gone, but St. Peter's successor has not yet been declared infallible. There is really some reason to fear that, possibly, he may fail to be. In that event, all rational people will be rather disappointed. Either the Pope is infallible or he is not. If he is, the sooner he is acknowledged to be, the better. If he is not, still the better it will be the sooner it is declared that he is. For then he, and his Council between them, will have stultified both himself and themselves, and all the rest of his adherents, and still more completely have stultified those who wish to be his adherents on their own terms—our Ritualists, eager to get their own priestcraft recognised by the other priestcrafts of Christendom, and yet remain parsons.

No wonder at their anxiety, betrayed by their journals, that the proposed dogma should fall through, for even the most illogical of them all must have sense enough to see that, if it is promulgated, they must either accept it and be off, or else discontinue the profession that they "hold all Roman doctrine." Either alternative will, at least, be an end of humbug.

Substitutes for Steam-Rollers.

A STEAM Paving Machine is at work in Paris. We are still in want of steam-rollers. But that is no reason why our roads should continue to be paved with angular fragments of granite and shingle. If our paupers, for want of diet, have not muscle enough to crush them, why not employ able-bodied convicts? The spectacle of criminals undergoing hard labour would be edifying and exemplary to their associates; thus two birds would, in a manner, be killed with one stone; especially if the Fenians were employed along with the other malefactors in breaking the stones.

TESTS AND TENETS.

THE enactment of the University Tests Bill is not at all likely to increase the number of Dissenters among the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, although it may diminish that of signatures to the Thirty-Nine Articles.



CONVENIENT.

Lodger (who has been diving). "D YOU HAVE ANY 'BJECKS'N T' MY 'SHOAPING UP INTO MY ROOMS SHEO'ND FLOOR? I'GOT MY LA'CH-KEY!"

AN AMERICAN LETTER.

MR. PUNCH is unhappy enough to have incurred the hatred of a new London organ of Irish disaffection—he means patriotism (that is a subtle compliment which ought to soften the heart of his foe); and as he dislikes to be disliked, he endeavours to make things pleasant by printing (*v. et l.*) a letter which he has just received from America, upon the subject of the late Fenian—misadventure:—

MR. PUNCH—DEAR SIR,

IF I was an Artist, I would Try to Furnish Yow with a Sketch. of a Discovery of a New Starr. Vix General Starr Fenien if Yow will Read the Fenien Campaign. Yow will find where that Gallant Starr. orderd his Men to Retreat, one and all Refused. but Starr knew that if he Could Not Command they Rest, he had one good Property, Vix, he Could Command himself. So he went Right Abouts and went. 3 times a Double, and was Shortley oute of View. of all Men I Can fancy Starr at the Head of his Army. and at a Distance a Handfull

United States, June 27, '70.

of Canadian Volunteers. Likewise a School of Children. it was the Children who Caused all the Trouble. (as I Call it the Escape of the Fenien Army) if these Noisey Scholars. had kept quite and Not Shouted Hurrah as they did, there might have been a Little good News for all Sensible Men to pass away a Leisure Hour, I hope Yow will approve of this & Make a Little oute of it. I posted yow the *Tribune* to Show Yow the Account of this Shining Starr.

Your Servant &c.

AN IRISHMAN.

A NEW SAINT.

HERE is a scrap of news which some may deem important:—

"The Catholic journal, the *Monde*, announces that great interest is making with the POPE to have CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS gazetted as a new saint."

"Up with your CHRISTOPHER!" as *Mr. Puff* says in the *Critic*. Elevate him by all means to a place among the canonised. And while you are about it, why not also make a saint of brave old CAPTAIN COOK, and, for Portuguese adoration, of bold VASCO DE GAMA? Surely these old voyagers have as much title for enrolment among the saints of Rome as can be pleaded on behalf of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS—especially when we are happily reminded that—

"This will be a very curious promotion, seeing that the learned divinity doctors of Salamanca—very great men in their day—solemnly proclaimed the man of the egg a heretic."

To make a saint out of a heretic may seem a little startling, but of course Infallibility cannot err in doing so. Perhaps the miracle of making an egg stand on its end has been esteemed a cause sufficient to canonise SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

BRIGANDAGE FOR BRITONS.

THERE has lately been much talk about the brigandage in Greece, but are there no brigands a little nearer home? How about our box-keepers, who make you pay a ransom ere you get out of their clutch? How about our extortionate cabmen, who insult and bully ladies until they pay a ransom to be freed from their abuse? How about the brigands who get up a mock auction, and pillage the unwary fools who venture to attend it? How about the sellers-off of the sham stock of said-to-be absconding bankrupts, who plunder all the bargain-hunters that come within their reach? How about the brigands in cheap drapery establishments, who lie in wait behind their counters to pounce upon their customers, who have to pay a heavy ransom before they can escape? And how about our organ-grinders, and our German handitti, who prowl about the neighbourhood of quiet streets and squares, and deafen people until they pay a ransom to have their ears released? Surely, all such brigands ought to be suppressed as well as those in Greece; and perhaps if we live long enough—say, till the Greek calends—we may live to see the end of them.

The Three R's and the Rail.

LET us accept the Time Table which is to be included in the scheme of national education as an auspicious omen. We may hope it portends that the training of youth is about to advance at railway speed.

A CITY POET WANTED.

COURTEOUS MR. PUNCH,

I DAILY find three columns of my newspaper made utterly unreadable by being filled with statements about dealings in the money market, and the price of stocks and shares, and similar dry details with no kind of human interest, except to bulls and bears and creatures of that sort. Now, if for their sake it be needful to impart such information, it might surely be conveyed in a manner less prosaic than that which is adopted. Without the slightest sacrifice of stockbrokers' slangography, or in any way abandoning the dull stupid business terms which are so much in civic usage, City news might be recorded in a gay poetic fashion, and thus be rendered less offensive to persons like myself who take no particle of interest in it. I subjoin a specimen of what a City Poet might report, and, in the hope that your contemporaries may act upon my hint, I subscribe myself,

Yours humbly,
APOLLO MILTON SMITH.

A CHANT FROM THE CITY.

Would you know the ruling price now
Of each British stock and share?
List to me, and in a trice now
I their value will declare.
Thus may you gain information
How your money to invest;
But beware of speculation,
Which so many hath distressed.

Consols yesterday were flatter,
And at ninety-two were done:
Duller still Reduced, the latter
Reaching barely ninety-one.
Bank Stock too an eighth receded,
And in sympathy with these
A diminution must be heeded
Of a quarter in New Threes.

In Railways scarce deserving mention
Were the changes that were made:
Brightons first received attention,
Then were flatter by a shade.
Caledonians, be it noted,
Had a brisk and buoyant air:
But Great Easterns must be quoted
As declining one per share.

Of Mining Shares the market's fuller,
So at less cost buy you can;
Firm, however, stood Wheal Buller,
Dull was poor Wheal Mary Ann.
In gas the bearish operators
For a fall achieved their turn,
So beware, ye speculators,
Lest with gas your fingers burn.

Banks were brisk, but Docks were slower,
Telegraphs improved a shade;
Discounts being quoted lower,
Many purchases were made.
Other falls there 'll be, and rises,
So I end as I began,
When you want to know the prices
In the City, I'm your man!

An Illiberal Old Gentleman.

"EDUCATE the Street Boys—I beg your pardon, the Street Arabs—teach them reading, writing and arithmetic! What then, Sir?" demanded MR. SCROOGES. "Reading?—they will read the *Police News* and the *Lives of the Highwaymen*. Writing?—they will write GLADSTONE on the shutters, and BOB LOWE on the walls, 'No Popery,' and other street Arabic. Arithmetic?—the Street Arabs will only do more addition sums on my gate-posts, besides drawing Street Arabesques, and scrawling 'Old Scrooges is a fool.'"

Malaprop on the Mersey.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM (MRS. MALAPROP's friend) read in a newspaper that at Liverpool, on the 4th instant, the principal houses of business, shipping offices, and American ships in port, were adorned with a fine display of bunting in honour of "Independence Day." In quoting this intelligence she stated, that the caravanserai of American Independence had been celebrated at Liverpool with a prolusion of Buncombe.

THE ALABAMA CASE AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

GENERAL GRANT's statesmanlike exposition with reference to Cuba, of the conditions which should determine, or forbid, recognition of belligerency, ought to estop his countrymen from letting us hear any more of their complaints about our unfriendliness in recognising the Confederates as belligerents during the American Civil War. It ought, but it won't. Our American brothers are as illogical in their way as we are in ours, which is saying something.

Suppose, when the war between North and South first broke out, we had done all that MR. SEWARD and MR. SUMNER could have wished? Suppose we had called the war "a rebellion," and the Confederates "rebels"? Suppose we had, nevertheless, recognised the Federal blockade of the Confederate ports? Suppose the QUEEN had issued a proclamation forbidding all her subjects to give any assistance to the Southern traitors in arms against the sovereignty of the United States? Suppose a new foreign Enlistment Act had been immediately passed, the *Alabama* seized, and her builders fined?

What would have been the consequences of sympathy thus partially demonstrated by our Government towards the North?

In the first place, an immediate row here. Exasperation on the part of the British Public. Transference of its entire sympathy to the South. Overthrow of Government. Change of Ministry. Demand of a party for intervention occurred in by the people at large. LOUIS NAPOLEON's overtures perhaps agreed to. And what then?

Well; France and England too would, perhaps, have been licked into a cocked hat. But what—and this is especially the point for the SEWARDS and SUMNERS to consider—what would have happened if the British Government, in its active sympathy with the North, had been enthusiastically supported by the British nation? What then?

All the American Irishmen in the States, almost, would have assuredly gone over to the South, except some who might have hesitated to take part against England from doubts as to the certainty of pay and plunder.

And then what would have been the issue of the struggle for the Unity of the great American Republic, and the cause of Freedom?

COMING LITERARY EVENTS.

SOME writers seem to think there is great virtue in a title, although they have been told that there is not much in a name. As a heading for advertisements, they look out for something striking to hit the popular taste, perhaps believing that *Ce n'est que la première page qui coûte*. Like conveyancers, they hold that very much depends upon getting a good title; and we are therefore not surprised at hearing through the medium of a literary clairvoyant, that our circulating libraries will be ere long enriched by the following new works:—

Skimmed Milk: a Domestic Story, by the Author of *Below the Surface*.
The Tubbing Booms of Trinidad: a Sketch in Water Colours, published as a sequel to *The Baths and Wells of Europe*.

Light a Lucifer: a Sensation Story, to follow *After Dark*.

Chums of my Society: descriptive Essays to accompany *Companions of my Solitude*.

A Cupboard full of Chronicles: compiled by the Author of *A Storehouse of Stories*.

Vacations among Valets: a Companion Work to *Holidays on Highlands*.

Step into his Shoes: a Sequel to the Popular Novel *Put Yourself in his Place*.

Tame Life in a Milkwalk: a Book of London Travel, written as a Companion to *Wild Life among the Kurds*.

Tables Not Mahogany.

A BOOK, or pamphlet, is advertised under the name of *Income-Tax Tables*. The uncalculating reader will perhaps misunderstand the nature of the Tables so called. He may possibly imagine that Income-tax Tables are the breakfast and dinner tables of the Great Exempt from the Income-tax, spread with luxuries which they enjoy at the expense of the classes amerced by it.

Information Wanted.

WILL some expert tell us what "the Dive Downes Manuscript" is? Is it a record of researches at the bottom of the sea, or merely a MS. account of expeditions in the Bell that is, or was, at the Polytechnic?

CONFOUNDED GEOLOGY.

IN relation to the Œcumenical Council, it may be well to mention for the benefit of some whom it may concern, that LEO THE ISABURIAN was an illustrious Pope, and is not an extinct reptile.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, July 11th. On this day, and for some days later, good men hoped that the most wicked war of the century (we do not forget Schleswig-Holstein), would be prevented. The pretexts for that war were stated here last week. To-night, the Foreign Secretary, LORD GRANVILLE, interrogated by LORD MALMESBURY, made a statement, of which this is a portion. After mentioning his having received the Seals of the Foreign Office on the previous Wednesday, and having been told by the Permanent Under-Secretary, MR. HAMMOND, that he had never during his long experience known such a lull in foreign affairs, his Lordship mentioned that the same evening he received a telegram informing him that PRINCE LEOPOLD of Hohenzollern had accepted the crown of Spain. "Next day," said LORD GRANVILLE,

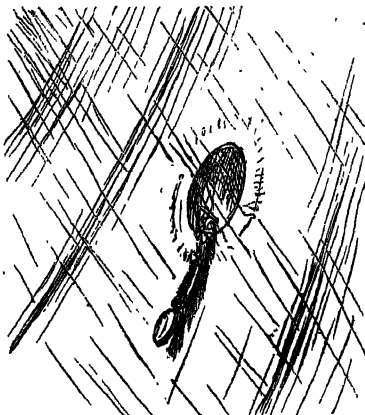
"I had an interview with M. LAVALETTE, the French Ambassador, who informed me of what I already knew; and in very eloquent and energetic terms expressed to me the great injury which had been done, and the great offence which had just been given to France, and the determination of the Government of the Emperor not to submit to the project. He said he trusted Her Majesty's Government, from the friendly feelings which they entertained towards France, and from their desire to maintain peace, would use their efforts with the other Powers concerned in the affair. I told him that the announcement had taken the Prime Minister and myself entirely by surprise; that I could not admit all the arguments he had used; and that I wished to reserve my opinion on the general question. I expressed regret that such strong language had been made use of at the outset of the affair by the French Government, but I admitted the existence of strong excitement in the public mind with respect to the question. I said that our friendly relations with France, and our anxious desire to contribute to the maintenance of European peace, would make us endeavour, without any undue interference with the dignity of other countries, to press upon them at all times the necessity of examining this important question in all its serious aspects. This is the principle upon which Her Majesty's Government have since acted. I have been in communication not only with France, Prussia, and Spain, but with all the other great Powers or their representatives; and I have good reason to believe that those other Powers are all anxious for peace, and also desirous of contributing each its share to the maintenance of it."

In the House of Commons on the same evening, the PREMIER, in reply to SIR WILLIAM HURTT, said, "that Her Majesty's Government had exercised and would exercise all the legitimate influence they may be supposed to possess with due regard to the self-respect and dignity of Foreign Powers, for the purpose of preventing any event so ruinous and deplorable as a European convulsion with its consequent confusion and bloodshed."



INSIDE.

Private Smithers (to himself as he "turned in" on Monday night, being the Storm). "DEAR ME! NOW THIS IS A RARE INSTANCE OF CONSIDERATION AND REGARD FOR THE COMFORT OF THE VOLUNTEERS ON THE PART OF GOVERNMENT, THESE NICE ROOMY WATCH-POCKETS! 'PON M' WORD, I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT!!"



OUTSIDE.

Private Smithers—No! WE WON'T REPEAT WHAT HE SAID, THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN HE DISCOVERED THAT WHAT HE TOOK FOR A WATCH-POCKET WAS A VENTILATING APERTURE—AND HIS WATCH IMBEDDED IN THE MUD AT THE BOTTOM OF HIS TRENCH!

How the exercise of that legitimate influence failed, and how the public mind was disturbed during the week, is at present fresh in the memories of all, but as this record will be referred to in after days, we mention that for several days the word was Peace. It was known that the KING OF PRUSSIA had virtually conceded at least all that France had a right to ask, and that the Prince had withdrawn his candidature. But on Friday evening England learned that France had Declared War. That night in the House of Lords, the Foreign Minister briefly expressed his concern and grief at being obliged to give credence to the war news. In the Commons question and answer were more detailed. MR. DISRAELI, with no undue elaboration, stated the case as it was understood, and here is part of his speech:—

"It is said that between the two allies of Her Majesty, between whom this unhappy misconception seemed suddenly to have arisen, there have been for a long time many causes of misconception and misunderstanding, much jealousy and distrust, and many questions as to their mutual relations, or their relations with other countries of Europe, which have been left open and unsettled, and that suddenly there has been a resolution in some quarters to bring about a precipitate settlement of these questions. If there be any truth in this statement, the cause of controversy between these allies of Her Majesty has not arisen from the invasion of each other's territory, or from any outrage which has been committed against the national honour of either throne. It is purely a diplomatic question, and the causes have existed for some time. Now, both those powerful states have, within a very short time, solicited the advice and prayed for the influence of Her Majesty to be exercised on their behalf. They have done more than that, they have entreated Her Majesty to enter into engagements, and even perilous engagements, with the view of furthering their interests, of securing the peace of Europe, and giving them an opportunity, and a happy opportunity, of terminating all the questions of dissidence between them. In these circumstances, I must express my opinion that whatever may be the political competence of France or Prussia at this moment to declare and carry on war—and no one can question that—I say that under the circumstances which I have recalled to the memory of Parliament, neither France nor Prussia has a right to enter into any war—no moral right, at least, to enter into any war—without fully and really consulting Great Britain."

He had no doubt that Government had done its duty ably, but he thought that a public announcement to that effect would have a beneficial effect upon Europe. He therefore formally asked the question whether the Government had reminded France and Prussia of the sacrifices and exertions made for them by England. He concluded in language which expresses the feelings of all of us:—

"The ruler of any country who at this time disturbs the peace of Europe incurs the gravest political and moral responsibility—responsibility which can fall to the lot of no man. I have heard superficial remarks made about military successes, captured capitals, and the brilliancy and glory

with which results may be brought about at this moment which are not expected or contemplated. Sir, these are events of a bygone age. In the last century such melodramatic catastrophes were frequent, and they were effective. But we live in an age animated by a very different spirit. The fate of a great country like France, or a great country like Prussia, cannot be ultimately affected by such results; and the Sovereign who trusts in them will find at the moment of action, wherever he may be placed, that he has to encounter a greater and a more powerful force than any military array, and that is THE OUTRAGED OPINION OF AN ENLIGHTENED WORLD." (Cheers.)

The House might well cheer words so worthy of an English statesman. We complete the story of the week with a part of the Prime Minister's reply. MR. GLADSTONE said that under the Protocol of the Paris Congress of 1856, England had a right to be heard by any Powers before they resorted to the last terrible extremity of arms. He would not then enter into the alleged causes of the war. Communications and transactions had not been favourable.

"Any functions we can discharge, or offices we can render, are necessarily limited; but I have hope that when the time comes—and it will soon arrive—at which it will be our duty to explain in detail that which it is now not less our duty to withhold, the House may be of opinion that Her Majesty's Government have not fallen short of the duties incumbent on them as representatives of England, and that likewise they have not gone beyond those duties." (Cheers.)

There is the Story of the Week, as it was illustrated in the English Parliament, but we may make it complete by inserting a few passages from the speech made by the French Minister, on Friday. After describing previous steps taken in consequence of the acceptance by the Prince, M. OLLIVIER said:—

"We received an intimation from the Spanish Ambassador that the PRINCE OF HOHENZOLLERN had renounced the crown. We asked the King to associate himself with this renunciation, and to engage that should the Crown be again offered to the PRINCE OF HOHENZOLLERN, he would refuse his authorisation. This engagement demanded the King refused to give. Later our surprise was great when we learned that the King had refused to receive M. BENEDETTI. We learned that BARON WERTHER had received orders to take his leave, and that Prussia was arming. Under these circumstances we should have forgotten our dignity and also our prudence had we not made preparations. We have prepared to maintain the war which is offered to us, leaving to each that portion of the responsibility which devolves upon him. (*Enthusiastic and prolonged applause.*) Since yesterday we have called out the reserve, and we shall take the necessary measures to guard the interest, and the security, and the honour of France."

Thus is set before Europe what England and France have heard from their rulers on the preparations for A DUEL TO THE DEATH. We have yet to hear Prussia. And so

"A Monarch's Voice
Cries 'HAYOC,' and 'bids' slip the Dogs of War."

Fortunately the other proceedings in our own Parliament do not make much demand upon the valuable intellect of *Mr. Punch*. One night the Commons took it into their heads to sit until about five in the morning, putting out the gas, and again letting sunlight in upon themselves. This sounds patriotic, but the fact is that the nights were so awfully hot, that a cool public building (with the opportunity of a water-side lounge and smoke, and iced drinks) was pleasanter than bed. *Mr. Punch* regrets to have to state this stern truth, but it is his duty. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE moved an address about the Greek Brigandage, but Government declared that they were doing all they could do, so the motion was withdrawn. The Education Bill has been the great piece of resistance in the Commons, but you do not want details. MR. TREVELYAN explained that he had left the Ministry, at the risk of being thought squeamish and Quixotic, because he could not approve its course in regard to Denominational schools. The water in the Regent's Park is offensive, and is to be deepened—of course a mistake, it ought to be made to flow more rapidly. If MR. AYTON will send a commission to examine the ducks, they will tell him all about it, and he may have more confidence in them than in any cognate birds who advise the absurd course suggested.

The "Lectinary"—we beg LORD SHAFTESBURY's pardon—the "Table of Lessons" Bill offended some by recognising Convocation, but LORD SHAFTESBURY ridiculed "hobgoblin arguments," and by 60 to 24 the recognition was maintained. The valuable Benefices Bill (affecting parsons who don't pay their debts) was passed by the Lords by 29 to 18.

Truck system, supposed to be put down, was shown by MR. MUNJELLA to be in full force and virtue—we mean vice. Why do not the artisans take this up, by means of their Unions? There is to be a Commission. LORD HARTINGTON apologised for telegraphic shortcomings, and made a good case. There is no doubt that the Post-Office telegram has become an Institution.

On Wednesday the QUEEN was to have opened the Thames Embankment, but HER MAJESTY's health forbade this, so the Heir-Apparent and the charming PRINCESS LOUISE performed the ceremony, the Mem-

bers of the Board of Works looking, according to the reports, uncommonly shabby. The Commons, after seeing the sight, took one (excuse the hideous vulgarity) at SIR WILLERID LAWSON, and threw out his Bill for Permissive Prohibition of Liquor, except to those who have cellars. But MR. BRUCE again promised a Bill for reducing the number of Public-Houses.

On Thursday the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY caused the University Tests Bill to be sent to a Select Committee, which of course means its fate. Said not *Mr. Punch* so by means of that fatal—Dash, last week? Some Bishops spoke wisely and liberally.

Friday night's chief business has been told. The Lords discussed the Commons' amendments on the Peers' amendments, assented to the most important, but held to some others, and the Commons Supplied in the morning, and at night were Counted Out, for their minds, like those of all the rest of us, were full of the news from Paris, and of the Crime which the two great Continental nations were on the eve of perpetrating. That night we had a fierce thunderstorm. Well wrote BYRON—

"Heaven's flashes
Spare, or smite rarely. Man's make millions ashes."

THE DECLINE OF HAUT TON.

(*Idyll Composed in Attendance at a "Garden Party."*)

BY JOHN THOMAS, SENIOR.

ALARSE, in fashionable talk
I mawn a pitiful decline,
'Tis now no longer, I remawk,
Refined, as 'twas, in hauld lang syne,
In Sawvants' 'All when we peruse
The 'igher hordas' goings on,
We see those hordas, in the news,
No longer called the *élite of ton*.

Alliance matrimonial they
Enounce no more on the tapis:
The breakfast now as *recherché*
Described you scarcely ever see.
Plain breakfast the repawst is named;
Their elegance they so forget,
They don't, to speak it I'm ashamed,
Say *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

Among the *haute volée*; that phrase
Has also quite gone out of date,
The cawse repawter in these days
Ne'er chronicles a *fête champêtre*.
The world is getting so ill-bred
That "garden party" 'tis the go
Of that tawn to employ instead.
Low tawn, low language, very low!

I fear, befaw my soul, released,
Have left below these calves of clay,
An evening party will have ceased
To bear the name of a *soirée*.
Do the superior classes blush
To talk what I *distingué* call?
Farewell, soon, *épaulettes* and plush,
Cockades and buckles, pumps, and all.

AN AMERICAN EXAMPLE.

AN American Correspondent of the *Times* says that "the Income-tax is doomed," the Senate having "stricken by a decided vote all the sections providing for its collection out of the Tax Bill." The provisions for the collection of the Income-tax in the United States must have been very cleverly contrived if they in any measure answered their purpose. Fancy a Yankee confessing the amount of his income in order to have it taxed. The machinery required to make him do that must, one would think, be of a material nature. How much conscience money, on an average, is the American finance Minister accustomed to receive in the course of a year?

Not More Free than Welcome.

"A FREE breakfast table!" sighed *Mr. Punch*, as he laid down his newspaper and chipped his second egg, "Ah, that will be when one is free to eat one's breakfast without having to wade through a Parliamentary debate!"

A MAYOR'S GAUNTLET.



Here is a portion of a report, from the *Surrey Comet*, of a recent scene at a Town Council meeting; and *Mr. Punch*, who adores Town Councils for their wisdom, decorum, and philanthropy, gladly presents his readers with the following gems of oratory.

The question was about certain paving, and

"ALDERMAN GOULD was proceeding to speak of the durability of concrete in the basements of some of his houses, when—

"MR. FOX told him to 'cut it short.'

"ALDERMAN GOULD thought when gentlemen did not attend Council meetings above once or twice in three months, they ought to exercise a little patience, and not interrupt with any impertinent remarks, whether it be to cut it short or out it long.

"MR. FOX. It is not an impertinent remark. I have wasted whole nights here through you.

"ALDERMAN GOULD. There is not a man in the Council who has attended less to public business; and then you come to interrupt."

After this skirmish, debate was resumed, and—

"ALDERMAN WILLIAMS really thought that gentlemen should pause, and wait for better times. They could not help the sheps.

"MR. M'INTYRE. You would at one time have helped the shops.

"ALDERMAN WILLIAMS. I want none of your personalities, MR. M'INTYRE. If you throw stones, I will throw them too."

"Throwing stones" was a very proper image when a paving question was on. But subsequently—

"MR. BARRATT said, that several of the Highway Committee were connected with the Spring Grove Estate; and they should find some fine morning that some of those footpaths would be done also.

"MR. M'INTYRE. *You go and hang yourself about Spring Grove!* The Spring-Grove people have got more money than you have got. Saying this, MR. M'INTYRE rose and left the room, slamming the door after him."

Mr. Punch does not quite understand MR. M'INTYRE's advice to MR. BARRATT. There are trees in Spring Grove; but a gentleman could hardly hang himself "about" a place, though he might decorate a single tree in the way suggested. But to this *Mr. Punch* would object, because the spectacle would be an unpleasant one for the pupils of the admirable International College which has made the fame of Spring Grove. On the whole, *Mr. Punch* is glad to notice, in a later report, that MR. BARRATT has declined to accept the M'Intyrisish counsel, and remains alive and well. But, to go on.

"ALDERMAN GRAY said, as far as he was concerned, he did not intend to attend the Highway Committee any longer. He could not stop there to be insulted and abused in all sorts of ways. MR. ALDERMAN WELLS was also grossly insulted, and so was the surveyor. He could not sit with a body of men who, in case of a difference of opinion arising, treated him with such a volley of abuse that it was quite impossible for him to act."

Well, disagreeable if not impossible, certainly, Alderman; but since when have Town Councillors grown to be particular in such matters? Finally—

"MR. JONES, having asked which of the Members of the Council was bold enough to get up and declare a vacancy,

"THE MAYOR, who had just arrived, said it devolved upon him in his official capacity to throw down the gauntlet."

"Throw down the gauntlet!" That is a dash of chivalry at last;

and, having brought the Council to a point at which he can gaze on them with pride and glory, he leaves them to pick up the glove of the valiant Mayor.

SONG OF THE WASHED-OUT VOLUNTEER.

(*Apropos of Monday Se'nnight's Downpour.*)

ATT—"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea."

A wet sheet and a wetter shirt,
And a rain that falleth fast!
A foot of water in my tent,
And the "lights out" bugle-blast!
The "lights out" bugle-blast, my boys!
And all dark, though at sea!
Away my luggage floats, and like
A drowned rat leaves me!

"What joy, in camp oneself to find!"
I heard a fair one cry:
But give to me a two-pair back,
With bed-clothes warm and dry!
With bed-clothes warm and dry, my boys,
Prosaic though they be—
This world of water's not our home,
Nor merry men are we!

A red eclipse snuffs out the moon,
And lanterns aren't allowed:
So damp and dark, poor Volunteers,
Blow the consoling cloud!
Blow the consoling cloud, my boys,
While the rain runneth free:
A wet-through tent no palace is,
With the Common like a sea!

SPARRING AT THE STATION-HOUSES.

THE Commissioners at Scotland Yard, we are glad to hear (through the *Pall Mall Gazette*) have issued sets of boxing-gloves to the Police at the various station-houses, and the young constables, we are assured, take kindly to the exercise in spite of the hot weather.

The Police, in popular opinion, are overprone to punch other people's heads. It is to be hoped that any such disposition there may be will work itself off through the opportunity now afforded them of punching each other's.

The use of the gloves will, at least, tend to ensure our finding the younger and livelier members of the Force "on the beat," even when off duty.

We would suggest that the constables who show themselves handiest with their mauls should be formed into a "P. R. Division;" and that from this division should be selected the men for duty in those parts of the town where Roughts most abound. In this way the ruffians who know no better sport than "milling a Bobby," will be likely to meet with their match; and the public may occasionally have the instructive and improving spectacle of a Rough handsomely thrashed by the Police, instead of the converse sight now more common. The Roughts will be all the better for a little polishing off; and nothing polishes like "elbow-grease."

Bunch of fives against bludgeon any day—even if it have the royal arms painted on it, and be called a staff!

This issue of boxing-gloves may be COLONEL HENDERSON's answer to the charges so often brought against him of turning the Police into Soldiers. Henceforth, the Force will have so many fewer men on the Staff as it has more on the Spar; and by so much the more milling, by so much the less drilling. Hitherto the complaint has been that the Police has been "under-manned." Let us hope that the next complaint may not be that it is "over-spurred."

A Liquor Law Logician.

THE Speech which SIR WILFRID LAWSON inflicted on the House of Commons, in recommendation of his intended local liquor law, he might much better have made before in opposition to another measure. It mainly consisted of an attempt to prove that education cannot be expected to abate drunkenness. This would have been an argument much more to the question if it had been urged against the Government Education Bill. If education will not abate drunkenness, what vice of any kind whatsoever will it diminish, and what good at all will it do to recompense us for the rates which we shall have to pay for it?

"THE RAW MATERIAL"—Underdone Steak.



CRICKETIANA.

(A REMINISCENCE OF LORDS—AND ALSO LADIES.)

THE KIND OF PEOPLE WHO TAKE SO MUCH INTEREST IN THE NOBLE GAME OF CRICKET: THEY WOULD NOT MISS IT FOR THE WORLD!

PRUSSIAN POT AND FRENCH KETTLE.

In this unhappy event of a war between France and Prussia, we shall of course do all we can to preserve the most perfect neutrality. We certainly feel it. Our sympathies with the one side and the other are, strong as they are, exactly equal.

As regards the Prussians we take a warmly admiring interest in the course of aggrandisement which their King and his BISMARCK have been pursuing of late years, but most chiefly do we applaud its first step—the attack on Denmark, and the forcible annexation therefrom of the two Duchies. The immense number of Danes slain by the Prussian needle-guns commands our approbation only less than our wonder; but what crowns the sentiments with which we regard the spoliation and destruction of the Danes is the piety wherewith the author of those achievements solemnly expressed his thankfulness for having been permitted to accomplish them. One brother once knelt with Mrs. FRY in Newgate. The other might have knelt with Mrs. COLE.

On the other hand, with respect to France, we cannot but feel how much we owe to the French Imperial Government for the improvement which, by the menacing armaments it has kept up now for so many years, it has occasioned us to make in our national defences. But we have higher reasons for sympathy with France than considerations which are merely insular and selfish. The great principles of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality have been professed by France more enthusiastically and more loudly than by any other European nation; and we behold their standing reduction to practice in the occupation of Rome, and the declaration that the chief of Italian cities shall never belong to Italy.

The foregoing reasons should satisfy any Prussian and any Frenchman of the perfect impartiality with which Englishmen must contemplate hostilities between their respective nations.

PRESENTS OF MIND.—MILL'S Works.

A COCKALORUM'S HAPPY THOUGHT.

DEAR REDACTEUR,

I CAN'T help sending you this. It is my friend CAPTAIN DYNGWELL's account of the present crisis in continental affairs. He is much interested in the movements of France and Prussia, as it was some time since a happy thought with him to enter the service of either country in order to see some fighting and learn the art of war.

He comes into my room, having, according to his old habit at Aix, read the paper in bed, and says—

"Here's a go! Old Cockalorum LOUIS says he means to bustle 'em a bit, and GLADSTONE got up in the House last night and said he was very much afraid that it was a case of pickles." This he announces perfectly seriously, as if it were a report straight out of *Hansard*. *Hansard* made easy. He continues: "There's a regiment of French Lancers sent off to the front, wherever that may be; so the gay young Cockalorum, who thought he'd be quite the Spaniard, won't go on the scoop this journey."

I suggest that Prince What's-his-name (being the pleasantest form of pronouncing the Prussian Cockalorum's title) will be in a peculiarly awkward position.

"Yes," says the Captain, meditatively, with his glass well in his eye, "I think he'll find himself rather in a cart."

. I think, perhaps, that from time to time it would be rather a happy thought to send you CAPTAIN DYNGWELL's opinion on things in general and anything in particular.

Yours, H. T.

Rather Too Much of a Good Thing.

MRS. MALAPROP, when visiting the South Kensington Museum on one of the hottest days of this hot month, thought it rather an unreasonable proposal that she should be asked to go into the "Grill" Room. Mrs. M. abstains from arduous spirits during the warm weather.



A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

FRANCE. "PRAY STAND BACK, MADAM. YOU MEAN WELL; BUT THIS IS AN OLD FAMILY QUARREL,
AND WE MUST FIGHT IT OUT!"

PRECAUTION TAKEN BY HALVES.



ACCORDING to the report of MILLAR's trial on Wednesday last, at the Central Court, PIPER, the carman, having concluded his evidence:—

"At this stage the Court was adjourned until this (Thursday) morning at ten o'clock. In the meantime the jury were taken to the City Terminus Hotel, in Cannon Street, in charge of the officer of the Court."

Why? What had the jury done? Wherefore were they thus subjected to a most disgusting imprisonment?

Of necessity, by a good old usage of English law. If they were not thus shut up, they would, of course, be liable to be intimidated or bribed; and it is certain that they would perjure themselves for fear, or favour, or the sake

of gain, and ill and untruly try, and a false verdict give, in contrariety to the evidence for or against the prisoner, and according to the side whereon they were influenced by corruption or terror, as the case might be.

Such being incontestably the corruptibility and cowardliness of British jurymen, it is fearful to think what an amount of injustice must be done, and perjury committed, in delivering untrue verdicts, by juries empanelled on cases of mere misdemeanour or civil action. Because in these they have not to be locked up, although they are quite as likely, and as open, to be bought or dastardised as they are in cases of felony.

Happily, it does not often happen that a nobleman has to be tried by his peers like LORD FERRERS, or the late EARL OF CARDIGAN. The latter got off, though he notoriously had shot his man; and everybody would naturally have supposed that he owed his escape to the exemption of noble lords from being locked up, if his trial had lasted over one night.

British judges, too, are composed of the same flesh and blood as British jurymen. Their charge generally determines conviction or acquittal. My Lords are not less accessible to undue influences than gentlemen of the jury. When, the question yet remains to be asked—when will an improvement upon ancient usage by modern legislation, as often as a jury must needs be locked up, also lock up the judge?

THOUGHTS OF GREAT MEN.

(Now first Collected.)

"Love! What a volume in every letter, what a library in the whole four combined! All nations, languages, dynasties, complexions, and climates prostrate themselves at its cosmopolitan shrine, and spare no expense to please the object of their affections. Men have crossed oceans and Isthmuses of Suez for woman's sake, and come back crossed in love themselves; women have sought one, the beloved, at the world's end, and been parted from him for ever at the end of a fortnight; and men and women and police-constables have smiled and sighed, have toyed and tiffed in that flowery area where the little archer reigns supreme, and Cupid has always arrows on sale, and gone through a sea of trouble and Basinghall Street, because they would marry on an insufficient income and without their parents' consent."—ADAM SMITH.

"Be kind to nobody, but allow everybody to be kind to you. Always borrow, never lend. Conceal your own ignorance, but make a point of exposing the ignorance of others. Flatter to the face, abuse behind the back. Earn a sovereign, spend a guinea. Don't go to bed at all, and always get up late. Turn night into day, and your old clothes into money. You can only skate in the winter, you can backslide all the year round. Pay a man off in his own coin, but owe him a grudge. There are three things you should never take—a hint, advice, and a glass of cold water when you are hot. You cannot give youth his latch-key too early. You need not be cruel, but you may backbite. Dissemble: never show your teeth except to your dentist."—DR. WATTS.

"Exercise is conducive to health, and an agreeable country ramble is the best dinner-pill. Observe all you see in your rural walks with a

telescopic eye—every leaf on the tree, every page in the book of nature; the nests and notes of birds; the dissolute habits of the self-satisfied bee, the careless prodigality of the over-praised ant; the parishes to which different beetles belong; the shape and colour of the cloud hanging over your neighbour. Come back refreshed and renovated, like a silk which has been cleaned, and sit down to your meal, however homely, with a thankful heart, a vigorous appetite, a sound digestion, and a bottle of the far-famed and world-renowned Nottinghamshire Sauce, to be had of every respectable grocer, chemist, and Italian warehouseman in the United Kingdom."—WHITE of Selborne.

"How changed the scene from that dear day
When she and I both strayed away
Through vales and valleys, combs and hills;
And met the tradesmen with their bills,
And heard the yellow-hammer sing
His carol at the call of Spring,
To fifty feathered friends around,
And reapers seated on the ground,
Dining at noon beneath the trees
On bread and meat, or bread and cheese,
And drinking cold refreshing tea,
Or beer from neighbouring brewery;
With, crowning zest, the common joy
Of peer and peasant, man and boy—
The weed that soothes, sustains, and cheers,
In manhood's prime and age's years,
That says to care thou shalt not stay,
To trouble take thyself away,
To debts and duns and dental pain,
Begone and never come again!"

CRABBE.

TRUTHFUL TALES.

DR. NEWTON, the "healing medium" from America (U.S.) professes to cure diseases partly by mesmerism, and partly by means of spirits—disembodied, not alcoholic. Hence the spiritualist newspapers have been devoting much of their space to the publication of his alleged cures, of which here is one:—

"MRS. BREAKSPEARE, 73, Cromer Street, Gray's Inn Road. Her baby, twelve months old, had curvature of the spine for the last six months. The curvature entirely disappeared in one minute, under the hands of DR. NEWTON."

To confute every gainsayer of spiritual therapeutics, this case only requires confirmation. There can be no mistake about spinal curvature, duly vouched for. If the fact of the curvature of the spine having existed antecedently to the child's coming under the hands of DR. NEWTON, and then having disappeared, so as to have been, ha ha! cured in a minute, were only attested by but one metropolitan hospital surgeon, it is not too much to say that the whole medical profession would believe in the curative powers of DR. NEWTON, and advise the British Public to credit them too. The entire faculty would pin upon DR. NEWTON as undoubting a faith as that which it reposes in rhubarb. As it is, doctors, and sane persons generally, will have their doubts about the cure of MRS. BREAKSPEARE'S baby. But let not spiritualists too hastily call them sceptics. The subjoined statement is one which few, probably, of even the most incredulous of medical men, will be inclined to doubt:—

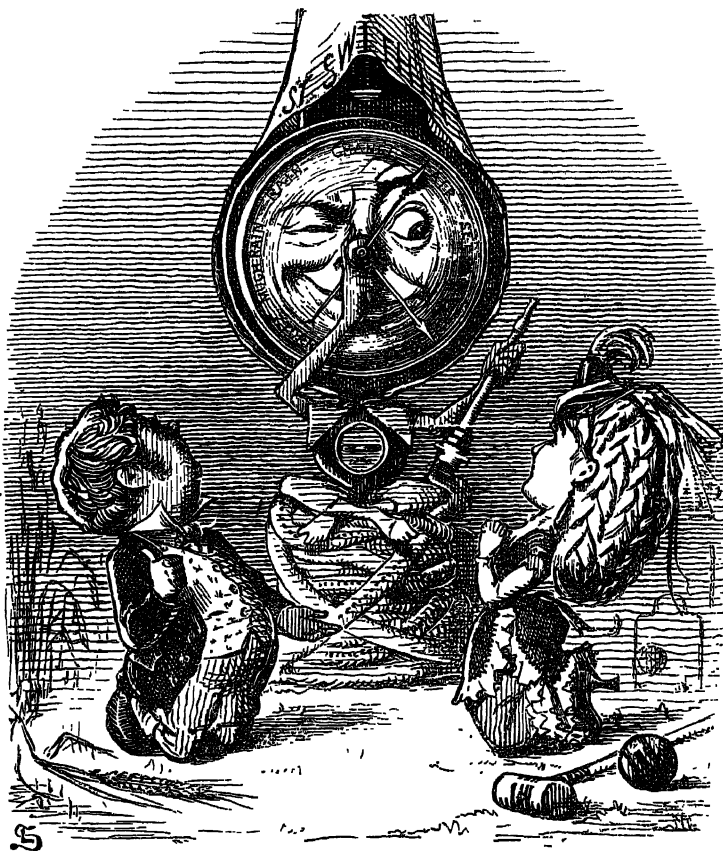
"On the first morning a lame Irishman came, using a wooden leg, his natural limb projecting out behind him, bent at the knee; with much labour the doctor unstrapped the wooden auxiliary, and sent away the gratified and grateful Hibernian with it on his shoulder."

This, now, is a case about which there can be no reasonable question. We have not the slightest difficulty in believing that the incidents of it, as related by an eye-witness, actually occurred. Indeed, we can conceive nothing more likely, under the circumstances, than that a man did limp into the presence of DR. NEWTON with a bent knee and a wooden leg, and walk out of it with the knee straight and the wooden leg on his shoulder; especially an Irishman. Of all men we should think that an Irishman would be the likeliest to exhibit so prodigious an instance of spiritual healing.

New Invention.

THE ingenious application of paper to various useful purposes has been largely developed since the duty was taken off that article of commerce, and now we have got to "paper boys." They may be seen, and heard in every street in London.

THE TENURE OF A TENT (Wimbledon, Monday, July 11th).—"By Soke and Service."



"WHERE PRAYERS CROSS."—Shakspeare.

WHICH WAS POOR SAINT SWITHIN TO DO?—SPOIL THE CROQUET OR CORN?

THE POPEDOM AND THE PEOPLES.

THE People everywhere is King;
For if they have their monarchs still,
At most the sceptre's but a thing
Which signifies the public will.
The Church, or Churches, in a land,
Can only preach; no more command.

Save only by French aid in Rome,
Where Priest and King the POPe doth reign,
And plots, the rule, supreme at home,
Over lost kingdoms to regain.
Is Heaven's Vicegerent to prevail,
Or will the outworn Pretender fail?

To win the nations back again,
Unless by miracle he may,
It seems to minds of common ken
That he is going not the way.
The Dogma by most votes defined
Will solve no problem for mankind.

If Rome the science could confute
Which, if Rome speak the truth, 's untrue,
Then might Rome's faith again take root,
And her dominion spread anew.
Her priests at heretics might smile;
To burn the few were not worth while.

Infallibility, proclaimed,
Will but impose upon the flock
Whose reason, to submission tamed,
No nonsense which they're taught can shock.
Not till the POPe has proof to show
Again will Europe kiss his toe.

Wimbledon Whimsies.

On the opening day of the Camp at Wimbledon, according to a contemporary, "LOAD GODERICH made six bulls' eyes and a large number of centres." The juvenile reader will perhaps understand that the centres were not sweetmeats, and that the bull's eyes partook rather of the pop than the lolly.

THE BOOMPJE PAPERS.

OF course, when we meet the Great Boompje MAULLIE, afterwards at Antwerp, he exclaims—

"What! not seen the Belfry! Not seen the Gymnasium! Why, my dear fellows, you've missed the only things you ought to have seen." But this we set down (subsequently) to Boompje.

Before MAULLIE and his hat had appeared, GOOCH is horrified at the appearance of MR. JÖMP, the Courier. He says he doesn't mind it while travelling, and, when we were at Lille, driving round the town in a fly, with JÖMP on the box, in the *entr'acte* allowed us (by MR. JÖMP's excellent management, who had so contrived our journey that there was no station where we didn't stop a quarter of an hour at least—with nothing whatever to do, and no buffet—"Vell," said the inventive JÖMP, "um—um—um—you can walk about.") between the arrival and departure of the trains; but now we are at Ghent, a town, and with a dashing carriage (it certainly is that), and a coachman in livery, with a new cockade, he must protest against JÖMP being on the box, unless he has a costume. What sort of dress? we ask.

Well, he has seen the sort of thing he means in the Bois, and on a foreign ambassador's, or some foreign swell's, carriage in Hyde Park. He proposes something military. (Boompje.)

First proposed dress—Rejected on account of being too much like a French *maréchal* on the box.

Second proposed dress—Rejected on account of its being painful to MR. JÖMP's feelings to appear in a footman's dress.

"But it won't be a footman's dress," explains GOOCH, "when you get the colours."

Thirdly—GOOCH recollected a Polish count, whose servant used to appear at Baden in various uniforms. *Boompje argument*: "Why not be taken for Polish Counts?"

"The dress of a Chasseur," says GOOCH, "would be *distingué*, and old JÖMP wouldn't mind that."

Old JÖMP does mind it, however; but owns that his present appearance is not all that could be desired. "I would wear another hat," he explains, "um—um—um—" and then adds, after carefully thinking it out, "if I *ad ovm*." JÖMP can't say fairer than this,

evidently. Even the philosophic BAYLE, who died in a house on the Boompje, would have been satisfied with this as logical.

GOOCH's opinion is, that MR. JÖMP resembles a travelling pedlar with umbrellas to mend. This comes from our having given him our umbrellas and our satchels to carry for us. The shape of his hat probably arises from its having been slept in the greater part of the way, and sat upon during the rest.

This is the compromise procured in Ghent at a tailor's. A livery coat, formerly the property of a duchess, but sent back because the family had gone into the deepest mourning. Black, with yellow facings, and black tags to shoulders. High black hat, with gold band: cockade, black and yellow. His (MR. JÖMP's) own collars and black tie, also, waistcoat and trousers *à discrétion*.

Sunday at Ghent.—First day of Courier in livery. We attend early masses at various old Churches; driving up in our carriage, and JÖMP waiting at the Church doors (Boompje); [GOOCH and BUND behaving decorously, and not bringing Boompje principles into play while the people are engaged in their services] and finally, after breakfast, we drive to the Béguinage, the College of Nuns, who live in a little town of their own, take no vows, stay as long or as short as they like, occupy themselves in nursing and teaching, and so forth, and wear a white sort of towel on their heads, which, six hundred of them, one after the other, as they enter Church, unfold and spread, one after another, all in one action, over their heads, and then just drawing down the front to cover their noses, devotionally, retire to their seats.

We three, and four others of our sex, are the only men in the Church. We shrink into as small a space as possible, and keep near the door, with the view of retiring noiselessly should there be a sermon.

It is admitted on all hands, that, at all events, there is no Boompje here. "The Béguins are not the sort of people to put a Courier into livery," observes the Secretary to GOOCH. GOOCH objects to this, that they do wear a livery. This leading to no issue, the conversation drops.

GOOCH presently says that up till this moment he had always thought the Béguins were birds.

COMMODORE BUND supposes he's thinking of Penguins. GOOCH considers it not unlikely. Conversation number two dropped.

At Antwerp we see MAULLIE's hat in the distance, and, in three minutes more, we find MAULLIE under it.

MAULLIE is hearty and full of spirits. He stands at the door of the Hotel St. Antoine, and cries out, "Hooray! hip! hip! hooray!" (Boompje.)

"He might have said, 'Br-r-ravo,'" GOOCH grumbles, and expresses his wish that our meeting had been in a private room (also Boompje).

GOOCH wants to know if dinner has been ordered. No, it has not. Well, then, what can we have?

The waiter answers promptly, "Roas-beef, roas-mutton—"

"And plum-puddang it!" cries GOOCH, in a rage.

MAULLIE says, good-naturedly, "Oh, anything for him."

This disgusts GOOCH more than the waiter's announcement.

"Of course," he says, "if you say you don't care; and hooray, and hip, hip on the steps of the hotel, of course they'll give you beef and mutton." And he boompjes out of the room, and comes against JÖMP on the landing.

"Hang it, JÖMP!" he says, "you ought to know. What can one get here besides this—this—beef and mutton?"

"Vell," replies JÖMP, astutely, "um—um—um—" And we expect, by his considering so long, that we shall hear of some dish peculiar to Antwerp. So we wait while JÖMP polishes his head with his handkerchief, and thinks it out. "Vell," he says, presently—"Um—um—you can 'ave something else."

Carried, *nem. con.*, that JÖMP is an ass. This unanimity restores good humour; and the landlord is charged with the task of providing a *recherché* dinner on the distinct understanding that he is to avoid beef, mutton, and plum-pudding.

At Antwerp. We see all the great pictures and churches for the fifth time (for three of us) and assist at an *al fresco* concert in the Botanical Gardens in the evening. Here the best people of Antwerp are present in grand toilette. GOOCH hears MAULLIE, with BUND, discussing art in loud tones, and addresses himself to me piteously. "I wish," he says, "MAULLIE wouldn't come out in that hat. Hang it! you know, he wouldn't do it at the Zoo in London. And why will he speak English? Or, if he must speak it, why does he do it so loud." GOOCH, himself, is delivering all this to me apart and confidentially. What he does say aloud he says in French, and kicks me under the table impatiently if I don't answer in that language. GOOCH points out to me, always in his character of *un vrai Parisien* (Boompje all over), that young Belgium imitates *jeune France* in dress. GOOCH, wishing to be thought young France, or what he calls, a *petit crevé*, evidently thinks he is attracting the favourable attention of a young lady most elegantly dressed, who, he imagines, takes him for some leader of the fashion from Paris. He sees MAULLIE approaching. He foresees that that confounded hat and MAULLIE's loud, very plain English will destroy all illusion as to his being a French Count.

Henceforth we call him the Count.

Another thing very distressing to GOOCH is that BUND insists upon JÖMP carrying for him a large bag, containing, among other things, *Murray* and *Bradshaw*. With this JÖMP has to follow or lead us, as the case may be, and BUND stops him for reference, whenever he requires information. MAULLIE disconcerts him dreadfully by always wanting to stop suddenly in streets, and "take bits" in his sketch-book. He pulls up before an old gabled house, "There's a bit!" he exclaims enthusiastically, and out comes his sketch-book. "Hang it," says the Count, "you don't see foreigners doing that in London. He wouldn't do it in London. If he did, the police would move him on. And then," adds GOOCH piteously, "he gets all the little boys round him." Which is perfectly true, and they interest themselves as much in the Count as in the sketching.

And now by train through the flattest country; then on board a steamer, up a long, melancholy river, embanked by rushes. We are all becoming more and more depressed as we near our destination: at last, we see a terrace not unlike that at Southsea, or Littlehampton, with a touch of Rahsgate in it, too, and a dash of Chelsea, by the river-side, near Cremorne. This is our first view of Rotterdam. After passing in front of a line of respectable red-brick houses, with little gardens (like those attached to the suburban houses of Brompton or Chelsea in the position above mentioned), we step at last upon

THE BOOMPJE.

There is elasticity in the word. Depression vanishes. In comes our luggage. Down goes GOOCH's portmanteau. Whack. Boompje! Down goes BUND's on the top of it. Don't be annoyed, Gentlemen; it's all right—Boompje! Smash the carpet-bag heavily, bang the hat-box, mix our things up with somebody else's luggage—(GOOCH asks if there wasn't a novel called, *Somebody Else's Luggage*, but receives no answer)—shovel 'em up, knock 'em down, stave in the side of that lady's box, drop the large portmanteau on to that evident bonnet-case,—whack, jerk, bang, anything you like; and here we are in the land of Boompje!

Down the passages; Boompje! Luggage into rooms; on to the stands; on to the floors; wrong box in right room; right box, wrong room; bustle, bootjacks, and Boompje! Landlord apologises; but one hundred and seventy passengers have just arrived, and he's full. Boompje!

Sorry he can't give us better rooms. There's one down-stairs; a sitting-room and a bed-room, with four beds in it. All for the Com-mo-dore.

The Count, MAULLIE, and the Secretary are distributed about the first-floor passages. MR. JÖMP follows everybody else's packages, and finally rescues ours.

MAULLIE, of course, has no soap. He is heard crying out for soap loudly to the *garçon de chambre* (a Dutchman). "What sort?" asks the Waiter.

MAULLIE, busy unpacking, replies, "Any sort; only look sharp."

GOOCH says, "Why on earth doesn't MAULLIE speak French; he'll never get any soap."

The Count is right: When we are nearly ready, MAULLIE is still ringing an electric bell in his room, and hollering for soap.

To him the *garçon*, in a hurry, with a small tureen, a napkin, a spoon, and a large plate.

"What the Boompje's this?" exclaims MAULLIE. "I've been ringing for soap this half-hour."

"Could not bring 'em pe-fore; it take some time to hot." And therewith he sets it down on the table; and, whisking off the napkin, discovers a basin of hot Julien soup. Shouts from the Count, the Sec., and MR. JÖMP.

MAULLIE bawls at him—

"Soap! not soup."

The Count (*with dignity*). "Le Monsieur veut dire 'savon:' com-prenez, savon?"

Garçon. "Ah! vy he ask for soup?"

[Exit *Garçon* with soup, and returns with soap.

In a lofty room, with a painted mythological ceiling and carved mantelpiece, we sit down to dinner. GOOCH has forgot to inquire about the *menu*. It is brought in. Soup, roast beef, mutton, and plum-puddang!!! Boompje!!

IRASCIBLE INDIAN MAJORS.

INDIAN Majors, though retired,
Apt with passion to be fired,
Prone to give and take offence,
Cuff and cane each other. Whence?
Pepper evermore, and curry,
Heat their blood, their gizzards worry.
Overmuch mulligatawny
Soup, and frequent brandy-pawnee,
Load, excite, derange their livers,
Fret their nerves, whose system quivers
Thus with chronic irritation,
Which the slightest provocation
Heightens to exasperation.
Then the Majors frantic deeds
Interchange; perhaps each bleeds.
So it was in that affray,
Of Hyde Park the other day;
Major fiercely fought with Major.
Than they were may both be sager!

"LOVE OF THE TURTLE."

"MR. — has always on hand a large supply of live and dressed turt invalid, clear, and thick."

"INVALID" turtle! What do Aldermen and Common Councilmen say to this variety of one of the common necessities of civic life? Ought not the attention of the sanitary inspectors to be drawn to the sale of such a deleterious article of food, lest it should, inadvertently, prove injurious, if not fatal, to some Member of the Corporation of London? *Liberavimus animam nostram*. We leave it to the proper authorities to take all due precautionary measures, only hoping not to be further shocked by the announcement of "ailing salmon" or "convalescent turbot."

The Syllabus and the Stake.

In a column of book advertisements you may have noticed the announcement of a collection of tracts or essays under the title of "Principles at Stake." This suggests a comparison of the present with former times when not principles only were at stake, but their professors also along with them. Shall we ever see such times again? If we don't, it will not be the fault of Infallibility which has endorsed Persecution.

A MYTHOLOGICAL MARKSMAN.

If Cupid were shooting at Wimbledon, he might or might not make bull's eyes; but he would make sheep's eyes.



"PREPARE TO RESIST CAVALRY!" (WIMBLEDON, 1870.)

Orderly (to strange Shoebblack). "NOW, THEN, WHAT BUSINESS A' YOU HERE !!"

Shoebblack (fiercely). "BUSINESS!! WHY, AIN'T I GOT A CONTRAC' WITH GOV'MENT TO BLACK ALL YER BOOTS!!!"

[Orderly retreats.]

FASHIONABLE FORGERY.

In the midst of the dread tidings which the correspondents have lately been sending us from Paris, it is pleasant to find somebody writing thence to tell us something of the fashions. To divert our thoughts from matters more tremendous, we are considerably informed of these diverting facts:—

"Golden hair is still in great request, and dyes are largely used in order to procure the fashionable colour."

So that "*auri sacra fames*" now is not felt merely on the Bourse; and, were HORACE's old flame, the "*Ava Chloe*," now in France, her hair would be the envy of the fashionable world. In order to look killing, ladies dye themselves; and, doubtless, would wear green hair just as readily as golden, if fashion so decreed. Such she-pirates do not scruple to sail under false colours, and forge a head as quickly as a ship in a strong tideway. For what is changing black or grey to gold but a fashionable forgery, which surely should be treated as a capital offence? Such fair culprits fairly deserve to lose their heads, or, at all events, their chignons, which they would, doubtless, part with as unwillingly as they would lose their heads. It is no shame to a woman to be seen wearing a little silver in her hair; but she is an offender against the laws of Nature, if she takes to forgery, and tries to wear false gold in it.

A Word to the Wise.

(When our Collective Wisdom has sanctioned Female voting.)

WOULD you gain the tender creature,
With soft sawder you must treat her,
Honied words may win her heart:
Ladies fair a vote possessing,
Sadly may misuse the blessing,
Be they not cajoled with art.

BEETHOVEN IN BAD COMPANY.

THERE has been a "Beethoven Festival" at New York, in which the majestic music of the mighty master seems to have been set off by *inter-mezzi* of Offenbachian and Nigger melody with a daring defiance of high-art, purism and propriety, which, however JOHN BULL might have enjoyed it, only JONATHAN BULL is bold enough to venture upon.

Among these lively interludes was included (according to one report) the singing of a song from *La Grande Duchesse*, by MRS. HOWARD PAUL, "in character."

We do not wonder that the lady should have written to contradict this report. We call special attention to the passage of her contradiction in which she declares "that no song or piece was given 'in character' by any *artiste* engaged."

We should think this in the highest degree probable. The whole festival seems to have been "out of character," alike in the case of the executants and the audience.

A Song for a French Salon.

AIR—"In Native Worth."

BY active WORTH superbly clad,
With diamonds and pearls adorned,
She drives *les petits crevés* mad,
When for a valise their hand is scorned.

Heard at Lord's.

"WERE you at Eton, or Harrow?"
"No, my education wasn't neglected to *that* extent. Why do you ask? Any bad English in the note I sent you?"

[Counter-check quarrelsome to an epigram on which our dear boys seem to plume themselves.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



NDAY, July 18th. Having announced the War, and having permitted English and French statesmen to state in these columns their views of their own conduct, we propose to give space to a portion of the address of the North German Parliament to their "old and heroic king," and thenceforth to make only the briefest reference to the Crime which is exciting the indignation of all Christian and civilised men:—

"One single thought animates all German hearts. It was with joy and pride that the nation learnt the earnestness and dignity with which your Majesty repelled the unheard-of presumption of France. The German people desires to live at peace with those nations which respect its independence. As at the time of the wars of Liberation a Napoleon forced us into a sacred struggle, now, as then, calculations based upon the unfaithfulness of the German States will be shattered by the force of the German people. The misguided French nation will recognise, when it is too late, the bad seed it is sowing, now that the most reasonable portion of their fellow countrymen have failed to avert a great national crime. A hard and violent struggle is before us. We rely upon the valour of our brothers in arms, who will not bend the knee before a foreign invader. We place our trust in our old and heroic King, to whom Providence has granted that he should, in the eve of life, bring to a close the war in which he fought in his youth. We place our trust, finally, in God, who will surely punish the wicked audacity of the invader. The people has risen unanimously, and public opinion throughout the world recognises the justice of our cause."

To-night EARL GRANVILLE and MR. GLADSTONE stated that a Declaration of War having been forwarded from Paris to Berlin, our QUEEN'S Proclamation of Neutrality would at once issue. This has appeared. It will be obeyed in letter and in spirit by Her Majesty's subjects, but it must be remembered that there can be no Neutrality on a question of morals, and in these kingdoms public opinion has unmistakably expressed itself in regard to the War, which England holds to be needless, and therefore wicked. Be the issue what it may, British protest is placed on record, and, be it remembered, also, that "Wrong never comes Right."

LORD KINNAIRD wanted to inquire into the management of the Royal Mint, where he thinks matters are not managed economically. LORD LANSDOWN defended the institution. No instructive remark occurs to *Mr. Punch*, except that "mint" is from the Saxon *myntet*, and that the verb *myntetian* means "to coin." Perhaps you'll say you knew that. Bah! Perhaps you'll say you didn't want to know it. Boo! Do you know what a mint-julep is? A drink consisting of brandy, sugar, and pounded ice, flavoured with sprigs of mint. Is not that a pleasant thing to read about, this sultry weather? Go and make some, and repent your ingratitude to your best friend.

Married Women's (why not Wives'?) Property Bill went through Committee. Observe, young husband! It contains a clause, enabling you, when you assure your life, as every honest man who has no fortune, does, to make a declaration that the insurance is for your wife and children. Then your friends Nipp, Shamgold, Weeds, Nebuchadnezzar, and other ministers to your vanity, self-indulgence, and luxury, will not be able to deprive your family of the provision you have made. Nextly, avoid vanity, self-indulgence, and luxury.

MR. GLADSTONE was not sure what he should do about the University Tests Bill, which LORD SALISBURY has sent to a Committee. These are chemical tests, MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, which, when applied to a Dissenter, make him look blue.

Small Massacre. Savings Bank Bill, Mines Regulation Bill, Ballot Bill, perish, thanks to the flood of talk in which they drown, like kittens.

MR. REID, Chief Constructor of the Navy, resigned, that he might go into lucrative partnership with SIR JOSEPH WHITWORTH, but thinking that in the present crisis his services might be useful, tendered them to the Admiralty. "My Lords do not see occasion to avail themselves of your offer." If that be what my Lords call civil, Ayrtonism must be contagious.

In Supply there was some gun-talk, not uninteresting just now, even to people who do not know a blunderbuss from a revolver. We are

considering the Mitrailleuse. It is to be feared that new information as to its value will speedily be obtained. By the way, is this thing called "new"? *Mr. Punch* has a distinct recollection of having seen one in the Tower, when he last took country cousins there, and that, you may be sure, is a precious jolly long time ago. He bets that the noble old Constable BURGOYNE could lay his hand on the thing in a minute. Don't let those foreigners claim the merit of everything.

Tuesday. LORD SHAFTESBURY begged leave to assure their Lordships that he had not been Whipping them. Somebody, using the Earl's name, had sent them a circular, desiring them to be in their places, at a certain stage of the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, but he would not have been guilty of such arrogance. If *Mr. Punch*, who never forgets anything, remembers rightly, the famous Chandos Peerage, for which SIR EGERTON BRYDGES fought a life-long battle (even editing COLLINS' *Peerage* in nine volumes, that he might insert his story of the case) was lost, through the Lords taking offence at being addressed by the claimant, SIR EGERTON's brother, in a circular similar to that described by LORD SHAFTESBURY. Our aristocrats may be led (though not by the DUKE OF RICHMOND) but will not be driven.

Christmas Day (the idea of its coolness is refreshing—but we must do what we can with iced claret cup—what ho there, vassal!) is on Sunday this year. MR. BRUCE does not see his way to enacting a holiday on the Saturday. The grievance does not occur very often, and the weekly Saturday half-holiday does.

HER MAJESTY responded to the Address against building public offices on the Embankment. Nothing is to be done without the leave of the House, and "no action is to be taken" (so this phrase has got into Royal documents, eh?) this year.

Education all the morning. Observed MR. NEWDEGATE:—

"It had been said that children were incapable of understanding the Bible, but the practice of the Christian world for centuries confuted that assertion, and he would put it to any man whether maxims and texts of Scripture taught in his early life did not in time of trouble come to his memory for his assistance."

Quite right, dear MR. NEWDEGATE, but it is also well the children, young and old, should be made to understand the real meaning of maxims and texts, on which there existeth not, as a rule, too much clearness of apprehension, or there would not be so many bitter differences among good persons. Wherefore, we look with some hope to the Jerusalem Chamber.

Poor old incarcerated MR. EDMUNDS's case was brought on by MR. RUSSELL GURNEY. When a man who has lived in comfort is poor, old, and in prison, compassion for him is so natural that we turn to such an authority as SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, and when he says, "MR. EDMUNDS was a defaulter in respect of public funds committed to his care, out of which funds he made illegitimate profit," we can but listen in silence to MR. WEST, who said:—

"If a wretched boy robbed his master's till of eighteen-pence he was sent to prison, but if a public servant deprived the Exchequer of some thousands of pounds, a morbid sympathy was raised for him, and an outcry was raised if he were dealt with according to law."

Bathing, bathing—that is a pleasant topic for this weather. Not that MR. AYRTON contributed an element of pleasantness to it, for he abused the poor bathers in the Serpentine, and objected to do anything for the safety of "eccentric" skaters who go on the ice when it is rotten. LORD JOHN MANNERS justly complained that the Regent's Park water was not treated properly, but was kept too shallow. However, making a row does good; for on Sunday night, as *Mr. Punch* can state from personal observation with the aid of a cigar, water was poured fiercely into the lake from that queer tube, which resembles a gigantic old hat. But the supply soon stopped, and no good will be done until there is a regular flow. MR. T. CHAMBERS affirmed this, and spoke well. LORD GALWAY rather implied that he himself had been drowned at some period in the course of his history, but we rejoice to state that he appeared to be quite recovered. MR. HAMBRO said that it would be as reasonable to fill up the ocean because a few persons were drowned yearly, as to make the Serpentine safe for the same reason. The weather is hot, but really we expect a little more back-bone in argument.

Epping Forest is going to be disafforested. Somebody had better look to this. It is a part of Waltham Forest—we have some idea that our friend MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE resides in that quarter. We charge him with the duty of becoming a Vigilance Committee—we could not nominate a better.

Wednesday. MR. TAYLOR's Bill for abolishing the Game Laws was abolished by 147 to 59. It is not a very good time to advocate such a change, when men are counting days until the 12th of August. Go at 'em, TAYLOR, when the season is just over, and they are recalling bad shooting and the insolent exactions of keepers.

Twice this week have strangers been turned out of the House, that a proposal for doing away with a valuable measure of medical police might be debated. This makes no difference to *Mr. Punch*, who is

entirely opposed to the said proposal, but does not consider it a subject for discussion here. The agitators against the existing law deserve harsher language than he ever uses without showing his justification, and that would raise a topic which he is not shameless enough to intrude on feminine attention, though they are.

Thursday. Some War intimations of no particular importance, save a statement that the late LORD CLARENDON, some time ago, endeavoured to induce France and Prussia to disarm, but nothing came of his attempt. Both Powers undertake to respect the neutrality of Belgium, Luxemburg, and Holland. No English officer is allowed to be a newspaper correspondent during this war. *Punch* would like to know why. An officer is a gentleman, and, having knowledge of the art of war, would have his feelings aided by his judgment, in regard to abstention from any communication that might injure the army which he accompanied. However, British Journalism has never yet been beaten by pedantry, and we have no doubt that we shall have the campaign described with the accustomed exactitude of our newspapers.

Friday. LORD CARNARVON moved an Address designed to compliment the Canadians on their noble conduct during the Fenian "invasion," but after a discussion in which the handsomest things were said, on all hands, about the gallant Colonists, the motion was withdrawn. LORD MALMESBURY found fault with its grammar. His family correspondence, lately published by him, is a delightful book, but he need not take to editing everybody.

MR. TAYLOR had another Criminal's Grievance—a vagrant had been flogged, and of course it was a case for the Imperial Parliament. MR. BRUCE cited a heap of convictions against the fellow, and did not think that the justices had at all exceeded their jurisdiction. Why could not MR. TAYLOR, instead of making a fuss, have ascertained what sort of a person was complaining? Because—but the answer is obvious.

Hooray! The Education Bill was read a Third Time, and Passed. But, as in classic days, a triumph was celebrated by a sacrifice. MR. MIALI made a bitter speech against the Government, declaring that the Dissenters had been "bitten," and that MR. GLADSTONE had thrown them over to please the Church. Whereupon, MR. GLADSTONE, rousing into such fervour as he has not lately exhibited, did seize his

biggest Rod, and did lay it upon MR. MIALI with such exceeding emphasis, that the House was awed at the spectacle of that Amazing Flogging. He hoped that MR. MIALI would not continue his support to the Government one moment longer than he thought it compatible with his honour, and with the conscientious discharge of his duty:—

"For God's sake let him withdraw it when he thinks his doing so will serve the cause he has at heart. So long as he thinks fit to yield it, we will co-operate with him for every purpose we hold in common, but when we think his opinions and demands exacting, when we think he looks too much to the section of the community which he adorns, and not to the entire body of the nation, we must then recollect that we are the Government of the QUEEN, and must have no mean, no narrow, no local object."

Never did DR. ARNOLD, when castigating *Tom Brown*, administer the educational process with more determined will and earnestness to do his young friend good, and we hope that the lesson may be blessed to MR. MIALI, who has very much that is good in him. The Sacrifice being accomplished, there was deserved compliment paid to the fine temper and tact which MR. FORSTER had displayed in managing the Bill. *Mr. Punch* has already illustrated this in Cartoons which will doubtless be the proudest ornaments of MR. FORSTER'S picture-gallery—or smoking-room.

Dublin wants a statue to the brave LORD GOUGH, and wishes the metal to be that of a few of the 1389 guns which he took from the enemy. It was granted, but not in the most gracious way. MR. MAGUIRE said that the Irish had always been ready to fight for the country, and would be ready again, but their spirit might be damped when they heard of red tape obstacles to such a proposal as this. MR. MAGUIRE, Irishman, you say exactly what *Mr. Punch*, Englishman, feels. More power to your whiskey and water, if you drink that beverage, and if you do, ice it.

The Gun Licence Bill passed, with some exceeding nonsense about depriving Britons of defensive arms. "Of what use were civilised institutions," justly asked MR. LOWE, "if every man is to arm for his defence?" Nevertheless crime is by no means punished with sufficient severity, and this ought to be done, if quiet men are to be told that they must appeal to the tribunals against ruffianism.

The Racing Bill was withdrawn, and then the House withdrew.

PROGRESS OF PLATFORM GOVERNMENT:



LET us be joyful, joyful!" for that whilst the cause of Peace is triumphing, as we see it on the Continent of Europe, that of Liberty, likewise, makes progress at home. The "amended" Wine and Beerhouse Act, just issued, provides that "if any person be found in a house required to be closed, an officer may demand the name and address of such person, and if it is refused, or a false name or address given, the party is to be liable, on summary conviction, to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings; and any person who, when so required, refuses or neglects to give his name or address may be apprehended by such constable or officer, and detained until he can

be brought before a Magistrate." Hooray! Liberty is the birthright of every Englishman. Britons never will be slaves. Every Englishman's house (private or public) is his castle. If on a hot excursion, or long walk, say between the hours of three and five, on Sunday, you desire a glass of beer, you are at liberty to procure one, subject to the necessity of giving information to a policeman which will enable him to summon you before a Magistrate and get you fined.

Of course, this limitation of your ability to do as you please, so that you injure nobody else, if imposed by the single occupant of a throne, would be absolute tyranny; but when you are subjected to it merely by a majority of votes obtained through assiduous agitation by declaimers on a platform, it is perfect freedom. As *Caliban* sings, half-seas over, though not inside of any house "required to be closed" by the law of his Island:—

"Freedom, heyday! Heyday, freedom! Freedom, freedom! Heyday, freedom!"

"VÆ VICTIS."

War between France and Prussia declared at Paris—Dogma of the Personal Infallibility of the POPE proclaimed at Rome—July 15, 1870.

Two declarations of War we have known,
By two mighty potentates daringly hurled:
One a gage of defiance to Prussia thrown,
The other arresting the march of the World!

From the Tuileries this, from the Vatican that,
To astonish and anger all Europe, they came:
One hatched 'neath the brim of a Cardinal's hat,
And one in the cards of an Emperor's game.

One bred of the hate betwixt Prussian and Gaul,
The other of hate 'twixt inquirer and priest;
One that calls Teutons prostrate at French feet to fall,
While the other crowns Faith, *vice* Reason deceased.

Which war is most desperate who shall decide,
Or in which strife will victory dearest be bought?
That which German endurance arrays 'gainst French pride,
Or that which as foes ranks Religion and Thought?

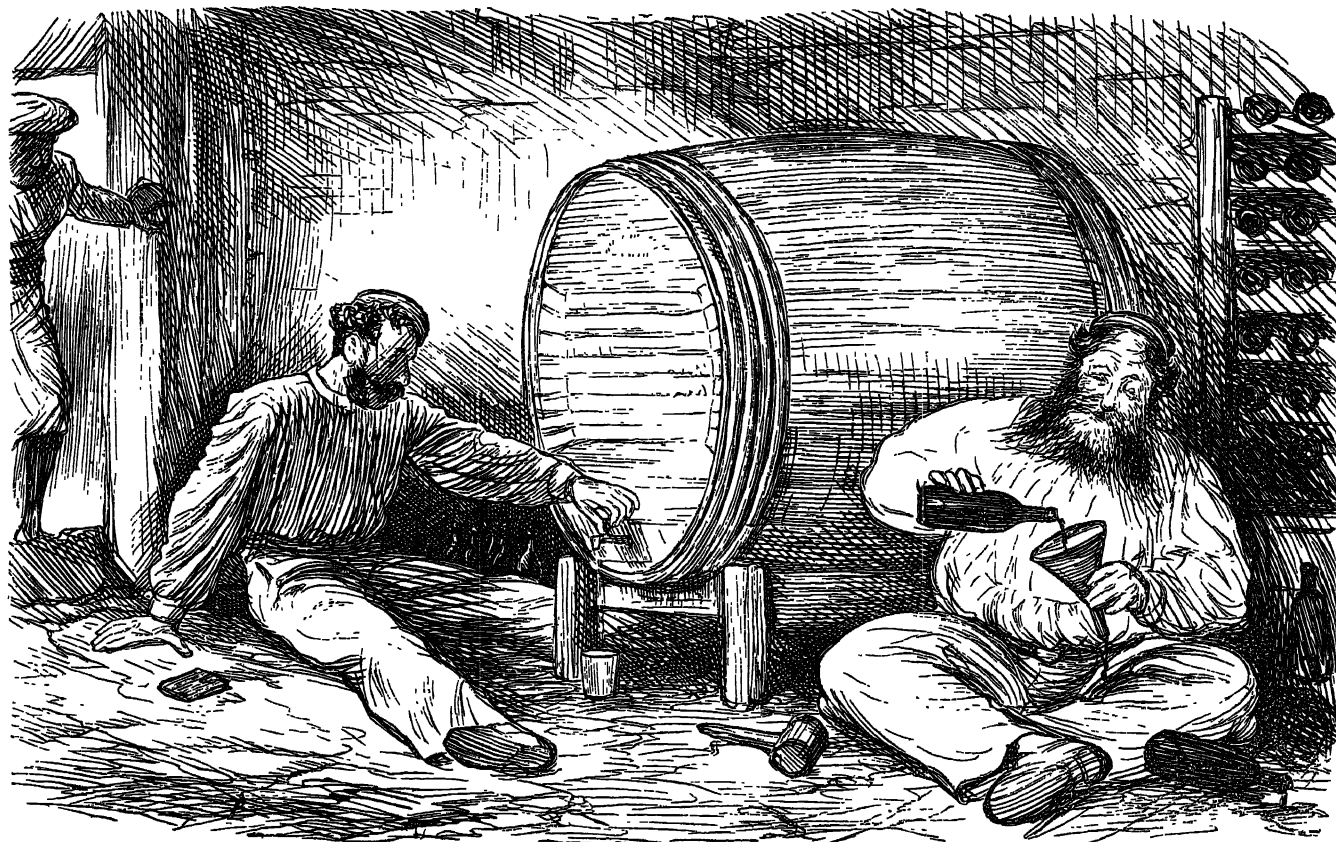
A COCK-ROBIN CLUB.

THE Gun Licence will probably prove no very great nuisance to the young gentlemen constituting the association named in the following paragraph, which appeared the other day in a newspaper:—

"JUNIOR GUN CLUB, HENDON.—The shooting for the third club prize, value 60 guineas, with optional sweepstakes handicap distances, 11 birds each, will commence at 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

The lads who shoot for prizes of sixty guineas will doubtless be enabled to keep their guns, notwithstanding the gun-tax, by rich and liberal papas or uncles who have the ability and kindness to stand Sam. The birds at which the members of the "Junior Gun Club" are in the habit of shooting may be taken to be Cock-robins.

METEOROLOGICAL QUERY.—When is the worst weather for rats and mice? When it rains cats and dogs.



"THOSE COOL HALLS WHERE PSILAS SHUNS THE DAY."—Lord Lytton.

THE MESS COMMITTEE OF THE ROYAL PRANCERS HAVING ADOPTED THE PLAN OF IMPORTING THEIR WINE DIRECT FROM ENGLAND, DETERMINE TO BOTTLE IT THEMSELVES, TO PREVENT ADULTERATION AND WASTE!

Mess President (after bottling three dozen). "HULLO! THERE'SH NO MORE 'T THISH END! HERE, BOY, COME AN' TORN IT ROUND!"
Stout Major (faintly). "SHTRIKES-H ME, SOME O' THESE BOTTLES-H LEAK!!!"

AN ODISIOUS COMPARISON.

A PRUSSIAN Correspondent of the *Times*, carried away by his patriotism, so far forgets the respect due to the great nation which has attacked his country, as to write thus:—

"Germany, at this moment, resembles an American settlement in the Far West, where politicians of all shades of opinion waive their crotchets at the cry, that the Indians are on the move."

It is true that, like Red Indians, the French are prone, on slight provocation, to invade their neighbours' territories, despoil and slaughter them, burn their dwellings, and subject those of whom they spare the lives to treatment not prompted by the higher sentiments. But the French do not dispose their hair in grotesque top-knots, nor wear war-paint; neither in battle do they advance to the charge with absolute war-whoops, but with loyal and patriotic cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and "*Vive la France!*" Moreover, besides Chassepôts and first-rate artillery, including *mitrailleuses*, their weapons are sword-bayonets and sabres, not tomahawks. And, whatever they are in the habit of doing to their conquered enemies, they are not accustomed to scalp them. Nor can it be denied that the pretty Frenchwomen are in every respect entirely the reverse of squaws. The angry and outraged Germans, suffering, however, outrage only in their turn, must admit, on cool reflection, that the French are, in many respects, superior to the Sioux and the Chickasaws. And, when they compare their present assailants to savages, they should not forget Schleswig-Holstein.

Promotion of Single Blessedness.

THE enactment of the Married Women's Property Bill will surely decrease the number of marriages into which women are wheedled by men who only want their money. It will be interesting to measure the diminution which will accordingly soon be visible in the newspaper lists of "Marriages."

ANTICIPATED HARVEST.

A REPORT in the *Post*, from the Camp at Wimbledon, contains the following entry:—

"Sunday Evening.

"This morning the REV. MR. FARRER, Master at Harrow, conducted divine service in the large Umbrella Tent, and preached a most effective sermon from the 34th verse of the 14th chapter of Proverbs: 'Righteousness exalteth a nation.'"

Let us hope the reporter will prove a true prophet. Of course, the effect of the reverend gentleman's discourse remains to be seen. At present it can only be prospectively effective. When it does take effect, we shall see a happy diminution in the number of fraudulent bankers and directors of swindling bubble companies going to smash; also, in that of shopkeepers convicted of adulterating their commodities, and using false weights and measures. Our national righteousness, attended with exaltation, may soon become manifest. Then the effect of MR. FARRER's sermon at Wimbledon will be visible; but, as yet, it hath not appeared.

To Miss Dorothy.

FEMALE! When I behold your skirt,
Draggling behind you in the dirt,
How pleased and thankful, too, am I
That I have not your clothes to buy!

HUMANITY OF THE PROVOST-MARSHAL.

THE Paris Correspondent of a contemporary learns that "great precautions will be exercised towards strangers hanging about the army." One, we suppose, will be the precaution of giving them plenty of rope.



TOO BAD.

Young Gentleman. "AW! MISS CAVENDISH, DO YOU KNOW THEY'VE HAD A JUVENILE PARTY BEFORE THE BALL?"

Miss C. "OH! THEN I SUPPOSE YOUR MAMMA IS LETTING YOU STOP A LITTLE LATER THIS EVENING?"

THE WARNING BY THE WAY.

WE poise our balanced periods; we point our obvious morals;
Ring the familiar changes on the horror of armed quarrels;
Rub up our tarnished metaphors—the bolt out of the blue—
The avalanche brought down by a word—the dyke by a stroke cut through!

Trot out the old abstractions—Justice and Mercy flying;
Humanity called from its work to attend the maimed and dying;
Industry, ill-used giant, beating ploughshares into swords;
Peace and Progress trampled underfoot beneath War's hurrying hordes.

Until we come to realise the huge and hideous fact—
Two million costly soldiers attacking and attacked!
Europe's two master races, the Teuton and the Gaul,
Must ring for the death-grapple to the shattering trumpet-call.

Before such grim reality our rhetoric veils its crest:
Our loudest preachers feel at heart that silence fitteth best;
We pack up our stale maxims, push our periods aside,
Leave our abstractions on their pegs, our obvious morals hide,

And bow before the inscrutable, and do our best to hold
Our minds in even balance 'twixt new loves and hatreds old,
Painfully to weigh causes, and trace fruits back to their seed,
IN NAPOLEON'S hopes and fears or in Prussia's grasp and greed.

Hard to hold even temper! To resist the German blood,
Which beats and bounds within us in a fever-heated flood,
At the words of weight and wisdom, the appeals to God above,
That e'en the slow brain of Berlin to patriot passion move.

Hard to recall the wrath we felt on DÜPPEL'S shameful day,
When overmatched, at Prussia's feet robbed Denmark bleeding lay!
Before this blaze of brotherhood that, as fire bids metals run,
Fuses North Germany, and South, and East, and West, in one.

THE WISDOM OF PARLIAMENT.

SPEAKING for the House of Commons, the other evening, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER very truly said that "they were the objects of public compassion for their late hours and long speeches." Two proverbs are suggested by this remark. One of them assigns a distinctive appellation to the kind of persons who are notorious for loquacity. The quotation of it is forbidden in *Joseph Andrews*, by Mr. Adams. The other averreth that:—

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Accordingly the excellence of our sanitary arrangements, and the smallness of our pauperism, may be regarded as indicative of the amount of wisdom with which we, enjoying a representative Legislature, are governed.

CANNONADE AT ROME.

PRE-ARRANGEMENTS have been made for demonstrations of triumph at Rome on the proclamation of the Crowning Dogma. Among these are to be salutes of artillery. The POPE'S Infallibility will probably be proclaimed amid the roar of cannon other than his Prescience ever contemplated. So much for Peace on Earth. It is remarkable that Ultramontanes should consider the discharge of ordnance suitable to the announcement that his Holiness has been voted infallible. Only Ultra-Protestants, one would imagine, could possibly think such a solemnity fitly celebrated by the noise of murderous weapons of war, inasmuch as war is anti-christian. Marry, an Elizabethan jester, if extant, would perhaps observe, these be your Cannons of the Mass.

Panic in the City.

TIME—3.30 P.M.

Excited Stockbroker. By Jove! it's serious now.

Other Ditto. Hey? what?

Excited Stockbroker. ROTHSCCHILD'S "gone"—

Clients (new to City, thunderstruck). Gone! ROTHSCCHILD!!—but—

Excited Stockbroker. Yes. Gone to Paris.

[Exit.

DINNER À LA RUSE.—A swindler's when he forgets to pay for it.

Hard not to feel the ancient grudge across our judgments come,
That has now for centuries rankled 'twixt John Bull and Jacques Bonhomme:

Hard not to see the blood-stains that will keep soaking through
The pages of our annals from Crécy to Waterloo.

Hard not to think of him who made French Empire once so wide;
Whose red star rose in Corsica, in St. Helena died!
Who reaped war's whirlwind harvest, as war's wind of woe he sowed,
And was dashed to death by the tempest which he loosed and once o'er-rode.

Hard not to call up the shadow of the Uncle, grim and grey,
With a hand upraised in warning across the Nephew's way!
With eyes that look their lesson, lips that warn without a word—
How they that draw the sword to smite shall perish by the sword.

Unlike the Uncle until now, in all but name of power,
Will the Nephew tempt the Uncle's fate—in this his evening hour?
Stand aside, grim, grey spectre, let him pass on his way:
Thou mean'st 'tis death for him to advance—what is it, if he stay?

Think'st thou he rides for pleasure this road to the battle-field,
And the boy he loves beside him, with his father's heart for shield?
He does but ride because he must; to bring the eagle prey,
Lest, if he feed it not, from his boy it rend the Crown away.

He has reared a mighty army, for his boy that Crown to guard,
And if that army murmur, he must find it its reward—
In the chances of the battle, the prizes of the strife,
The plunder, and promotion that gild the soldier's life.

Then stand aside! Thy warning may be well-meant, but behind
Retreat is barred by spectres, as ghastly and less kind.
There's the Liberty he murdered; there are the Oaths he broke:
France, that cries "GIVE ME CONQUEST, IF I MUST BEAR THE YOKK."



A VISION ON THE WAY. "BEWARE!"

NOTES FROM A VOLUNTEER'S DIARY, 1870.

March.—Suggestive month for military. Determine to become a Volunteer, and go in for firing. Friend says, "Why not win a cup?" Certainly. Why not? Friend says, Go in for the five hundred yards business. It appears I can do it—that is, I can try to do it—in three positions, standing up, kneeling, or lying at full length, not on my back. The third he says is easier than it looks. Hope so. Besides in war, he observes, it's more useful, as the shots go over you instead of through you. Looking at it in this light, this position certainly has its advantages.

Hire a field to practise in, by myself. Get other Volunteers, from the village, (the little tailor, the small farmer, and the general dealer's assistant) to come down and shoot every morning, six sharp. We find six, in March, peculiarly sharp.

April, May, June.—Nothing particular, except practising every day, and once winging the hat of the man at the butt, who becoming enthusiastic, had looked out to see how the shooting was going on without waving his flag first.

June 2nd made a centre.

June 3rd made another. The rest nowhere. Shall look out list of prizes at 500 yards for lying down, standing, or kneeling competitors. Ask a friend who knows all about it. What should he advise me to go in for? He says he'll jot down two or three for me. What do I think, for example, of the Belgian Nursery Cup? Well, I think it's very nice. Only, am I qualified? And if qualified, what does it mean? He doesn't know, but supposes that the Belgian Nursery Cup can only be shot for by Belgian Infantry. I ask him to be serious, because if I do win a cup, it's a sort of thing that remains in one's family as an heirloom. Should like to have an heirloom. Can imagine descendants having it out after dinner and saying, this is what my great-great-grandfather (with a picture of me over the dining-room mantelpiece, in uniform) won at Wimbledon. "Why not," he says, "go in for the Bass Prize?" Any qualification necessary? I ask. "Yes," he replies, "you must be able to *put* your gun." Hate a fellow who turns everything into joke. Decide upon buying a programme-book of the meeting and choosing the prize I'll shoot for. The Running Deer seems to me a good notion. (I regret having thus expressed myself to my friend, who is instantly upon me with, "Yes, the Running Deer is a very good i-deer." Idiot! and if you laugh you encourage him.)

Decide at last upon going in for the Daily Telegraph Prize, the Windmill Prize, and the Running Deer.

Conditions of the above.—500 yards in any position.

Think I shall practise sitting as being less fatiguing.

I practise in every position three times a day, and make centres. The village comes out to see me, like the opening chorus in *Der Freischütz*. The sporting publican, however, offers to "back the Wimbledon butts," which is a trifle discouraging. Hear (from the little tailor when he's "measuring" me for a Volunteer cloak) that the sporting publican intends to make a good thing out of my shooting. "Laying agen you, Sir," he explains, cheerfully. I advise little tailor to back his Captain (me) for the honour generally of old England. Little tailor says, "he would if he were a betting man, which he ain't."

The Day.—Leave my happy home at Pinnyhoe, in the Downs, for Clapham Junction. After some deliberation (while getting up) decide upon not wearing full Captain's uniform, with sword, but only plain tunic and forage cap. Neat and unassuming if I don't win the Telegraph Cup, or the Windmill Prize, or miss the Running Deer. Beside, if there's any difficulty, I've only to present my card with Rank and Corps engraved to get me a pass anywhere. 'Fon my word, it is a grand noble thing for England and Englishmen this Volunteer system. All grand devoted fellows.

Only one trap at station, and four Volunteers wanting to take it. I am the fifth. The "grand devoted fellows" are in some dark green and red uniform, and are the scrubbiest lot (that is a lot wanting a great deal of scrubbing) I ever saw. But what of the outside shell? Or to put it Voluntearily and professionally, what of the Shell-jacket?—the man's the kernel within. (Keep this as a motto for our regiment, which, when the day's work is done, I shall announce amidst shouts of applause around our merry camp-fire to-night.) We fraternise and jog up in the trap together to the Camp. Share and share alike is fair, and this is real brotherhood, for I've never seen any of 'em before. N.B. Since noting the above, I may add, that I've never seen any of 'em again. They jumped out directly the fly was pulling up by the entrance to the Camp, and ran away. The flyman is off his box in a second, and most insolent. I explain to him that they are nothing to me, that I am not responsible for them, that in fact, here is my share; but he won't listen to reason (mine), and is becoming violent. I appeal to a stationary policeman. He hears the case (judicially), and says he can't interfere. I must pay the man. Pay him indignantly, and promise to report the whole affair at head-quarters. Haven't the smallest notion where "head-quarters" are, but have a sort of notion that I should get some luncheon there, if I could find them.

See no one I know. Officials at gate demur to my entrance without

paying. I protest, exhibiting my uniform. They say it's not a uniform; it's undress: it might be anybody's. Show my card. Won't do. Must pay. I pay, and threaten to report this also to head-quarters. Wish I could find head-quarters. Ask, and am directed to the refreshment tent. Will go there presently. Hear firing in various directions. Ask where the Pinnyhoe men are to shoot. No one knows. Advised to buy a book about the shooting, published by Authority and SPIERS and POND. Apparently more of SPIERS and POND in it than Authority. Sit on a tub, an isolated Volunteer, and read it.

Notes on the Publication.—The motto for Volunteers is *Sit perpetuum*, which seems singularly inappropriate for men who are expected to fire in any position, and to be always on the move.

The book refers me to a "plan of ground" for my guidance. This I find in a pocket in the binding. Where am I now? There is a place marked "gravel-pit." I am not in the gravel-pit. The tub on which I am seated is not down as a landmark. It's very badly managed. There ought to be polite officials to walk about, and ask Volunteers, specially officers, where they'd like to go to?

Inspect the plan again. There is a "windmill" and a "lavatory." From the tub I can see neither. Let me see, here are "North ranges" marked down. Which is North, and which is South?—*Note.* To buy a pocket compass. Can't tell by the wind or by the Sun. Ought to be able, but can't.

Here is "Grand Stand" on the plan. Not the tub certainly.

Ah! here is a first-rate point to guide myself by. "Centre of Weathercock on Square Tower!" What a capital butt this would make. Centre of Weathercock! Can't see it anywhere. Wish I hadn't come. Can't go back without firing a shot, at something, or some one. Getting hungry. Walking from the tub I find myself between the Police camp and the Restaurants.

Enter the Restaurants for luncheon. To hot waiter, "What can I have?" Waiter stops for one second to glance at my dress, and then replies mechanically, "Volunteers in uniform are entitled to a small plate of beef, or ham, and tea," and hurries off to attend other orders. I will have what I am entitled to with the exception of tea, which I propose to exchange for mild ale and ginger beer or Bass's pale.

Somehow or another I find on finishing that I have run into Breakfast 2s. and Bass 6d., besides the small plate to which Volunteers are entitled. Waiter differs from me as to my being in uniform. I want to refer the matter to SPIERS and POND, or SPIERS alone, or POND without SPIERS. Altercation ends by my giving him an extra sixpence to put me straight for the place where the Telegraph is to be shot for.

On the Spot.—Will I stand, or sit, or kneel, or lie down? Choose kneeling. Butt five hundred yards off. Seems to be a longer five hundred than I've been practising at at Pinnyhoe.

Officers to fire first, I believe. Am not recognised as an officer, not being in full uniform. Absurd. They don't call me Captain. Wish some of my own men were here, or anyone whom I knew, and who knows what I am when at home.

Two shots allowed first to get the right sight. *Der Freischütz* again. The bullets are not charmed. Hope number three shot will be better than the two to get the correct sight, as where they went to it is impossible to say. No one is hurt at present; but it strikes me that Pinnyhoe is nowhere. Thinking of the sporting publican, I should be inclined to back the butts myself, and make money by it. Odd! when at home I've been making centres every day for the last month.

First genuine shot. Just before this, man puts me out by entangling himself somehow in the distance with the danger signal. I fire. No effects.

Rain begins to drizzle. Curious that at home I should never have thought of shooting in the rain. Always went in when it rained. Quite unsettled: missed again. Also at home I never shot after a small plate of beef and Bass. Makes all the difference. Give it up and retire: say I feel a little dizzy. Think I'll visit the Running Deer. The Running Deer is out of order and can't move. Sorry for this, as I fancy I could have done something here. More rain. Harder. Pelting. No chance of camp-fires and all the jollifications of war which one reads of in LEVER'S books, with doctors telling racy stories and Irish Captains making sporting bets. I will take my rifle and go. Swear I put down my rifle close by me not a minute ago, when I was talking to some one about the centres I'd been making at Pinnyhoe. Can't find it anywhere. Can't go about the Camp asking everyone if they've seen a rifle that doesn't belong to them. Raining harder than ever. Shall get back to train and go home. Shan't go again. It's absurd after all making Volunteering a sort of pigeon-shooting affair. Shall set my face against it. Shan't go again: except with a party and all in full uniform. Give up idea of handing down silver-cup to descendants. Home. Meet sporting publican next day. He says he heard of me at Wimbledon. Think I've gone down in the estimation of my Corps. Bad, this, for an officer.

Stay—I know: I'll give 'em all a dinner, and go up again in their estimation. Day settled, and to be given at the sporting publican's house.

Note.—Since the invitations have been issued, applications to be enlisted in my Corps are coming in every hour.



"DURANCE."

Little Daughter. "WON'T THEY LET US OUT WITHOUT PAYING, MA'?"

SHABBY AFFAIRS.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

You approve, I am happy to observe, in your valuable journal, of the good old maxim "Live and let live." Now then. What do you say to the crusade which the *Pall Mall Gazette* say "we are glad to see" have been got up among certain parsons "to render funerals less costly and conventional than they have hitherto been?" The ringleader of these reverend parties, I understand from the *Pall Mall*, is the Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, and I suppose it's him as is named by that disagreeable paper when it states that:—

"The special objects which Mr. COLLIS has in view are the reduction of the expense and pomp of funerals by providing a bier and pall for the poor, and by declining to receive gloves, scarves, and hatbands; by discouraging funeral feasts, which are a heavy tax on the poor, and discountenancing the use of the ridiculous trappings which are thoroughly out of place at such seasons."

I know what I should say if I was *Mr. Punch* to sitch a despiseable attempt to take the bread out of the mouths of respectable individuals. "Shabby!" That's the word. It describes exactly just what a funeral would be without gloves, and scarfs, and atbands. No plumes, a reduction now too generally pursu'd, is mean enough, and show a contemptuous want of proper respect; but to dock off sitch triflin tributes of isteen and afexion as a few pares of gloves and yards of black crape! It isn't respectable. And what makes such stingey begerly objections to reasonable expense the more ridiculous is that under the feelins of berievement economy never ain't no objiet with sorowin relatives, who very often benefits by a ansome legacy into the Bargain.

No, Sir, "Live and let live," as you justly observe, and allow me to make the little addition "Die and let live," halso, and don't have no pityful and indecent curs tailment of the usial obsequidges. Trusting the wealthy, who can well afford them, will never set the base exampel of cuttin' of 'em down, I remain, Sir, yours till death, and afterwards too, if employed by the friends,

MUTUS MUMM.

Elm Grove.

WAR NEWS.

(From our Special Correspondent, CAPTAIN DYNGWELL.)

PRUSSIA. (No date or place.)

I'm your Special Cockalorum. Know lots of the gay soldiers in the Prussian army. Speak to 'em in their own native tongue. Quite the German myself. Everybody here all over the shop. *Times* Cockalorum quodded. They've hustled him rather.

Mine's the way to have 'em, your washup. No swagger. But this is the down-the-road trick; and we (another fellow here and self) up to the whole bag of 'em. *We've got a cart, and no end of brandy-and-soda, iced.* We follow the army. March, drink, march again, and so on. No pay, no drink. Collar no end of coin. Doosid thirsty weather. Fighting going to commence. Glass 90 odd in the shade. Take a glass at 1° (iced) in the sun: B. & S. to keep pecker up, before scrimmage. Charge anything. Fight. B. & S. (iced) indulged in freely by Victorious Army on the scoop. Ain't it no end? Send you news all the while.

At the battle of the Nile
I was there all the while,

As the song says. I'm all safe. No quodding a Cockalorum who's the B. & S. of the army.

Yours ever, DYNGWELL (to you, Sir.)

P.S. Heap up the coin in this line. Swagger no end when back. Bustle 'em a bit, eh?

A Paraphrase of a Proverb.

WHILE Prussia, who stole Schleswig-Holstein, and France, who obtained Savoy and Nice, are falling out, let us hope that Italy, who justly claims Rome for her capital, may come by her own.

A SIMPLE STORY.

ONE very hot day this summer a passenger was travelling by the North Kent line. The end of his journey was Sidcup. On leaving the train he was heard to express a wish that it had been Cidercup.

HOW TO ROLL YOUR ROADS.

WE learn from a Report on the Economy of Road-mending, lately made by that Colossus of Roads, MR. PAGET, that the using of steam-rollers "saves fifty per cent., at least, in merely the expense for broken stones alone." This is, in itself, a valuable economy; but, besides the saving in broken stones alone, who will estimate the value of the saving, by smooth roadways, of broken springs, and battered wheels, and injured horses' feet, and jolted bones, and shaken nerves of creatures who are even more valuable than horses?

MR. PAGET further tells us that:—

"Merely in the consumption of granite the ratepayers of London would save £140,000 a year by the universal use of steam-rollers."

As the Vestrymen of London have the mending of the roads, this *argumentum ad pocketum* is a proper one to use; for it is of little use appealing to the feelings of a Vestryman. Perhaps, though, if some Vestrymen were suddenly indicted for cruelty to animals, both human and equine, occasioned by the sharp stones which are strewn uncruished upon the roadways, they might begin to listen to the voice of reason, which, by the mouth of *Mr. Punch*, has advocated constantly the use of cheap steam-rollers, in lieu of costly carriage-wheels, for making a smooth road.

Unexpected News.

"The *Journal Official* also says that France has nothing but sympathy for Germany."—*Daily News*.

WE are glad to hear this. We had feared that France had (amongst other things) Chassepôts, iron-clads, and *mitrailleuses* for Germany. We only hope the "sympathy" will not be too warmly expressed.

A THOUGHT WHILE ANGLING.

IT must be a very painful state of things to have to live "on your own hook." And the worst of it is, that the same position on anybody else's hook would be equally objectionable.



THE LAST NEW "SELL" FROM PARIS.

Anatole (hails a passing cab). "HOHÉ, COCHER!" *Cocher (drawing up). "VOILLÀ, M'SIEU!"* *Anatole. "EST-CE QUE VOUS ÊTES LIBRE?"*
Cocher. "OUI, M'SIEU!" *Anatole. "HÉ BIEN, ALORS! CRIEZ DONC: 'VIVE LA LIBERTÉ!'"*

THE BOOMPJE PAPERS.

OUR order of proceeding through Rotterdam, is JÖMP first, with the Commodore's carpet-bag, containing (especially) *Murray* and *Bradshaw*. Then the Secretary, then MAULLIE in his celebrated hat with his weapons, sketch-book and pencil, in hand, "taking bits," lastly, the Count (Gooch) lagging well in the rear, afraid to lose sight of us entirely, but attempting to appear as if the assertion that we had any sort of connection with him (as advertisements say) was "an untradesmanlike falsehood."

Our progress is slow, as we are pulled up every five minutes by MAULLIE, exclaiming, "Hah!" then he pauses, shades his eyes with his hand, compresses his lips, critically, shakes his head at the antique house, as much as to say, "You're a sly old chap, you are, to be hidden away here in this manner;" then he opens the book and flourishes the pencil, and in another three minutes he has "taken the bit," and our halt has attracted a small company of little Dutch street-boys and a few loafers.

Gooch is utterly disgusted, and stands aloof, looking in at a shop window.

JÖMP has to clear away the crowd.

"Confound it," Gooch complains to me, "You know, they think we're going to perform, and do conjuring. It's all through MAULLIE's hat,—and—hang it—they think all our tricks, and cups and balls are in that carpet-bag of BUND's. 'Pon my soul, it's too bad. It only wants a board and a bit of carpet to complete it."

JÖMP, a perfect Irvingite in the matter of unknown tongues, somehow manages to explain to the little Dutch boys, that we are *not* going to give a performance of any sort, and we resume our progress.

The Commodore's one object in Rotterdam is to find out the statue of ERASMUS. Gooch, who has dressed himself as if to walk in Hyde Park, and is suffering from the heat and the wretched pavement, says, "Hang ERASMUS!" MAULLIE asks where the Picture Galleries are? These two questions being put to JÖMP, that well-informed person stops, takes off his hat (the livery one, which is as hard as a police-

man's, and as hot as the glazed one worn by *voituriers* in Paris) performs a sort of extempore shampooing operation with a faded brown cotton pocket handkerchief ("Hang it," says the Count, "I'll get him a new one") and having "brought it out," replies deliberately, "Vell, um—um—um—oh yes—there's de statue of Rasums"—this is what "ERASMUS" comes to in JÖMP's dialect. "Yes—oh yes—it's here," which we know, "but *where?*" asks the Commander becoming a little irritable.—"Vell, I'll demand—oh, yes—*they'll tell me*"—as if this was a profound secret not generally divulged by the Rotterdammers, "and—de Picture galleries—oh yes—You can see dem—um—um—um," here he thinks it out again, and makes a safe proviso—"if *dere are any*."

"I thought you said," exclaims the Count to BUND, "that JÖMP knew this place very well."

"He told me he'd been here before," replies the Commodore, evading the responsibility;—then to JÖMP, "You *have* been here before, eh?"

"Oh, yes," replies JÖMP, indignantly, "Oh, yes—been here before—but I never stop."

This confession compels BUND to have recourse to *Murray*. To get at *Murray* he has to open the bag, remove *Bradshaw*, two hair-brushes, an old comb, an Eau-de-Cologne bottle, a pair of slippers, and a portable boot-jack. On the appearance of this last article, Gooch makes a final protest—"Out in the open air—oh 'pon my soul!—it's—it's"—and being unable to find words sufficiently strong to express his disgust, he walks away from us and saunters along, as if he was utterly *blasé*, and had seen it all scores of hours before, the Boompje, by the side of a canal.

At this rate we don't get on very fast through Rotterdam. Presently BUND cries out (he is sitting on a post, studying the *Guide Book*) to MAULLIE, who is taking a bit, "What do you think *Murray* says?"

"Don't know," returns MAULLIE, placing his pencil horizontally across the bridge of his nose, and grinning at an imaginary vanishing point.

"He says," continues the Commodore, quoting—

"One day will suffice to see all that is remarkable in Rotterdam."

"Oh," says MAULLIE, in a tone of utter indifference.

"Is there nothing to see?" says GOOCH, who has sauntered back again on seeing Murray returned to the bag, and the bag once more in JÖMP's hands.

"See? Yes!" cries MAULLIE, enthusiastically, shutting up his sketch-book with a click. "See? lots. I could spend weeks here. Isn't there a tower or something to go up and get a view from?"

If there are no picture-galleries, MAULLIE invariably wants "to go up somewhere and get a view." To boompje up a hundred and twenty-five steps gives quite a fresh lease of life to MAULLIE.

GOOCH says, languidly, "Good heavens! if you want to do that sort of thing, why didn't you stop in town or go up the Monument." He complains (he is always presenting gravamina to me, privately) that to go up towers and belfries is "such a regular British tourist sort of thing."

"Let's go to a restaurant's," the Count proposes.

Compromise.—Tower first, restaurant afterwards. In the meantime (while we're up the tower) JÖMP to go and order luncheon. "Not luncheon," says GOOCH in despair, *déjeuner à la fourchette, a bon filot, par exemple*, and be sure to order *hors d'œuvres, des radis, des sardines*, you know, JÖMP; no confounded English things." And JÖMP departs on his errand, taking with him, thank Heaven, says GOOCH, after he's well out of sight, that boompje carpet-bag of BUND's.

On quitting the tower, from the summit of which we certainly have a wonderful view (about which MAULLIE cross-questions the guide who shows us over the place, while the Commodore, who will trust no information except Murray's, listens to him with the air of a man not to be taken in in this sort of way), we walk towards the restaurant, BUND stopping MAULLIE to draw his attention to what he considers picturesque (a tender of opinion immediately resented by MAULLIE who likes to choose for himself), the Secretary noting down the bright brass milk-pails, the Turks' heads, open-mouthed, over the druggists' doors (as if always ready for physic), and the costumes of the women, with their wonderful spiral ear-rings, arranged on a startling boompje principle, apparently to shoot out suddenly and hit you, and looking very much as if the Dutch women had extracted the springs from small PALMER's patent candle-lamps, and polished 'em up into something resembling ornaments for their ears.

Mem. All the children lovely; grown-up people, plain.

At the Restaurant.—GOOCH complains it isn't like Paris: more like Leicester Square. He hopes JÖMP has ordered some dish peculiar to the country.

"Oh, yes," says JÖMP, "I have commanded a—a—a—" (Here he thinks it out, and continues—"a—a—not they 'ave got.")

Enter waiter with large dish, followed by another waiter with smaller dish. Cover removed. Exclamation (Boompje!) from GOOCH.

"A rumpsteak and potatoes! Oh, confound it! Why the Boompje" (to JÖMP, who stands by, smiling, with an air of intense satisfaction) "couldn't you order a dish of the country?"

"Vell," returns JÖMP, hurt, "dis is from de country. *De cow is in de country, and de potatoes in de country.*"

Agreed *nem. con.*, for the fourth time, that JÖMP is an ass. "And no *hors-d'œuvres*!" says GOOCH, almost in tears.

"Oh, yes," says JÖMP, triumphantly, "I command them, but there are none."

Some capital light wine, and plenty of ice, restores us, and we again take to the Hoogstraat (High Street).

Note.—Dutch inscriptions. We notice "*Koffy Haus*" and "*Kaffy*," too, as if they had not yet made up their minds how to settle the spelling. "*Slytery Tappery*" is very popular, and Hollandsche Spoorweg is far from occasional. It is satisfactory to ("satisfactory" looks like a Dutch word, so do "lottery" and "pottery") know that

"*Agentschasse der Slidrechtsche stoorm sleepmaatschappij Haarsnijder Beschen 'en kleingood.*"

Also,

"*Voor nat en drukken bewarren,*"

And

"*Het is verboden de lots of things.*"

"Heavens!" says GOOCH, "Fancy being in a place where '*het is verboden to slytery tappery*!'" He makes this remark on some notice not unlike the above, stuck up in a picture-gallery (not here, but at Amsterdam), which he subsequently finds means that visitors are requested not to put their sticks and umbrellas through the pictures. (At least we conclude that to be the idea.)

Dinner at the Hotel.—Bright idea of GOOCH's. He knows what to ask for. Of course the dish of the country. What? Why—fancy not having thought of it before—of course, *water-zootje*! I suggest *souchet*. The Commodore thinks it's *souchy*. MAULLIE says he doesn't know, but should say *water-zootje*, inclining to GOOCH's opinion. JÖMP summoned. Does he know if there is any *water-zootje*?

"Vell," says JÖMP, "perhaps there is." He discovers his utter ignorance of what we mean by offering to find out for us *vere* it is.

"What do you mean—'where it is'?" says BUND, sternly. He is

responsible for JÖMP, and is beginning to feel that he mustn't be trifled with.

"Vell—um—um," JÖMP explains, "*vere* it is—*vot* part of de town he is in."

"*Water-zootje* is something to eat, you—you Boompje!" cries GOOCH.

"Ah!" returns JÖMP, with an incredulous smile, thinking he is being chaffed, "*you can ask.*"

So the waiter enters. "Now," says BUND, shifting the authority on to the Count's shoulders, "*you order what you want.*"

All eyes on the Count: the waiter deeply attentive.

"Have you," inquires GOOCH, with the air of a barrister who'll get something out of the witness before he's done with him—"Have you any *water-zootje*?"

"*Vater*—" the waiter murmurs, puzzled.

"*Water-zootje*, you know," says GOOCH.

"*Vater-zootje*," MAULLIE tries, with a feeble attempt at Dutch.

The waiter looks at JÖMP. JÖMP shrugs his shoulders, and smiles helplessly, as much as to say, "You see they *will* have their joke," which irritates GOOCH almost beyond endurance. Then the waiter, evidently entering into JÖMP's view of the matter, also smiles and shakes his head, as if we really were too funny for him.

"But, confound it!" exclaims GOOCH, "don't you know your own dishes? Why, it's a regular Dutch dish—always have it at Greenwich—" (Waiter and JÖMP shrugging and smiling, Commodore and MAULLIE anxious.) "Here, I'll write it down—" He writes it down. "Now," he resumes, triumphing in this effort of ingenuity, "what's that?"

The waiter inspects it, so does JÖMP.

"Well," says GOOCH, impatiently, "don't you know it? Haven't you got it? *Water-zootje*, eh? Your own national dish!"

The waiter, still under the impression that he is the victim of a weak practical joke, replies, "No, *never 'eard of eat*," and retires with JÖMP.

Agreed, *nem. con.*, stupid idiots! Don't know their own dishes.

The usual foreign dinner follows—*roas* beef, &c. *On hors d'œuvres*, no salad. Capital champagne, however, well iced, restores equanimity. After dinner GOOCH lights cigarettes. MAULLIE sleeps. BUND to Commodore reads aloud extracts from Murray, and the Secretary makes notes.

BUND, finding it dull, regrets he didn't bring his violoncello, and requests me to note that there is no music in Rotterdam. If we stop any time in one place (BUND throws this out as a suggestion), he thinks he'll hire a violoncello. (Boompje!)

PAYING YOUR SHOT.

GROUND SHOOTING.—A GUN to be LET, on a first-class Moor, with Board, &c. Unexceptionable references will be required.

Was it necessary to incur the expense of an advertisement in the *Times* to announce to the sporting world that there was "a gun to be let"? It is not needful to go to distant moors to hire that article. In London alone there must be a large number of respectable shops willing, for a consideration, to let out fire-arms, without requiring "references" "unexceptionable" or otherwise. But perhaps publicity has been given to this particular gun, because it has, apparently, the unusual recommendation of including "board, &c.," whereas the ordinary weapon only includes powder, shot, &c.?

War Declared Between France and Prussia.

On St. Swithun's Day, July 15, 1870.

UPON St. Swithun's day,

France and Prussia stripped for fray,

While Europe gazed in horror and in dread:

If the clouds their rain did pour,

In those hours twenty-four,

Query, ought not that rain to have been red?

Annual Atrocity.

THE Massacre of the Innocents is approaching. Poor little things! Could they not be put out of existence by some means less absolutely ruthless than a massacre? Suppose they were consigned, at an early date, to the hands of Independent Members, and so disposed of by a system of Parliamentary Baby-farming?

TO THE TRADE.

MRS. MALAPROP wishes to know where she can procure the "Eton and Harrow Match," and whether it is warranted to ignite only on the box.



HIGH JINKS.

THE REV. ALBAN ROCHET HAS HIS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN "FULL RITUALISTIC FIG" TO PRESENT TO HIS FLOCK.

Country Photographer. "THE HEYES MIGHT BE HELEVATED A LITTLE 'IGHER, YOUR REVERENCE!!"

THE DEAD SHOT AT DOVES.

I CALL it hard labour to carry a gun
Out shooting for hours in the heat of the sun,
Through stubble, and turnips, or heather to stride,
To stalk the broad acres and scale the hill-side,
In velvet, fustian, or shepherd's plaid suits,
And coarse leather gaiters and clodhopping boots.

You'll never catch me beating cover or moor,
Exertion like that I consider a bore.
The thought of my cheeks and brow streaming and red
Appals me with horror, o'erwhelms me with dread:
Perspire like a navy whom work has made hot?
Get tanned as a carter does? Much rather not.

No; give me the Scrubbs, or a smooth-shaven lawn,
And pigeon in trap, with a cord to be drawn;
No dogs to toil after, but cool and serene,
Kid-gloved and glazed-booted, place me on the green,
Before my box, posted in turn at the scratch,
A concourse assembled to witness our match.

The daughters of Fashion in brilliant array,
Beholders, their dresses and graces display.
To transport excited I feel, while I blaze,
The object admired of their languishing gaze.
With both barrels cocked, in position, eyes right,
Oh, then, I enjoy a true sportsman's delight!

Out flutters the pigeon when pulled is the string;
Bang, bang! and I "tailor," or "rake" him and wing.
The odds of the betting run high on my skill,
Unless I but cripple more doves than I kill.
The ladies applaud my precision of aim;
Next morning my prowess the papers proclaim.

Crack shots there are many that love a battue;
And that is great sport with small trouble, 'tis true.
But, like pigeon-shooting, no shooting can please
A gentleman liking to shoot at his ease,
Of killing, because he prefers the mere fun—
Hooray for our "Club," that is known as "The Gun!"

Prussian Army Tailors.

THE term "tailoring," in the language of pigeon-shooters, means, we suppose, effectually shooting the pigeon. It is a piece of slang by which the Prussians might aptly describe the work of their needle-gun.

THE CENSUS.

A PEOPLE'S Bill, the Census Bill, has been passing through Committee in the House of Commons. Members tried to enlarge its scope, and make the information it is to produce rather more amusing; but not with much success, the House rejecting proposals to persuade us all, on a certain day in the month of April next, to confide to the REGISTRAR GENERAL to what religious community we belong; whether we have married our first cousin; how many rooms there are without windows in our house, &c.

It appears to Mr. Punch that an excellent opportunity of obtaining a large mass of valuable statistical facts, bearing on the prosperity and national resources of the country, is likely to be lost for another ten years; and he, therefore, suggests to the House of Lords the propriety of their introducing into the Bill, when it comes before them, some such list of questions as the following, the answers to which would prove far more interesting than mere commonplace everyday details of name, age, sex, profession, or occupation, relation to head of family, &c.:

1. Are you engaged?
2. What tooth-powder do you use?
3. Does your mother-in-law reside under your roof; and do you find his arrangement conducive to domestic happiness?
4. Do you keep Christmas?
5. Are you on friendly terms with your wife's relations? State the number of meals they have taken in your house during the last three weeks.
6. How many false teeth have you?
7. Are you homoeopath, allopath, hydropath, thermopath, or Turco-bath?
8. Which of the many kinds of cocoa do you prefer?
9. What allowance do you make your wife; and does she make it do?

10. Do you wash by the piece or the year?
11. How often in the week last preceding the 2nd of April, 1871, had you cold meat for dinner?
12. What number of servants do you keep; and how many times have you changed them during the last three months? What are your arrangements with them as to tea, sugar, beer, their own washing, and the area-gate? Do you allow followers?
13. Are you troubled with black beetles; and what have you found to be the most efficacious means of destroying them?
14. How many poor relations have you?
15. What cough lozenges do you employ?
16. Were you married by banns or licence? How many bridesmaids added to the expense? What was the duration of your courtship? Where did you spend your honeymoon; and how long did it last?
17. Do you take snuff?
18. Is the hair you wear all your own? (This question is *not* compulsory on ladies.)
19. Which daily paper do you read?
20. Do you belong to the Civil Service Supply Association?
21. Have you any expectations from wealthy relatives?
22. Do you wear screwed boots?
23. Do you suffer from indigestion?
24. Are you a smoker; and which do you prefer, a pipe or a cigar?
25. Are you High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, Narrow Church, Fast Church, Slow Church, or No Church?
26. Have you ever visited SIR JOHN SOANE'S Museum?
27. Do you take sugar in your tea?
28. Do you take Punch?

A WORD FROM THE WISE.

"MUSIC first, and dancing afterwards," said a diner-out, "is simply gamut and spinnage."

THE BOOMPJE PAPERS.

STILL IN ROTTERDAM—GOOCH'S RAILWAY TIME—BOOMPJE NOTES—FAREWELL TO THE BOOMPJES—THE HAGUE—THE GALLERY—TWO FRIENDS.



GOOCH is peculiarly slow. It is through GOOCH that we always manage to "run the starting rather fine," as he expresses it afterwards.

He is utterly unable to consider himself as a man slow in his movements. When he wants to give you an idea of his going to be some considerable time (during which, specially before breakfast, you are implored by him not to wait for him) he will ask you to "call it," or "say twenty minutes." This is how he wishes others to compute time, by "making it" or "calling it," or "saying" so many minutes. He seldom runs into hours. When he does this, if it's an appointment, you may depend upon either not seeing him at all, or on his turning up in a week or two, and proudly saying, "There you see, I said I'd come, and here I am!"

For instance, he is not out of bed, he has (by consequence) not had his bath, he has to pack his portmanteau, and have his breakfast.

"Well," says BUND, the Commander at the door, "how long will you be, eh?" "Oh," answers GOOCH, from within, under the sheets probably, and the door craftily locked, "about a quarter of an hour, or" he adds, as if wishing to be particular to a second, and not inconvenience anyone by so much as a five seconds' delay, "say twenty minutes, and I'm there."

We say twenty minutes, and, of course, he is *not* there.

If he wishes to give us a notion of how quick he will be, when, for instance, we want him to come and see some privately-collected picture gallery which is conveniently open at eleven and closed at twelve (on account of the private collector's family dinner), and GOOCH has three letters which he has invariably got to "finish"—(not to write, oh no, that would be too long and tedious a proceeding—he appears to keep a lot always by him half written, as MAULLIE has some three or four pictures always "on the stocks")—he says he will come "before you can wink your eye."

This is his formula for his own rapidity:—

He'll be dressed before you can wink your eye.

He'll put on his hat before you can wink your eye.

He'll come to you (he sends this by telegram a hundred miles off) before you can wink your eye.

After this, it is almost unnecessary to state that we find GOOCH to be at least three-quarters of an hour dressing, and a trifle under that—not much—in washing his hands.

GOOCH's watch is invariably set with "railway time." This he will give with an air of authority, which is convincing at first. After missing the train three times, in consequence of adhering closely to his (GOOCH's) watch, we begin to mistrust him, and prefer JÖMP's chronometer, which takes us down to any station at least an hour before the train starts.

GOOCH's exclusive possession of "railway time" (no one else's watch ever coincides with his, and he generally manages to correct other statements and come in last, authoritatively) is peculiarly Boompje-ish. He announces it as a fact, by which you may take warning or not, how it's for your own advantage or not; but that's all one to him, and he pities you, if you don't. He is also consistent, a great point in Boompjeism; for when we arrive at the station, hardly by his time, and the train has gone, he refers us to the railway clock as being in accordance with his watch, in which case he at first asserts that the train *can't* have gone; and, on hearing that it has, threatens the ticket-taker in the pigeon-hole that he will write to the directors; or, if the station clock flatly contradicts him (which is very rare) he appeals to us (generally to me) to corroborate his statement of the agreement of his watch with that of the last station we were at yesterday.

After travelling with him for some time, we prefer JÖMP's time to

GOOCH's; but end by striking a balance between the two, and *then* generally having half an hour to the good.

I once saw a ballet, or musical piece, called *The Dancing Barber*. The chief character was dressed in a very closely fitting suit of sables, not a bit like a barber, and he wore a cocked hat. I mention this because GOOCH reminded me of it in Rotterdam, where, when anyone is dangerously ill, the relatives send round a couple of these dancing barbers, in black, with funereal weepers to their cocked hats, who go about like two bogies, ringing at the doors, delivering cards, and frightening (I should think) little Dutch children into fits. (Boomp-je!)

MAULLIE proposes that, before going on to the Hague, we should visit Dort. The Commodore assures him that there's nothing to be seen at Dort except windmills.

MAULLIE retorts, that he likes windmills.

GOOCH yawns on a sofa, and says, "Do let's go to the Hague. There's civilisation *there*. I say!" he exclaims suddenly, turning to MAULLIE, "there's a palace and swell shops there: you might get a hat."

MAULLIE would prefer going without a hat to Dort.

JÖMP settles the difficulty by saying, "Well, you can see Dort if you like; but—um—um—um—*we don't go near there*."

We take a final walk on the Quay called from the little boompjes on it, "The Boompjes" (which, as a peripatetic club, we decide upon always writing as pronounced, Boomp-je), and depart for the Hague.

Note—I cannot again refrain from drawing attention to the ingenuity of the Dutch as to names. They call a river the *Rotter*, and they make a *dam*. It's a sort of charade. My first is Rotter, my second is Dam, and my whole is the name of a place. *Ans*. Rotterdam.

They call a little tree a Boompje. They plant several little Boompjes on a Quay, and they call the Quay The Boompjes. There's a simplicity and a freshness about this which is quite enchanting.

The Hague.—Belle Vue Hotel. Very prettily situated, and first-rate altogether. GOOCH, delighted, lounges out of window, smoking cigarettes. MAULLIE, in an arm-chair by a side window of sitting-room, commences "taking a quaint bit." BUND is immersed in *Murray*, correcting his statements by *Bradshaw*, and JÖMP is somewhere, asking what is to be seen.

Is it and admire the view—canal (of course), gardens, deer park, large trees—charming.

The houses of the Upper Ten at the Hague are generally situated on, as it were, square islands formed by stagnant canals. Smell delicious, naturally. Query, if the people at the Hague are no worse in health than at any other place—say, London—what's the use of attending to drainage, sewerage, and good supply of water?

This problem puzzles us.

Having walked about for an hour or so (without JÖMP and the bag, thank goodness!), GOOCH proposes finding out a restaurant, in order to provide for luncheon. He says this travelling makes him so hungry. We don't doubt him, seeing his appetite on every occasion. He is always proposing to sit down to a meal when MAULLIE wants to take us to a Picture Gallery. "Didn't we come to see the pictures?" asks MAULLIE, who is satisfied with what he calls "a snack."

"Yes," says GOOCH; "but we can't see pictures without eating."

Decided: Gallery first, Hotel afterwards.

In the Gallery.—First striking notice:—

Het is verboden de schildingen Aanteraken,

which is, of course, highly satisfactory.

GOOCH and self now taken by MAULLIE to see "a masterpiece, Sir, by REMBRANDT."

MAULLIE walks straight into the room where it is, as if he'd been there every day of his life regularly.

"There!" he exclaims, triumphantly. "There's the *Lecture on Anatomy*. REMBRANDT."

I see BUND surreptitiously consulting *Bradshaw* and a *Notice des Tableaux*, before committing himself to an opinion.

GOOCH says, "Ah!" and looks round, to see if there are any other spectators besides ourselves.

I don't exactly know what to say. After considering some time, I venture upon a safe inquiry, founded upon MAULLIE's previous remark, "I suppose this is considered one of REMBRANDT's finest pieces?"

"Certainly; yes," answers MAULLIE, and continues, enthusiastically: "look at old *Tulp*, there. Fine head, marvellous head."

I inspect *Tulp's* head critically; at least, the head of the man I take to be *Tulp*.

"There's character in that eyebrow!" continues MAULLIE.

I smack my lips, as if I were tasting it, and say, "Yes, indeed," (Boomp-je!) though I can't see that *my Tulp* has much in the way of eyebrow. Also, which eyebrow?

"Then, look at the hands!" says MAULLIE.

This decides me. *My Tulp is not his Tulp*; mine only showing one hand. Determine to find out which *is Tulp*. I ask, "If they are all portraits of celebrated people?"

"Yes," replies MAULLIE, who is well up in it.

"Their names are on a piece of paper, held by one of them," BUND informs us, quoting from *Murray*, which he has just put in his pocket, "and *Tulp* is lecturing on the body, in the centre."

(To myself. "Oh, that's *Tulp*!") Aloud. "Of course, that's *Tulp* in the centre."

GOOCH gives it as his opinion, that it's "a doosid unpleasant subject." And, turning away, suddenly comes upon two friends (not in tourist suits) who are sauntering through the Gallery.

"Hullo!" exclaims GOOCH, in that tone of utter surprise at anybody being abroad besides himself, peculiar to all travellers on meeting friends.

"Hullo!" they return, in precisely the same strain. Then they shake hands, as if a quarrel had parted them for years.

They are introduced by GOOCH as MUNTLEY and FINTON. I don't quite catch which is MUNTLEY and which is FINTON. I seem to have heard the name before, as a Company Limited, or, on second thoughts, in connection with candles and biscuits. No, that's HUNTLEY and PALMER: HUNTLEY for biscuits, PALMER for candles. MUNTLEY is shortish and stoutish, his head generally a little thrown back, with the air of a man who is taking breath before making up his mind to tell you a secret.

FINTON is a quick, sharp fellow, with a nervous sort of laugh, as if ready to turn off anything he might say too seriously into a joke.

MUNTLEY (I discover) congratulates himself upon his conversational powers, and being able to talk to anyone on any subject, specially Art. Being introduced to MAULLIE—whom GOOCH takes care to describe apart to his friends as "*the MAULLIE, you know, R.A.* ; you recollect his pictures?" to which they reply, "Oh, indeed, MAULLIE, by Jove, is it?" and they immediately overlook the hat and the tourist dress, which was the Count's object in playing such a flourish of trumpets—MUNTLEY at once joins MAULLIE. "Very few good things here," says he.

"Um!" says MAULLIE, frowning at a jovial JAN STEEN.

"They try to take one in with these catalogues," continues the knowing MUNTLEY.

I ask how.

"Why," he informs me for MAULLIE's benefit, "they pretend they've got RUBENS's pictures here, but they spell it 'RUBBENS,' so as to do you. Look here: '122. *Venus et Adonis dans un Paysage*.'" This he reads with a real British accent, adding his translation, "*Venus and Adonis in a Passage*, by RUBBENS." It won't do, you know."

I confess this *does* look like imposition.

"Then," he goes on, "here's 'SNIDERS' down for SNIDERS, and 'WOOVERMAN' for WOOVERMANS; and who the deuce 'VINKEBOOM' is, I can't make out."

MAULLIE is scowling furiously, but asks if MUNTLEY has come across any Van Dycks.

"Not one," answers MUNTLEY, ingenuously. "There's nothing about him here under the letter 'D.' There are some pictures—two Dijk—A. VAN DIJK and PH. VAN DIJK;" (he pronounces these like "DOCHICK"); "but of course *they're* nothing particular."

We find MAULLIE fixed in admiration before No. 27—*Fue aux Environs de Dordrecht*, by CUYP.

"I knew," he says, "we ought to have stopped and seen Dort. I will, going back."

He will. Boomp-je!

SEMPER PARATI.

"ATTENTION!" to the idea of an economy which might be effected in the arms with which we furnish our gallant Volunteers. They remain provided with muzzle-loaders. If they now had to defend their native land, Enfield rifles would be pitted against Chassepôts. Nobody can doubt which of those rifles would then work wonders. Of course the Enfields would be practically useless. The Government, therefore, should immediately sell them. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA would perhaps be willing to take them off our hands, for use in warfare with Asiatic tribes armed with match-locks or flint-locks. Or perhaps we might find a purchaser of them in the KING OF BOHRIA. Their place, in the hands of our Volunteers might be supplied with mopsticks, which would sufficiently well answer every purpose of ordinary drill; and the Enfields can scarcely be good for much else. Instead of mopsticks the Volunteers' Enfield rifles might, indeed, be replaced with breech-loaders; but these would cost money, and it is not certain that we have just yet an enemy at our door. It will be time enough to think of providing our domestic defenders with costly weapons needful for real fighting when invaders shall actually have landed on our native shore. The British Volunteers can familiarise themselves with their new firearms whilst the foreign foes are marching on London. In the meanwhile, perhaps, the proposal that the Enfields shall be exchanged for mopsticks, may be favourably entertained by a Government praiseworthy studious of every possible saving.

CONTRABAND OF WAR.—The Pipe of Peace.

PLACETS AND NON-PLACETS.

"The orders for a salvo from Fort St. Angelo and a jubilant peal from all the bells of Rome had been countermanded, but the solemnity was not unheralded, and the Pope proclaimed himself infallible amid peals of thunder and terrific flashes of lightning."—*Letter in the Pall Mall Gazette from Rome.*

NOR with peals of great guns from St. Angelo booming,

Not with clashing and clanging of jubilant bells,

But with lightning and thunder from clouds darkly looming,

'Neath a sky, like a pall summer sunlight o'erglooming,

Midst the roll and the rumble of warfare death-dooming,

Its last tale to the world, lo, the Vatican tells!

In the chair of St. Peter, Apostle and Martyr,

'Neath the brave roof that skywards lifts Angelo's dome,

Sits he we call POPE ("*Dalai Lama*" in Tartar),

To proclaim, in the face of the world, the New Charter

That for Heaven's omniscience man's nescience doth barter,

In the shaved head that wears the tiara of Rome.

The dogma of dogmas! But gauge its credentials,

By the "*Semper, ubique, ab omnibus*" test—

Now first heard: nowhere held, save with due differentials,

(Avowed by the bold, if suppressed by prudentials)

By the Church's most learned denied in essentials,

And accepted, "*sub modo*," by most of the rest.

True, the dogma at last was proclaimed, scarce contested;

But two bold and bootless "*non-placets*" were heard:

But Heaven by its thunder against it protested,

And frowned from that sky where the clouds rose and rested,

On the impious falsehood that Reason devastated,

And a Man's rushlight lit for the light of God's word!

"*Placet!*"—it pleases the weak and the way'ring,

Who find in their fetters a prop and a stay;

The Jesuit despots, still tyranny fav'ring;

Obscurantists the daylight to stifle endeavoring;

Slaves and sycophants still the Pope's slipper beslay'ring,

Who resist only truth, aught but reason obey.

"*Placet!*"—it pleases whom Christ's word displeases,

Who rejoice at whate'er brings his doctrine to shame:

Those whose conscience from Law's strong compression it eases:

Those who call darkness light, read health's signs in diseases,

Those whom Reason disquiets, and Truth only teases,

Who hold Freedom licence, and Progress a name.

"*Non placet!*"—it pleases not those who, enlightened

By truth's light, through all veils hung in Cloister and Church,

Take *that* for their lode-star to steer by, unfrightened;

Those who hold that man's Reason by Faith should be brightened,

Not blighted; and those who leave sepulchres whitened,

In God's living world for God's guidance to search.

"*Non placet!*"—it pleases not statesmen—no wonder

When no law, but the Church's, it hallows for man:

Nor monarchs, the base of whose thrones it eats under,

Nor peoples, whose family ties it would sunder,

Nor teachers, whose teaching it blasts with Church thunder,

Nor learners, whose learning it puts under ban.

With the "*placets*" so balanced against the "*non-placets*,"

What matter the votes by the Vatican scored?

Science will *not* lie still, spite of Jesuit "*hic jacets*,"

Truth's diamond ne'er lost e'en the least of its facets,

By the heat of Church fires, or the gag of Church "*tacets*,"

Man's Reason is still his best Light from the Lord!

Sad Accident.

THE other evening a gentleman, preparatory to going to bed, lighted a candle and sat down to supper. It is supposed that he made an over-hearty meal, and indulged somewhat too freely in the pleasures of the table, as he was subsequently proved to have *blown himself out* and left the candle burning. "No reason" has been assigned for the rash act, which seems sufficiently to account for the melancholy occurrence.

UNIVERSAL TOPICS.

Two things are uppermost in everybody's thoughts just now, when the war is commencing and the money market in a state of agitation,—the Rhine and the Rhino.

THE BEST "CHURCH SERVICE."—Matrimony.



CASTIGATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Hardened Young Outright (to menacing Papa). "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU'RE GOIN' TO VIP ME, OLE BOY?"

"SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER."

"WHEN rogues fall out, then honest men may hope to get their own,"
As wisdom of our ancestors is well and widely known.
But another reading of the old saw hits truth as clean and clear,
"When rogues fall out, then honest men may hope the truth to hear!"

At peace JOHN BULL was sitting, 'neath his vine and fig-tree's shade,
Mopping his hot brows, as he paused, awhile, from scythe and spade:
Counting his flocks, or planning work for shop and mart and mill,
And praying that St. Swithin his tanks and ponds might fill.

When sudden-burst War's thunderbolt out of the cloudless sky,
And JOHN jumped to his feet aghast, and asked the reason why—
Amazed to find defiance hurled from Paris to Berlin,
Mustering of arming millions, and deaf'ning war-like din.

He rubbed his eyes and asked, "What seed has ripened to such fruit?
Must I accept the cause I hear, or backward trace the root,
To the evil day when Germany on Denmark onslaught made;
To the quarrel 'twixt the robbers o'er the plunder of their raid;

"To the spoiling of the weaker thief by the hand of the more strong;
To Prussia's swift and sudden leap o'er bounds of right and wrong;
Till France grew jealous of her growth, and fumed and fretted sore,
That 'vol de Bismarck' even 'vol de l'angle' should out-soar!"

Till thinking of that four years' hate since Sadowa amassed,
He wondered less that into flame it should have burst at last:
Nor so puzzled o'er the smallness of the spark to fire the train
That blew Europe's peace to tatters, and brought Chaos back again.

He noted France's fury, fired with war-just as with wine,
The long-forbidden *Marseillaise*, her fierce cry "to the Rhine!"
He noted heavier Germany, whose fire, to light more slow,
Burns with a core more lasting and an intenser glow.

And he felt old German kinship, beating hot about his heart,
Angle and Saxon fibres in his being claiming part—
He said amen to German prayers, shared German hopes and fears,
As brother-blood spoke in his veins, brother-tongue in his ears.

When, lo! a bull's-eye sudden turned on a black and base intrigue
Shows two crown'd burglars higgling hard over a robber-league!
Taking and giving kingdoms not their own to give or take,
And by treaty duly settling how treaties best to break.

The German faith he trusted so, to BISMARCK's keeping given,
Brittle as a NAPOLEON's oath he finds, as easy riven;
He sits between the Emperor and the stout old Prussian king,
Sorry to feel distrust of both, on both his scorn to fling.

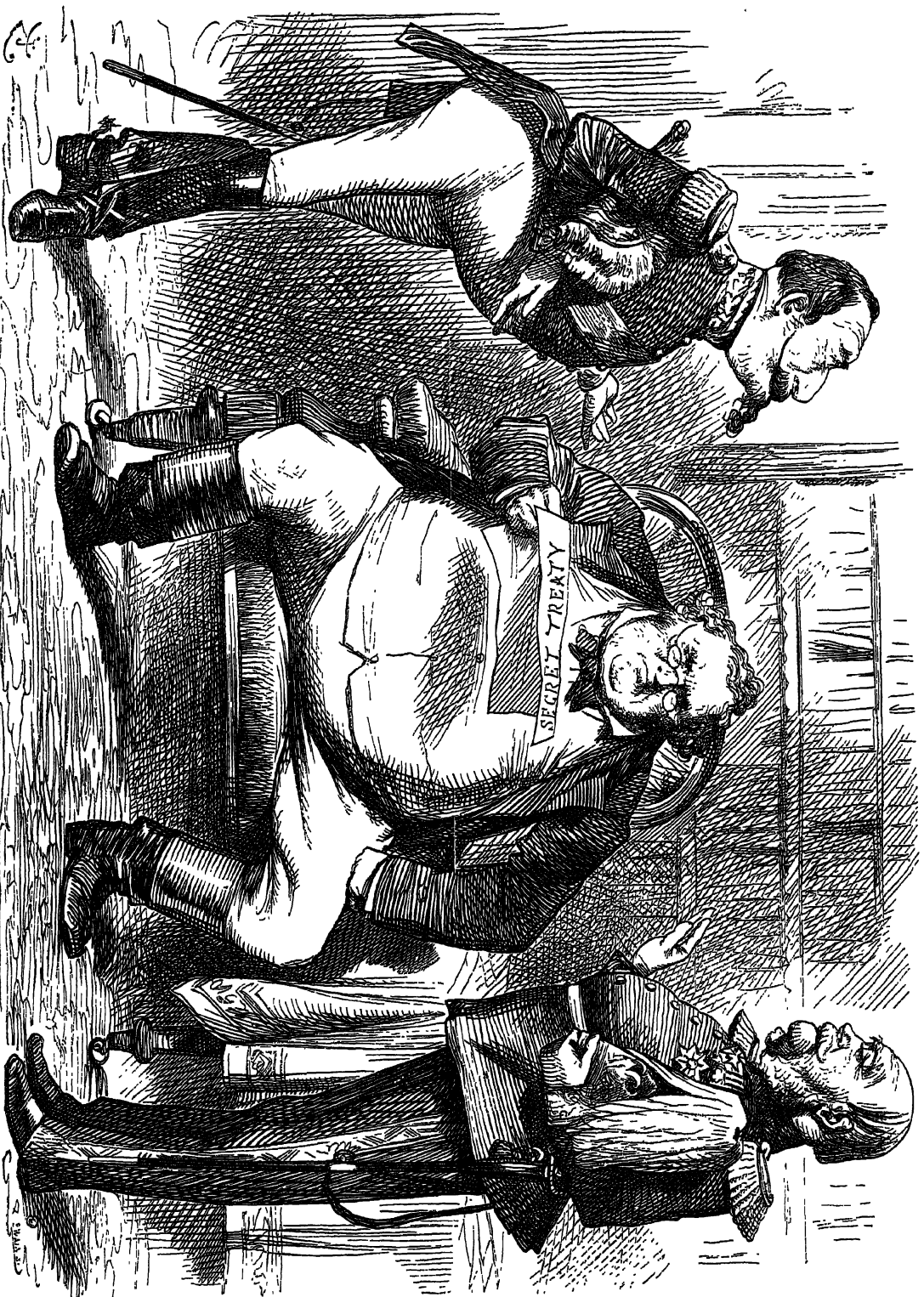
"Put not your faith in Princes," is the lesson in his mind,
As he cons the "Secret Treaty," for Belgium's doom designed.
But the ill-faith on both sides is the Princes', not the folks'
By Heaven's mysterious purpose condemned to bear their yokes.

Whatever dark-browed BISMARCK be, or may have thought or planned,
Not less JOHN BULL's heart leaps to them that rise for Fatherland!
France strikes the blow that Germany is one man to strike back,
And the German prayer will reach to Heaven, be BISMARCK ne'er so black!

BISMARCK against NAPOLEON!—who the odds will give or take,
Which of the two more lightly his faith will bind or break?
"Arcades ambo—blackguards both!" says JOHN BULL's low'ring eye,
As he "puts his trust in Providence, and—keeps his powder dry."

Dogmas and Dogmas.

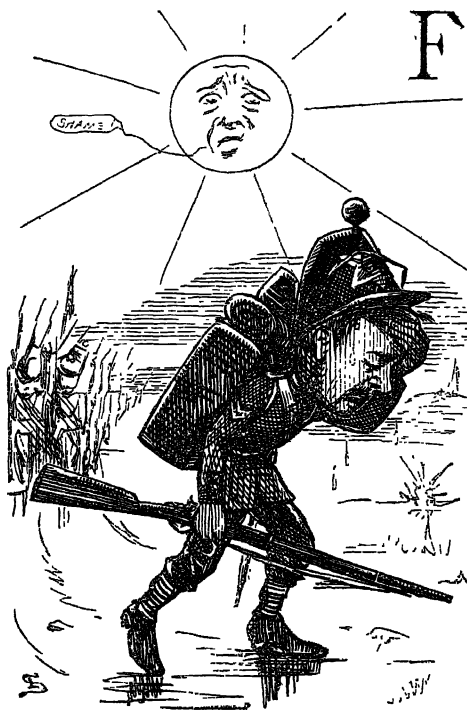
THE Dogma of Infallibility, defined by the "Ecumenical" Council,
is the last Dogma of the old species that will ever be decreed. All the
succeeding Dogmas, declared by the POPE, will be Bull Dogmas.



“SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER!”

JOHN BULL. “‘PON MY WORD, YOU'RE A NICE COUPLE!”
FRANCE. “BLAGUE! MON CHER! IT IS NOTHING! IF I'D WANTED BELGIUM, WHY HAVE I NOT TAKEN IT ANY TIME THESE FOUR YEARS?”
PRUSSIA. “MEIN LIEBER JOHANN! YOU CANNOT BELIEVE THAT I—A SO RESPECTABLE, SO RELIGIOUS FRIEND—CONNECTED BY MARRIAGE
ALSO? YOU CANNOT BELIEVE IT!”

ARMY AND NAVY INTELLIGENCE.



FROM the Commander-in-Chief to Officers generally.—The Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief having recently discovered that to march troops about, from one place to another, in the present excessively hot weather is not the best thing in the world for them, hereby gives discretionary power to all officers in command to move or not to move their regiments according to their estimate of the thermometer. Thus, should any accident happen to any of the men in consequence of the said officers obeying implicitly the orders of the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, the public will be satisfied with the Field-Marshal's humanity in allowing

the officers the use of their discretion, and will exonerate him entirely from all blame, which will then fall solely and only on the officers in command. Should, however, any accident happen, or *contretemps* arise, from neglect on the part of the officers in command to carry out literally the orders of the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, then he will hold them responsible for any such accident or *contretemps*, and by Jove—that is, the Field-Marshal means he will visit any dereliction of duty or non-compliance with his orders, with severe and exemplary punishment. In short, the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief gives all officers permission to act as they like, reserving to himself all decisions as to whether these acts have been in strict compliance, or not, with his the Field-Marshal's orders.

The public will be glad to hear that, in view of the chance of our being dragged into the present war, the *Mary Anne*, from Great Grimsby, has put into Deal for coal.

The hot weather is reducing the Navy considerably. Three sailors belonging to the *Agincourt* said they had been very much reduced lately.

The crews of the penny steamboats between Westminster and Pimlico will commence drill next week.

The ironclad plying between Tilbury and Rosherville will be ordered on active service to Gravesend and back.

Hyæna Militaris.

AMONG military news from Paris:—

"It is stated that officers have substituted stripes on their shoulders for epaulettes."

Officers who rave for needless war deserve to have stripes on their shoulders of another sort than those which, substituted for their epaulettes, suggest the idea of striped hyænas.

TRANSFER OF A NAME.

CLAVEBERG FITZ-CLANDON says that in his estimation there is no game to equal Pool. In fact, he always speaks of it as "Peerless Pool."

HARD WORK ON THE TURF.

BETTING cannot but be a most fatiguing pursuit. For instance, the people who "stand to win," how tired they must feel!

MUSHROOMS MADE EASY.

MR. PUNCH,

EVERYBODY almost (worth speaking about) has his hobby; every man, that is: comparatively few hobbies are ridden with a side-saddle. For my own part, I should be disposed to ride a bicycle if I were not too fat and heavy. As it is, my hobby is Mycophagy, or: to descend to common and unlearned language, fungus-eating. This, Sir, is not a merely animal pursuit; on the contrary, it is a pursuit of objects, or subjects, belonging to the vegetable kingdom, by whose quest, in exploring woodland and pasture, hill and dale, the mind is elevated. Being known to be in the habit of eating toadstools and puff-balls, I am accustomed frequently to receive, at the hands of my friends, warnings similar to the one which I subjoin; an extract from the *Medical Press and Circular*:—

"We are getting into the season for gathering and consuming mushrooms. Within the past few days we have seen a well-marked case wherein a husband and wife, who had partaken of mushrooms with their tea, which, no doubt, had been mixed up with poisonous fungi, were seized with the characteristic symptoms of cryptogamic poisoning—the sense of sinking and impending dissolution, accompanied by cold perspiration, &c."

Allow me to suggest the possibility, if not the probability, in the present state of commercial morality, that the symptoms of poisoning called "cryptogamic," were caused not by poisonous fungi which the mushrooms had been mixed up with, but by poisonous leaves, or "facings," mingled with the tea. Be that, however, as it may, the *Medical Press* thus proceeds to explain, unnecessarily of course for mycologists, and therefore with a view to the instruction of general readers, the difference between "true" and "false" mushrooms:—

"The true mushroom as it develops itself ruptures the ovoid wrapper or vulva, leaving the remains entirely at the base of the pedicle; whilst in the false mushroom the *débris* of the vulva are found not only at the base of the pedicle, as in the real *Agaric*, but even upon the red surface of the *pileus* itself. These are the white irregular warts characteristic of the *Amanita*, but wholly wanting in the *Agaricus*. Then, there are two *Amanitas*, the *Amanita muscaria*, or 'fly agaric,' and the *Amanita amanita*, or as the English botanists call it, *Agaricus Caesaris*, the imperial mushroom."

You, Sir, of course understand all this; but perhaps the majority of even your readers hardly can. You also know that it is in some particulars inaccurate. In the first place there is, you are aware, no such distinction among the kinds of fungi as that above drawn between *Amanita* and *Agaricus*. The *Amanita* is a subgenus of the genus *Agaricus*. In the next, you need not be told, though some people may, firstly, that not every *Amanita* by any means is warty; and secondly, that several *Amanitas*, whose warts are numerous, are nevertheless very good and wholesome eating. The *Agaricus (Amanita) vernus*, very poisonous, has its milk-white innocent-looking cap, perfectly smooth; the *Ag. (Am.) rubescens*, and the *Ag. (Am.) strobiliformis* have both of them caps closely studded with warts, and are both eatable. You have read DR. BADHAM'S *Esculent Funguses of England*, and remember that he says that the *Amanita Caesaris*, which he describes as eatable, has not been found in this country.

If any of your readers who may happen to be passing MR. HARDWICKE'S shop in Piccadilly, will look into its window, there they will see two large sheets exhibiting coloured figures of fungi, one showing the wholesome, the other the poisonous, and both including several other kinds than the *Amanita* and *Agaricus*. These figures are accompanied with a brief description by WORTHINGTON SMITH, whereof the perusal may be recommended, especially to persons proposing to try toadstool eating, without sufficient knowledge of the distinctive characters of toadstools wholesome and poisonous. In particular, let them read MR. SMITH'S account of the symptoms which he experienced early in his fungus-eating researches and previously to his acquisition of the knowledge they required, by indulging in less than a quarter of an ounce of the *Agaricus (Entoloma) fertilis*. Wise men like you, Sir, do not eat mushrooms unless they know the bad from the good as well as they know parsley from hemlock. They read the right books about them first, or study them in Nature, or, before they venture on dishes of them, they consult plates. In the meantime, respecting matters which to those who rashly meddle with them are "riddles and affairs of death," advice should be accurate and intelligible, should it not? Otherwise, it may even lead to confusion of the deleterious *Agaricus semiglobatus* with the *Marasmius Oreades* or true

CHAMPIGNON.

P.S. There is no fear that many people will be poisoned with fungi if the drought continues. Drought breeds fungus dearth anyhow in England, and in France too. No truffles! Failure of a most important ingredient in French cookery, causing general irritation, no doubt one chief cause of the war.

TOUCHING.

"CONFOUND the War!" says MR. HARDUZ, "one won't be able to leave the country."



DELIGHTFUL FOR UNCLE TOM

(WHO HAS NOT THE "ACQUIRED TASTE" FOR CHILDREN, AND HAS JUST ARRIVED, HOT AND TIRED, AND VERY LATE FOR DINNER).

Nephew. "O UNCLE! WE'VE COME TO HELP YOU DRESS, AND BABY'S COMING TOO, AND WE'VE BROUGHT THE NEW PUPPIES TO SHOW YOU, AND MAMMA SAYS DINNER WILL BE READY IN FIVE MINUTES!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, July 25th, and a very Black Monday for sundry. A sensation was prepared for us all by the *Times* newspaper. With our breakfasts this morning was served to us a French dish called a *Projet de Traité*, and no one will say that it was not full-flavoured. We were presented with a document purporting to be the basis of a treaty, proffered in 1866 (the war-year) by France to Prussia. There were five articles:—1. France was to recognise the conquests of Prussia. 2. Prussia was to promise to help France to Luxembourg, by putting the screw on Belgium. 3. France was to assent to a union of North and South Germany, excepting Austria. 4. Prussia was to help France to acquire Belgium. 5. The two Powers were to form a league, offensive and defensive, against all the world.

What TOM MOORE wrote about the effect produced on a certain assembly by the proposal for whipping the naughty little Grand Lama (by whom CHARLES THE FIRST was typified), will do again:—

"When this was read, no Congreve rocket
Discharged into the Gallic trenches,
E'er equalled the tremendous shock it
Produced on 'Parliamentary' benches."

Of course, the first question was, "Is it genuine?" Ministers were interrogated in both Houses, and their answer was, that the document had taken them by surprise, and that there was no doubt that the spontaneous action of the Powers to whom the plot was imputed would clear up the matter. "Clumsy forgery," said French partisans. "No Frenchman could have written it, because it is not in good French," said small critics. "But the EMPEROR and BENEDETTI are Corsicans, and neither writes very good French—the former made a grammatical blunder in his last proclamation," was the rejoinder. However, we waited for authorised explanation, and it comes to this, dear brethren. There is no doubt that some such terms were suggested, and that the project fell to the ground. Whether COUNT BISMARCK craftily led

M. BENEDETTI to offer them, or whether they proceeded originally from the French mind, does not seem of great consequence. Our beloved friends, France and Prussia, were discussing such things, in secret, and the fact speaks marvellously well for the Morals of both Governments. That the burglarious plan was not carried out, was an accident, and neither side can claim credit on that score. If A. talks to B. about plundering C's house, and for some reason (perhaps because his friends and neighbours D. and E. have an unpleasant habit of firing revolvers at burglars), C's house is not broken into, we know what to think of B. for listening to the proposal, and not proclaiming it to the world, and kicking A. "The fierce light that beats upon a throne" was carefully excluded, but the curtains have been torn down, and two thrones look very shabby in the sunshine.

Now, of course, it is the business of A. and B. to persuade E. and the rest of the alphabet that no such thing was ever really contemplated. How far they have succeeded in convincing J. and his ever vigilant and faithful friend P., may be discerned in a Cartoon upon another page. Neutral, your Majesty QUEEN V. Yes, indeed. "We shall in all our best obey you, Madam." We are neutral enough, and intend to be—at present. Look at the picture, Lady. As FRANCIS QUARLES says—

"Is not that type well cut? In every part
Filled with rich cunning, and with Zeuxian art?"

Mr. Punch is not to be hood-winked. He has warned A., and he has exposed A. and B., and he has a whole Gallery of Illustration in hand. Meantime, let us watch events, and be quite prepared to hear, at no distant date, that A. and B., after they have deluged Europe with as much blood as is required by honour, have come to terms not unlike those in the *Projet de Traité*. In which case—but sufficient for the day is the Crime thereof.

To-night, EARL DE GREY and RIFON elaborately expounded the Education Bill to the Lords, and it was received well, and read a Second Time. LORD SHAFTESBURY thought it not unworthy of the

prayers of the nations; and LORD HOWARD OF GLOSSOP, a Catholic, said that members of his Church, though they thought the measure retrograde so far as Catholics were concerned, would support it for the sake of forwarding the general education of the country. Spoken as a HOWARD should speak.

In the Commons, important crisis notwithstanding, question was asked whether a magistrate had done right in flogging a fellow who had been convicted of six violent and several smaller assaults, finishing, for the present, by a brutal attack on a gaoler. Yet such questions do good; for the publication of the facts conveys to a very large class, to whom the information is desirable, the news that society does use a cat upon savages. Lowest class papers, please copy.

In Supply, MR. AYRTON made the gratifying statement that the hideous and costly iron rails with which the Works have begun to surround the Regent's Park are to be given up, and a rustic wooden paling is to be substituted, as desired by the inhabitants. Again we have the pleasure of complimenting MR. AYRTON, upon whom, we believe, our gentle and affectionate hints have wrought well.

He also said that the artists had advised the discontinuance of Mosaic decoration in the Central Hall. Electors do not desire this discontinuance as regards the House, the Mosaic decoration whereof hath been added to by Rochester, which returns MR. JULIAN GOLDSMID, and thus increases the acute and valuable group of members of the Hebrew faith, who do, as *Mr. Punch* always predicted that they would do, good service to the country.

Tuesday. EARL GRANVILLE settled the "forgery" question, stating that the Prussian Minister had a copy of the Treaty in the hand-writing of M. BENEDETTI, and would publish it in the Berlin official paper. His Lordship added that the French Minister here affirmed that the Treaty had originated with COUNT BISMARCK, and never had any "serious basis." *Mr. Punch* has spoken.

Yes, and the Lords read a Second Time a Bill for improving our system of enlistment, and for creating an Army of Reserve.

Do you remember the Irish Church Bill? There now, don't be impatient: the weather is rather cooler than it was, but still you should avoid excitement. *Mr. Punch* was merely going to mention that as a corollary (that is, coral necklace, or finishing ornament round the neck of Madame Ecclesia), a Bill is in progress for lending Government money to build decent houses for the Irish clergy of all denominations. The money is to be paid back—there is no Endowment. There was some growling, and polite MR. HADFIELD called MR. GLADSTONE the Creature of Necessity, but the Bill was read a Second Time by a large majority.

On the Census Bill SIR JOHN LUBBOCK raised a curious question. He wanted a return of all those who have married their First Cousins, and this was asked in connection with a theory that such marriages are undesirable. Now, as every boy in the world falls in love with some first cousin, *Mr. Punch* cannot think that Nature forbids the banns. Moreover, such marriages usually turn out happily, because the parties have had such capital opportunities of getting their quarrelling over before wedlock. The House declined to let the question be asked.

SIR DAVID SALOMONS was not allowed to add to the Factories Bill a clause to relieve Jews engaged in tobacco-making from the penalty for working on Sunday. The refusal was clearly right, unless Christians could be prevented from buying Sunday-made Pickwicks, and thus being partakers in the offence.

Wednesday. A Bill about superannuating (who said super-QUEEN ANNE-uating? get out!) Queen Anne's Bounty officials, was read a Second Time. Those whom it concerns must look up the debate—it is easy to see why *Mr. Punch* even mentioned it.

The Ballot Bill was read a Second Time. MR. GLADSTONE, at some length, explained how he had become a convert to the Ballot, and MR. DISRAELI, in regretting that an important question of constitutional politics should be brought on at the far end of a Session, hardly thought MR. GLADSTONE's reasons satisfactory, and blandly wondered why he had never addressed them to his former chief, LORD PALMERSTON, when he had denounced secret voting.

On the Bill for improving the Shannon, MR. M'LAREN ventured on the enormous statement that the Caledonian Canal was a mistake. Now, whether that lovely road into the loveliest country pays or doesn't, is a detail quite beneath *Mr. Punch's* notice. But when he recollects MR. DAVID HUTCHESON's gigantic boats, the charming brides who form a galaxy of beauty thereon, also the salmon outlets, the pleasant lounges and flirtations (not, of course, with brides), when the boat is getting through locks, and the luxurious corners where you smoke and gaze on glorious mountains and translucent waters, *Mr. Punch* cannot hear a word against that Canal—would he were upon it now! Even that stupid bit where you are pulled by a horse ridden by a cove in red, and idiotic Cockneys and provincials pitch halfpence to the howling little savages (in the lowest and vilest spirit of snobbery, and to the disgust of travellers of the decent sort), is pleasant in its way. No words against the Canal in the hearing of *Mr. Punch*. Your health in a dram, MR. M'LAREN, and do not offend us.

Thursday. EARL GRANVILLE made a statement as to the war, and

showed, as was admitted by LORD RUSSELL and LORD MALMESBURY, that the English Government had done all in its power to prevent the Crime. Moreover, *Mr. Punch* was delighted, though not surprised to hear that his friend, MR. LAYARD, had managed affairs at Madrid with great energy and judgment. Considering what trouble has been caused to *Mr. Punch* by MR. LAYARD's vacating a certain office, it says much for the former's bounding and elastic nature that he can speak thus cheerfully.

The Lords sent through Committee the Bill enabling clergymen who have mistaken their vocation to adopt another, but knocked out the clause which permitted them to return to the Church.

His Grace of ARGYLL gave us the Indian budget. We have heard that there was a little friendly rivalry between the Duke and MR. GRANT DUFF as to who should be first with this statement, and that the latter rather tried to steal a march on his chief, but took kindly a little hint from his chief's chief. For the affair is dull enough, and for the official who has to give the second edition of the Indian story, it is very uphill work. The Duke had a very small audience. Do you want to know more of Indian finance than that LORD SALISBURY thanked his Grace for a statement that was both "interesting and satisfactory." But it is clear that Government accounts are kept in a very odd fashion in India, and that amazing blunders are made. MR. GOURLEY asked a question of importance. May English coal-vendors vend coal to France or Prussia just now? Answered the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, that in certain circumstances coal was contraband of war, but that vendors must find out for themselves what those circumstances are. *Mr. Punch's* own valued legal adviser gave him no better answer than coals, that excellent adviser would receive that which envelopes them in their passage from wharf to cellar.

More Supply, and to MR. BERESFORD HOPE, who asked whether the House was to have only forty-eight hours to consider where the animals now at the British Museum should be put, MR. LOWE responded that to his knowledge, MR. HOPE had been considering the matter for seven years.

Friday. LORD GRANVILLE told the Lords that the French Ambassador had given him the most solemn assurance that Prussia, and not France, was the contriver of the Secret Treaty, and that the latter was an innocent fly, enmeshed in the cobweb of the spider-Count. We fancied that the Imperial type was a Bee, which would have been:—

"Stinging strongly to be free!"—

but perhaps it is a Humble-Bee.

The Education Bill went through Committee with very little alteration—none of importance, whereby MR. FORSTER's tact was illustrated. The Lords applauded mention of his name.

The Commons talked about Coals for the Navy, and got through the Naval and Civil Service Estimates, passed the Census Bill, and got away about half-past two in the morning. Prorogation is hoped to be near; but mark this, MR. GLADSTONE takes power to Summon Parliament back at *Six Days' Notice*.

Gee Woe, Wagner!

A Solo by MR. CRUSTY, after hearing a Selection from the Opera of Tannhäuser.

"THE music of the future," eh?
Well, some may think it pleasant!
But when such trash again they play,
I'll for the future hope I may
Not be among the present!

No Bombast.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has equalled, if not his Uncle, at least somebody very like him. The following words conclude the proclamation which he commissioned EUGÈNE to read to the Frency Navy:—

"Go, then, display with pride your national colours. In seeing the tri-coloured flag waving above our vessels of war, the enemy will know that everywhere it carries in its folds the honour and glory of France."

Nothing finer or more characteristic than this was ever said in the very palmiest days of the old Astley's Theatre by the great GOMERSAL.

From the Streets.

A STREET Conjuror complained the other day that he couldn't throw the knives and balls about, because he did not feel in the vein.

"In what vein?" asked a bystander, weakly.

"The juggler vein, of course, stupid!" was the answer.

[The bystander retired.]

WHY is a London dustman like the Goddess of War? Because he is a *Bell-owner*. Explanation: *Bellona*.



STODGE'S STUDIO

IS MATERIALLY OF CONFINED PROPORTIONS. WHAT THEN? BY HIS ART, HE OPENS IT OUT INTO "LONG-DRAWN AISLES AND FRETTED VAULTS," &c., TO ANY EXTENT.

THOUGHTS OF GREAT MEN.

(Now first Collected.)

"O SOLITUDE! by rushy banks of sedgy streams flowing through extra-parochial places, by mountain torrents unpolluted by the sewage of corporate towns, by boundless prairies where the lone eagle hovers in its eyry to swoop down, this hot weather, on the more lonely lamb, we woo, we court, we molest thee! Thy votaries, thy devotees, thy honorary members are to be found alike in the unquestioned stillness of the arenaceous Sahara, and the multiplied hum of populous cities; on the marge of the sequestered lake where the turtle coos and the thirsty wagtail dinks, and in the midst of the manufacturing districts; on the crowning peak of the inaccessible Alp, and on the top of the Monument.

"Poets have sung thee, prose writers praised thee; philosophers have analysed thy advantages, and eremites retreated from the world and the Row to the shelter of thy unfading arms; and

all classes of society in turn have been unanimous in considering thee an awful bore."—ZIMMERMANN.

"Education has its limits, its boundary walls, its termini. It cannot transmute the uncouth clown into the polished courtier, nor bestow on the awkward dairymaid the grace and manner of a Dowager Duchess. It is the lever by which men raise themselves to lofty estate, the step-ladder by which they climb to eminent fortune, the lift which elevates them to the highest story in the altitudinous hotel of life. To be educated is to be armed and fortified against all the assaults and attacks of Vicissitude, to be possessed of a well-lined purse for the wants and desires of the rational appetite, to be independent of the fall in the Funds and the fluctuations of the Spanish Quicksilver Loan, to glide away from annoyance and carking anxiety, and the cares of a young family attacked by the disorders of infancy; but not to escape from street noises or the Income-tax."—LOCKE.

"I have many vices, no virtues. I never make promises: I am, therefore, more likely to perform them. Be careful of your means and your complexion. We dine to live, and live to dine. Punctuality is the bane of existence. Be honest if you can, but, above all things, be polite. Like all, love none. You had far better apply your knife to your throat than put it into your mouth." If you drop your *s's*, Society will drop you. Take care of the luxuries of life, the necessities will take care of themselves. If you play, and lose your stake, don't be chopfallen. Be gay, be cheerful: if you are out of pocket, you need not be out of smiles. Use ivory hair-brushes."—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

'Here is a little lyric, by an anonymous hand, of the Elizabethan period, which HERRICK or HOOKER might have written in their happiest moments. Hitherto it has only existed in MS. in the Catacombs:—

"Ah, welladay!
That jocund May
When CELIA first I spied,
With flowing gown,
And hair adown,
And lambkins by her side.

"Within the shade
The musk-rose made,
Entwined with eglantine,
We heard the dove
Unfold his love,
And crushed a cup of wine.

"Fond maid and youth,
Our troth and truth
We plighted in the bower:
The dream is fleet,
But honey-sweet,
When Cupid wants a dower.

"Then, CELIA, brave
The cloud and wave
That threaten every lot—
My love, my life,
My second wife,
My own forget-me-not."

Aut Caesar aut Nullus.

ONE reason for the War has been alleged to be the fifty thousand "Noes" which in the recent *plébiscite* were voted by the army. Well, clearly, if the EMERSON has been led by the noes, he will hardly find much favour in the eyes of Europe.



SOME RECRUITS FOR THE SOUTH GERMAN ARMY.

(MR. PUNCH WILL NOT BREAK HIS HEART TO PART WITH THEM.)

A "GRAND REMONSTRANCE."

DEAR PUNCH,

We appeal to you, as an old friend of our families. We are ill-used individuals. The man who has so long been associated with us in the thoughts of every British subject, in facetious journals, in statistical papers, and in London and provincial Directories, has stolen a march upon us, has basely deserted his comrades, has had the hardihood to emerge from the modest obscurity in which we have all up to this date been content to dwell, and is now at this very hour flaunting before the eyes of that public of which he is the laughing-stock, himself, and his name and his family pretensions!!!

Imagine our individual surprise and joint disgust when we saw, openly advertised, a work with the audacious title of *The Heraldry of Smith!*—SMITH!!! Heraldry!!! At first we believed it to be a hoax, a joke, and as such dismissed it from our minds; but now, when we have inspected the book, when we have purchased a copy by our united contributions, we can no longer doubt the guilt of the cunning traitor, or shut our eyes to his amazing presumption.

But we shall be avenged. We are taking the promptest measures. The College of Arms, learned members of the Society of Antiquaries, industrious students in the Libraries of the British and Kensington Museums, are all at work for us and our time-honoured names, and in a very brief space of time SMITH will find himself overtaken and outstripped, extinguished and annihilated, when all the world is struggling who shall be the first to obtain and read *The Pedigree and Blazon of Brown, The Family Tree and Genealogy of Jones, and The Roll of Honour of Robinson*.

Begging your acceptance of large (foolscap) paper copies of these forthcoming works, destined, we are convinced, to constitute an era in the literary history of our glorious country, and to smash up SMITH,

We are, dear Punch,

Your faithful trio,

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

Thompson Street, N.E., August 6, 1870.

P.S. The expenses of publication are heavy. Contributions to the "Brown, Jones and Robinson Fund," at any of the London or country bankers, will be thankfully received and never acknowledged.

VERY SENSIBLE.—Advices from India make it clear that the inhabitants of that Empire know how to adapt costume to hot weather. The last report is, "Shirtings Nominal."

THE "BAPTISM OF FIRE."

THE boy rode by his father's side
Watching his father's face,
As battle's voices, far and wide,
Roared through that peaceful place.

The rifles cracked, the bullets sung,
The file-fires rattled shrill,
And battery answering battery rung
Hollow, 'twixt bank and hill.

Through summer wood, o'er stubble field
By hasty harvest cleared,
And furrows forced their roots to yield,
Unripe, lest foes appeared.

They rode together, son and sire,
Their raid on German ground,
Watching war's game of blood and fire
And Death at work around.

'Twas strange to see the impassive face
Under the haggard brow,
Wherein no man the thought might trace,
Or feeling, *even now*.

And strange from that worn face to pass
To the fresh face beside,
That looks its first at death, alas!
And learns its truth to hide!

'Tis said that soldiers wept to see
The boy, so calm and fair,
That iron-rain face fearlessly
As any veteran there.

And when a bullet in its leap
Struck in his horse's way,
He bade them give it him, to keep—
In memory of the day.

And when what pens of office call
"The victory!" was won,
And "cease fire" rang from bugle-call
The sire embraced the son.

Happy (his firstling laurel-leaved)
To flash along the wire—
"Rejoice! our LOUIS has received
His baptism of the fire!"

When Rome's boys from the softer sex
Passed to the hands of men,
They hung the "bulla" round their necks,
And called them youths from then.

Shall this ball hang, O EUGÉNIE,
Thy fair boy's neck around,
To tell of all the blessings he
Hath in *that* baptism found?

Baptism of blood, and tears, and fire!
Three Christs—to mock the one
From Jordan's wave, that gave his sire
And thee a Christian son.

What We Have to Bear.

MR. MONTAGU CHAMBERS thought, or, at least, said, in a debate on Supply, that "in time of peace Colonels might be dispensed with." An excessively vulgar and slangy officer, a particular friend of ours, said that he always fancied CHAMBERS had rather a good Nut (head), but it was clear that *his* kernel had been dispensed with, or he wouldn't have talked such &c., &c., &c.

We ordered him out of the room; but he wouldn't go, and demanded liquid, as a reward for what he evidently thought a brilliant epigram.

Foolish Wonder.

SURPRISE has been expressed that the Secret Treaty was kept dark so long. But, remember what is said in that capital play, *Le Duc Job*, "A secret need not be respectable to be respected."

THE VOW OF THE BATH.



[REARMS have been found secreted in a disused Bath House on the property of Mr. MAGUIRE, M.P. Now, that Member is not only a very able but a very loyal gentleman. We unhesitatingly state our disbelief that he hid the arms with intent to make war on the QUEEN and place himself on the Throne. But why

was his Bath disused? That question must be asked in Parliament. We know the origin of the "Colour Isabelle." Can MR. MAGUIRE have vowed that he will never bathe again until Ireland has a Dublin Parliament? Let demand be made while yet the Session flickers in the socket.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, August 1. There! The House of Lords passed the Irish Land Bill—the second "Message of Peace" to Ireland. It is rather a complicated message; and it has been a good deal confused by after-thoughts on the part of the senders, but it is well meant, and it will, we hope, be accepted in the spirit in which it is forwarded. If received duly, the next may not be quite so affectionate.

The gallant veteran, EARL RUSSELL, has been stirred by the War-trumpets, and to-night he brought in a Bill, on his own account, for enabling the QUEEN to call out the Militia. Next night, he delivered as good a speech as he ever made, full of recollection, fire, and patriotism. He dwelt on the crisis, and boldly declared that an attack on Belgium would be the most wanton outrage of modern times; but that it might be averted, if England made the Continent understand that she meant to abide by her treaty-obligations. Hear the generous tribute of the Tory *Standard* to the brave old Whig:—

"Usually inaudible, except upon the benches around him, or, at the best, heard only imperfectly in other parts of the house, the last Leader of the great Whig party spoke yesterday with a freshness and a force which affected all who listened to him. His heart was in his words. All the old traditions, all the old English sentiments of honour and good faith, seemed to crowd themselves upon and to struggle for utterance through his lips; and we cannot, in times like these, regret or censure a speech which, in its last sentences, struck with a master skill the chords which vibrate in the hearts of Englishmen."

The Foreign Minister deprecated discussion, and regretted that EARL RUSSELL's language seemed to imply a want of confidence in the Government, who were mindful of their duties and obligations. He would lay on the table the Treaties guaranteeing the independence of Belgium and of Luxembourg. Mr. Punch takes leave to place on record an expression of the "obligation" conferred upon himself, and the nation which he represents, by the well-timed and spirited appeal of his friend EARL RUSSELL. Further, he refers the Earl and the world to a Cartoon, by the execution whereof Mr. Punch has done his part in expounding the Situation.

The House of Commons was crowded, MR. DISRAELI having given notice that he should speak on foreign affairs. The Leader of Opposition declared that in war-times great injury had been done by too much silence and reserve on the part of the British Parliament. He therefore intended to try to induce Government to speak out. After sketching our treaty-engagements, he said that he had no evidence that Government had taken advantage of our position to protest against the War. Prussia and France were fighting, and Austria's guarantee ended with the War of 1866, but the co-guarantee of Russia remained in force. He hoped that England and Russia were acting in concord. Were we strong enough to speak out? In what condition were our Army, Navy, Militia, and Volunteers? Had we been reducing expenses too much for safety? Let Government answer this, and let them speak firmly and clearly to Foreign Powers.

It is not a small thing that should induce Mr. Punch to speak unfavourably of an utterance by the PREMIER, for whose genius, earnestness, and uprightness the former shares the admiration felt by the nation. But though a friend to GLADSTONE, Mr. Punch is a greater friend to Veritas. The PREMIER's speech was "reticent" to a fault; and at such a crisis there should be no fault in statesmanship. He was adroit, of course, and MR. DISRAELI had laid himself open to easy retort by wandering into topics not directly bearing on the great issue.

The practised dialectician parried these thrusts without an effort. But he said nothing assuring or satisfactory, and his answer was in the spirit of the M.P. to whom *Nicholas Nickleby* wished to be Secretary, and who informed his constituents that his course would be guided by his convictions of what was most for the interest of his inestimable country. We wanted more from our guide, philosopher, and friend. It will be observed that LORD GRANVILLE's more acceptable statement followed that of his chief by twenty-four hours, and we may suppose that in the meantime the pulse of the nation had been felt by its doctors.

There was a good debate, with no oratory, but much common-sense. The Army Minister declared that the resources of England were never in a better state—

[But, your Right Honourability, this same night, you asked for 20,000 more soldiers, and Two Millions to pay them with.]

than now. The Navy Minister declared that our fleet was in splendid force.

[This, Your First Lordship, we are happy to believe.]

Various speakers said their say, among them MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, who was not satisfied with the rose-coloured pictures drawn by Ministers, MR. H. RICHARD, a Welsh Dissenting Minister, and representative of the Peace-at-any-Price society, and SIR HENRY BULWER, who, by the way, thought that M. BENEDETTI had been the victim of self-deception in the matter of the Projected Treaty. He hoped that there would be no war, and said that it would be averted by our making no mystery of our intention to stand by our Treaties.

But MR. GLADSTONE would not be drawn into any declaration, save that the detected Secret Treaty had given a shock to public confidence, and that the Government were taking steps to provide for the public security.

The Bill forbidding Enlistment in Foreign Armies was proceeded with, and so was the Post Office Bill. Note, the Book Post privilege is unaltered by this measure. Yes, but we wish it had contained a clause making it penal to treat book-parcels with outrageous roughness. No care in enveloping can preserve book-covers from ill-usage. Mr. Punch remembers hearing a person, who was dashing down his cards somewhat vulgarly, reminded that he was playing whist, not skittles. Would the Post Office folks consider that books are not paving-stones?

Thus, in the midst of a mighty war, does the all-mindful Mr. Punch think of the interests of the pale student who sits in his study, reading in an easy chair, with an easel, his legs up, and his pipe and soda-cum-gin by his side. Even for that pensive being has Punch an eye, though millions are rushing to battle.

Tuesday. The fight began in earnest. The French bombarded Saarbrück, and beat out the Prussians.

In the Lords was passed the Education Bill. Whereof it is a consolation to think that we shall not have to speak again, until after many days.

The Lords will have a Religious Census, and carried it against DR. TEMPLE of Exeter (who was for forgetting, not proclaiming divisions) and the Government, by 43 to 29. Mr. Punch observes that the Wesleyan Methodist Conference desires this. The Methodists are very strong, and have nothing to fear from exposure of their numbers. Moreover, let him note with great pleasure that DEAN STANLEY will allow memorials to be placed in the Abbey to JOHN WESLEY and his brother CHARLES.

Further War talk in the Commons, and expression of the PREMIER's opinion that England had better not remonstrate against the strife, but watch events.

We had a debate on the Greek Brigandage, which is not to be forgotten, though brigandage on a grander and more glorious scale is in hand. SIR HENRY BULWER, with an excellent speech, demanded what Government had done. Came the old answer, that inquiry was not yet over. There had been a change in the Greek Ministry, and so far from mending matters, this had caused the prohibition of the presence of English agents at the inquiries. We had protested against this prohibition. Promise to obtain satisfaction was renewed. The Greeks are evidently playing the juggling game; but one day JOHN BULL will lose his temper, and then it will be a case of *Grecia fuit*.

The vote for the New Soldiers was taken, and (after some debate on the efficiency of the Army, which SIR JOHN PAKINGTON asserted to have been reduced from 137,000 men by 24,000) was divided on—There were 161 for it, and 5 against it.

Supply, and it was finally settled that the Beasts, Birds, Fishes, Insects, Eggs, and all the Natural History at the British Museum, should be sent off to South Kensington, and £6,000 was voted for land whereon to build a receptacle for them. Mr. Punch heartily rejoices at seeing them turned out of the present building, as there are in its cellars rich treasures of Art, which there has been no room to exhibit. But whether the Zoology should have been sent so many miles away from the homes of the only class (except students) that cares about it, is another matter.

Wednesday. The Prussians crossed the Lautern, stormed Weissenburg, and beat out the French.

The Commons threw out the Sale of Liquors on Sunday Bill, its patron, MR. THOMAS HUGHES, being gone to America, where we heartily hope he will enjoy himself. The Sunday Trading Bill was also rejected; but MR. BRUCE said that this was on the question of the period of the Session, and did not commit the House to an opinion.

Government introduced a Bill for enabling them, at need, to embody the Militia. But if this should be done during the recess, Parliament is to be summoned within ten days. So here is another reason, (in addition to patriotism) why our Senators must desire peace. N.B. The larger part of the Militia have breechloaders.

Thursday. MR. OTWAY, for Government, very properly said that as all French Treaties were in the library, there was no good reason for re-printing them, and that there was no reason at all for re-printing the Treaty of 1815, by which the Buonaparte family were excluded from the throne of France. What next will Members want to have issued at the expense of the nation? Magna Charta, perhaps, or *Bradshaw* from its commencement.

MR. NEWDEGATE delivered a long speech against the Bill for repealing the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and then the Second Reading was carried by 111 to 34. In its present form, the Bill is said to be more insulting to Catholics than the original measure. Perhaps MR. NEWDEGATE did not know this. Since, the Bill has become Law.

Friday. SIR GEORGE JENKINSON asked MR. GLADSTONE what was to be done towards securing the independence of Belgium, and was informed that such Independence was secured by the Treaty of 1839.

There is a Horse-Panic, that is, some people are afraid that the foreigners at war are buying up all our horses, but an answer was given to this by the statement that only 1288 have been sold away since the 1st July. If MR. BRUCE could induce the Continentals to buy nearly all our cab-horses, and thus compel the cab-owners to put on fresh cattle, he should have an equestrian statue, as big as that of KING RICHARD I. behind the House, and a great deal handsomer.

SIR JOHN ELPHINSTONE had a good deal to say about the deficiency of Admiralty Stores, and was answered by the First Lord, who was not particularly anxious to show his contempt for the allegations which imputed to him that he did not do his duty. *Punch* fancied he caught something about "cock and bull stories," and "old grumbles."

We had the Indian Budget, previous to which MR. FAWCETT made rather a strong speech, assailing the Government for bringing on that important matter so late; and, moreover, he was much displeased with various items, such as the Ball given to the SULTAN, which he thought most improperly thrown upon Indian Revenue. The Budget, of course, was the same as that of the DUKE OF ARGYLL; but, the wonderful thing was that, at the Morning Sitting, there was actually a House to listen to Indian matters. MR. GRANT DUFF had to make two bites of his Oriental cherry, and take the second half in the evening; and, somehow, Members contrived to interest themselves on this topic until two o'clock on Saturday morning. This should be known throughout the Indian Empire. BRITANNIA is not like the iracund Achilles, and does not "request that all details may be managed exactly as anybody pleases, as all that she cares to hear about is War"—an exquisitely free rendering, which evidently marks out *Mr. Punch* as the next Homeric Translator.

NEW SONGS AND MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

Looking Black: a Companion to *The Snow Lies White*. By ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

The Stationary Gentle: Companion (as far as possible) to *The Wandering Jew*, by T. L. MOLLOY. This (the *W. J.*) has been sung, and, of course, well sung, by MR. SANTLEY. Our baritone has lately identified himself with two cheerful characters, *i.e.*, *The Flying Dutchman* and *The Wandering Jew*. HERR WAGNER might be induced to consider these two subjects together, and combine the ideas. The notion of the plot would be, perhaps, something of this sort: Act I. The Wandering Jew, while walking, annoyed by the Flying Dutchman—W. J. tries to catch the F. D.—and fails. Of course, they will both be in love with the same young woman; and, in the last Act, the Flying Dutchman flies off with the lady, struggling. The Wandering Jew (now more than "wandering," in fact, almost mad) seizes a gun and shoots the F. D., who falls with his lovely burden (this would be the burden of a trio) on the luckless wanderer, and all three perish in the crash.

Apropos of the Maps of the Seat of War.

WAR our Geography disjoins,
Till War-Maps but provoke:
The Seat of War is bayonet-points:
The *Birds'* eye view on 't—smoke.

PREHYSTERIC TIMES.—Before Tight Lacing.

FISH AND COUNTERS.



PUNCH does not like the giving up the Ministerial Fish Dinner, but he likes the reason still less. It seems that the Treasurer has no end of trouble in collecting the three guineas paid by each *convive*! Want of system. Why can't that Minister go round the steamboat in which the distinguished party voyagers, and take the money for the dinner, just as the sixpence is taken from ordinary travellers. "Now, then, any one not paid?" may not be a dignified demand, but it is better than an abandonment of the banquet. *Mr. Punch* bets that MR. LOWE would collect the money easily enough, and chaff the head off anybody who pretended he had left

his purse at home, or would send a cheque next day. Nor would he be very soft on any one who might ask the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to pay for him, even though the insinuating request were, "Advance, Australia!" Disestablishment of Irish Loaves and Fishes was all right, not so Disestablishment of Greenwich Brown Bread and Whitebait. *Punch* would heartily have given the tin mug and wooden spoon, rather than that the ancient and constitutional ceremony should have been done away.

MEDIAEVAL MEDITATIONS.

BY A MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN.

I AM not now so young as when
The ball-room first I graced;
My hair is thinner now than then,
And thicker is my waist.

Less for my costume now I care,
And for my comfort more:
Tight boots I long have ceased to wear,
Loose slippers I adore.

I feel my heart no longer beat
As when with love 'twould swell:
The fairest belle I joy to greet
Is now the dinner-bell.

At cricket I was deemed A 1,
At football, too, ne'er doubt:
Alas! one's love for football's gone,
When one has got the gout.

Too fat for croquet flirting now,
To cards I must resort;
And billiards plumply I'll avow
My most athletic sport.

But what attests advancing age
In me more strongly still
Is that a cab I must engage
To mount up Hampstead Hill.

Old, Yet New.

HAD not the following notification appeared in a high-class journal, we should have passed it over as one of the ordinary blunders of scribes who write without knowing the meaning of words. But, as it is, we respectfully request an explanation. The announcement is of a new comedy by a gentleman who writes so well that we rejoice to hear that he has been at work, and the statement is:—

"The comedy is, in part, derived from a story of MADAME DE GENLIS, and is altogether novel, we understand, in execution and idea."

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

(Extract from Bishop's Examination for Candidates for Orders.)

WHAT is the difference between a Moveable Feast and a fixed one? *Candidate* (after some consideration). Why—one's digestible and the other isn't. [*Candidate retires till next time.*]

FERT AND FRIVOLOUS.

Q. SHOULD you say you had dined "on" or "off" a beefsteak?
A. "Off," certainly, this hot weather, and as far off as I could.



OUR PRETTY DOCTOR.

Dr. Arabella. "WELL, MY GOOD FRIENDS, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"

Bill. "WELL, MISS, IT'S ALL ALONG O' ME AND MY MATES BEIN' OUT O' WORK, YER SEE, AND WANTIN' TO TURN AN HONEST PENNY HANYWAYS WE CAN; SO, 'AVIN' 'EARD TELL AS YOU WAS A RISIN' YOUNG MEDICAL PRACTITIONER, WE THOUGHT AS P'RAFS YOU WOULDN'T MIND JUST A RECOMMENDIN' OF HUS AS NURSES."

"IS MY POWDER DRY?"

(*Emphatically Dedicated to MR. CARDWELL.*)

AIR—"Coming Through the Rye."

Is my powder dry, CARDWELL,
Is my powder dry?
If it isn't, will you let me
Know the reason why?
With my Army estimates,
At their figure high,
'Tis a shame JOHN BULL must ask you
If his powder's dry?

If my Army met an Army
Coming on the sly,
If my Army fought an Army,
Would my Army shy?
If my Army faced an Army,
And both fought like men,
And that Army licked my Army,
How should I look then?

If an Army met my Army—
Spite of figures high—
And that Army found my Army
With no powder dry!
What is said by everybody
Talking, "in Supply,"
In each soldier's club and mess-room's
Echoed loud and high—

Though your force looks fair on paper
Marshall'd by the pen,

Not a battery has its horses,
Not a corps its men.
Though my Army twice the money
That you ask for cost,
If my Army is an Army,
Is the money lost?

As a peaceful, quiet body,
I'd of war fight shy.
None the less, when war is brewing,
Peace I wouldn't cry!
If my force, both Foot and Horse,
Artillery as well,
Should prove, indeed, a broken reed,
It would be a sell!

Don't, in flattery, call a battery,
What is half a one:
Count as mounted, troops dismounted,
And I shall feel "done!"
Then is my powder dry, CARDWELL,
Is my powder dry?
For if it's not, I pay the shot,
And I will know why?

Dictum Ante.

"BILL," said a respectable, but pensive burglar to another, "get rid of them sovereigns we found." (He wasn't vulgar enough to call them "sovs," like a snob.) "You know, I hear old GORPUS had marked the money in his till."

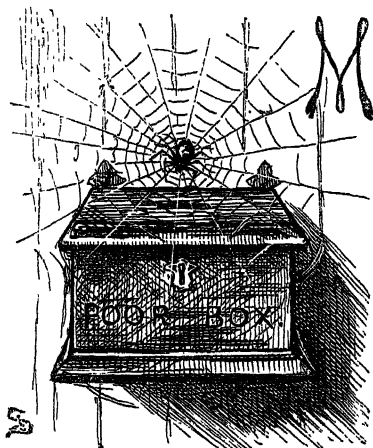
"All right," said his friend, exhibiting Bank-paper, "I go by the good rule, 'When found, make a note of.'"



“TRUST ME!”

ENGLAND. “LET US HOPE THAT THEY WON'T TROUBLE YOU, DEAR FRIEND. *BUT IF THEY DO—*”

SCENE IN CLERICAL LIFE.



MOST capital Article in the *Saturday*, on the *Parson's Vigil*," said our admirable friend, the REVEREND MISTY DYMCHURCH, to his pretty wife.

"What's a Vigil?" asked that lady.

"A Watch, my Love," said MR. DYMCHURCH, regretfully.

"Then I am very glad, indeed, the *Saturday* has written about that," replied MRS. DYMCHURCH, eagerly; "and I do hope it will stir up our stingy parishioners to give you one, or some such testimonial. I am sure you've deserved it this many a year."

The Parson sighed, smiled, kissed his pretty wife, and went to write his sermon.

THE WAR.

Its Effects.

Devoted Husband (who has promised to take his dear *Emmy* abroad every Autumn for the last twelve years, and something has "always prevented it at the last minute, bother it!") Dear me! We shan't be able to go to Baden, after all.

Devoted Wife (innocently). Why not, dear?

Devoted Husband (astonished). Why not! (Positively annoyed.) Why how can we, when the War's going on?

Devoted Wife (evasive, but artfully suggestive). Well, dear, but we might go to Boulogne or Dieppe.

Devoted Husband (pook-pooking the notion). Dieppe's too far. Long sea voyage. (He avoids any notice of Boulogne; or, as it were, crosses the track with a red herring.) Besides, hang it, we've got to get passports.

Devoted Wife (rather frightened and thinking of Chassepôts). Really?

Devoted Husband (seeing his advantage, follows it up). Yes, dear, and as we were going to take the children—(He wasn't, but he throws this in as creditable to his generally admirable domestic qualities)—we should have to get all their descriptions drawn out, and the nurses' too, and, (drawing slightly upon his imagination) if they weren't exact in every particular (wife is all attention, and he adds a strong touch at the risk of overdoing it), even to the colour of an eyebrow, (He knows this is a delicate point with her, as her eyebrows are, curiously enough, rather darker on some days than on others—ahem!) or to an inch in height one way or the other (he now sums up), it would lead, probably, to no end of bore, and trouble,—and, perhaps, explanations between the two Governments.

Devoted Wife (foreseeing the arrest of baby). Well, perhaps we'd better not go abroad this year, then.

Devoted Husband (crowning the edifice, and waving, figuratively, his flag in triumph on the summit). I think so. (Then, as if reluctantly giving up the tour.) Perhaps, later on, or, at all events (the humbug!) next year, we can go away, send the nurses and children to the seaside, and enjoy ourselves for a couple of months or so. (Of course, he has about as much idea of doing anything of the sort as he has of examining the state of the atmosphere with MR. GLAISHER in a balloon. But it sounds well.)

Devoted Wife (willing to be deceived, and hoping against experience, tries to be enthusiastic). Yes, dear, that will be nice. (Coming to the point.) And—(hesitation)—and—(resolution)—where shall we go this year? The children must have some change.

Devoted Husband. Yes, (thoughtfully,) yes; they must. 'All the watering-places will be dreadfully dear, and very full. (Thinks again; then, meditatively.) I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll run over to the Isle of Wight, or down to Scarborough, and see if I can get reasonable lodgings for us. I shan't be away a couple of days. (Thinks it necessary to say this.) And (silences a probable objection by an argumentum ad pocketum—always effective) it would be "useless expense" (excellent phrase!) for us two, to go down merely to look for lodgings.

Devoted Wife (resigning herself). Very well, dear. Then—when will you go? (Begins to think of her own arrangements.)

End of Domestic Scene.

The War's Effect on Trade.

MR. HARDUP opens a few letters at breakfast time.

SIR,—In consequence of the unusual pressure put upon us by the present war, we beg to forward your account for £24 2s. 2½d., and shall feel obliged by an early settlement.—Your obedient Servants,

SNIPP and CUTTIT,

Outfitters and Tailors, Great Coatem Street.

To W. HARDUP, Esq.

No. 2.

Shoemaker (by appointment) to H. R. H., &c.

SIR,—Owing to the present unfortunate war, which creates a general depression in our trade, we take the liberty of forwarding your little account, owing since July, 1867. N.B. No further application will be made.

SOLEY and SONS, Heel Street, W.

The War's Effect on Habitués of Baden and Homburg.

Captain Punter (Half-pay). Confound it! What's one to do? There are no tables anywhere in England.

Major Pool. Except billiard and whist-tables. Shan't go away this year. I shall stop at my Club.

Effect on Landlords, Landladies, and Lodging-House Keepers at all English and Welsh Watering-Places.

All (rubbing their hands). Ha! ha! It's an ill war that blows nobody any good. Long live NAPOLEON and the KING OF PRUSSIA! Up with the tickets in the windows! And up with the prices! Hooray! Here's a train coming in! (Rush of touters to Station to seize visitors.) Here's a boat arriving! (Rush of touters to pier.) Hooray! Hooray! They must come to us for Health.

Chorus. Money, or your life!!

[Exeunt Omnes into their various Hotels, Lodging-Houses, &c.]

Another Effect of War. At Strasbourg.

First Goose (to Second Goose). Why, you're getting quite thin!

Second Goose. Yes, been taking plenty of exercise. My liver's in capital order. No sedentary occupation before a fire this year, eh? (Winks.)

Third Goose. No foie gras, my boy. They won't have any money for luxuries. Ha! ha! We're luxuries.

First Goose (a patriot). Still, if the troops were starving, we might be potted for nothing—and save the citadel.

[Geese hiss the suggestion. Exeunt.]

One more.

From ENSIGN SLIBOOTS WHYTE CHOKER to his dear Papa, the REV. THOMAS WHYTE CHOKER.

My dear Father,—I regret that it will be impossible for me to be at the opening of your new schools on the 12th of August, and to hear the sermon which I know you will preach on that day. How I should like it! But a soldier is not his own master. In consequence of this dreadful war, leave has been steadily refused, and I do not like to ask when there is any chance of such a request being misconstrued.

My love to my dear mother, sisters, and Grandmamma CHOKER (if still with you).

Your affectionate Son,

S. W. CHOKER.

Same date.

From the Same to SHARPE SHOOTER, Esq., Trigg Cottage, The Moors, Scotland.

Dear Boy,—With you in time for a crack at them. Birds wild, eh? They say they're going to stop all leave, so I got this while I could, and am off. Shan't leave address.

Yours ever, S. W. C.

INWHITÁ MINERVÁ.

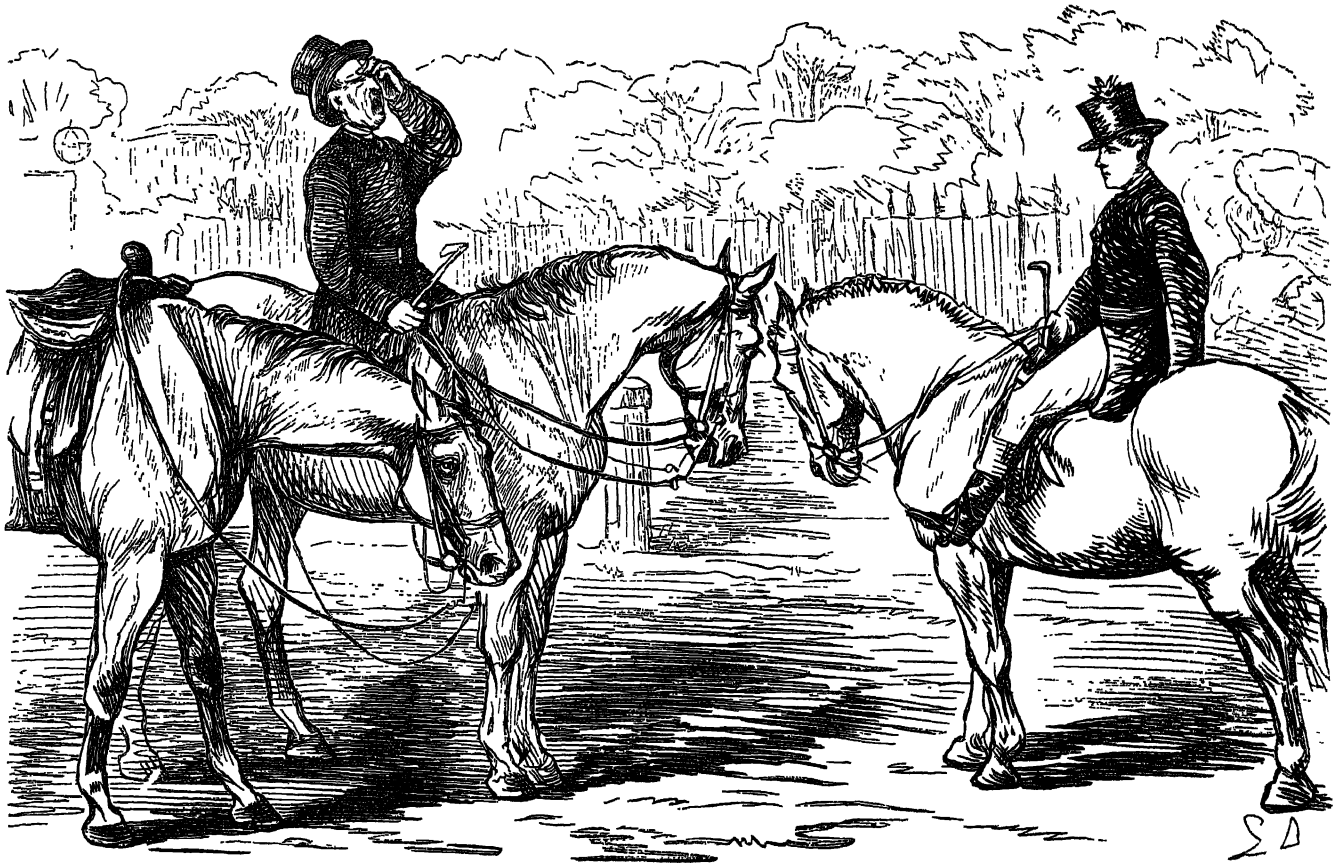
THIS was the mode in which it was last week suggested (in Parliament) to get rid of the Isle of Alderney:—

"MR. WHITE said that it would be better for Her Majesty's Government to purchase the fee simple of the island and blow it into the sea."

Hem! There seems to be some feeling of rivalry in this suggestion—some insular hostility. Does MR. WHITE reside—as the proposal would lead us to infer—on one of the group of Isles to be seen from the Land's End? Grateful Alderney should commemorate the proposal by calling itself, for the future, the Isle of White.

Author of the above. Shall I stick in something about cows?

Mr. Punch. SIR?



VERY UNGALLANT!

Groom on Cob. "GOING OUT OF TOWN SOON, JIM?"

Jim. "WELL, I HOPE SO. ME AND MY 'OSSES IS 'AMOST WORE OUT WITH THIS 'ERE PARK 'ACKING, AND LADY'S MILE-IN! I WISH THEY 'D MAKE A RAILWAY ON IT!"

THE BOOMPJE PAPERS.

AT THE HAGUE—AMONG THE PICTURES—ARTISTIC OPINIONS—JOMP CONSULTED—HOW WE VISIT A PRIVATE COLLECTION—RESULT.

Opposite Paul Potter's Bull. MUNTLEY and FINTON in ecstasies.

N.B. Before a well-known work of art, safe to be in ecstasies.

GOOCH exclaims, "*C'est magnifique!*" His friends, MUNTLEY and FINTON, being evidently of the same mind as himself as to the necessity of speaking French when abroad, reply in chorus, "*Oui.*"

BUND who has got Murray by his side—

[Note. By the way, subject for one of the future Boomp-je Ballads—*Avr, "With his Sabre by his Side"*—Boomp-je version:—

With his Murray by his side,
And his Bradshaw in his hand,

&c. &c., when the original words come to hand.

MAULLIE, R.A., shows me mems for various Boomp-je Ballads—"All among the Boomp-jes," a version of "*All Among the Barley.*" I express my opinion that his notion is very good: he expresses his that my notion is very good. Like a fellow to be sympathetic and appreciative. MAULLIE, R.A., is.]

BUND, who has his Murray by his side (out of the bag) says, "Wonderful for its truth to Nature;" as if he'd lived among bulls all his life; and, "It's marvellous"—here he inspects the picture closely, and then falls back a few paces,—"It's marvellous how he's arranged his masses."

As this sounds like knowing something about it, we all (except MAULLIE, who hasn't said anything as yet) agree with BUND, "that it is, as a fact, wonderful how POTTER"—a little too familiar, perhaps, but it shows a thorough knowledge of the artist—"how POTTER has arranged his masses."

[Note.—Consulting Murray afterwards, I find where BUND has got his expression from. Boomp-je!]

GOOCH exclaims, after a minute's silence, "*C'est un tableau de grandeur naturelle.*"

I join MUNTLEY and FINTON in responding "*Oui.*"

[Note.—Having purchased a catalogue, I discover this is a quotation. Also Boomp-je!]

MAULLIE says, "Yes, clever, of course, but uninteresting. Very much overrated;" and he walks off to No. 125, *Le Confesseur de Rubbens*, a portrait by RUBBENS of the cheeriest Monk possible. "Isn't that the very fellow you'd pick out for jolly old PETER PAUL's Confessor, eh?" cries MAULLIE. We all agree, except MUNTLEY, who is a little bothered by the double *b* in RUBBENS, and inquires of FINTON, in an undertone, "PETER who?" Subsequently he evinces his knowledge of the subject by mentioning old PETER PAUL's Bull.

BUND, who has his own ideas of art, professes intense admiration for the works of art painted by the Brothers BOTH. He takes us, one by one, into corners where pictures by these artists are hung. He fees officials to lower or draw up window-blinds (the BOTHs are generally in the worst possible lights), in order to show us the beauties of the BOTHs. He doesn't ask MAULLIE to look at them, but canvasses (as it were) for a majority in favour of his (BUND's) opinion before appealing to MAULLIE. BUND, being the Commander, Commodore, and Paymaster-General, we agree with him, to a certain extent, about the BOTHs, of whom we have never before heard. MUNTLEY and FINTON join us, and express their sentiments, as far as to say, "Yes, very pretty."

"Look at the sunset," says BUND, pointing it out enthusiastically. "Mustn't touch the picture!" says the official who pulled up the blind, translating *Het is verboden, &c.*

"No, of course not," returns BUND; "but," to us, "isn't the sunset admirable?"

We think it is certainly. "It's so wonderful," continues BUND, "that the BOTHs, being Dutch, should paint Italian scenery."

We admit that it is very wonderful. MUNTLEY, after some consideration, asks, slowly, "Why?"

"Why?" returns the Commodore. "Because,"—he begins as if he was answering a conundrum,—"Because—they never saw it."

This answer being satisfactory to all parties, we move on to another picture.

Note.—BUND's explanation, as above given, seems to be framed on the JÖMP model. For the present we don't hear any more of the BÖRRIS, in consequence of GOOCH's insisting upon our going back to luncheon. The Count says that having fed only two hours ago, he is so confoundedly hungry. MAULLIE remains in the gallery until shut in by the doors being closed for the day, and then turned out by one of the officials, who finds him sitting solemnly before *La Leçon d'Anatomie du Professeur Tulp*, No. 116. After this, he appears at the Hotel.

JÖMP is now summoned. During our absence he is supposed to have found out all that is to be seen in or near The Hague. MUNTLEY and FINTON, as friends of GOOCH's, have been asked to join us *pro tem*.

"Now, JÖMP," says BUND, "what's to be seen next?"

"Vell," answers the intelligent JÖMP, rubbing his head, as usual, and letting his eyes wander vaguely round the party, as if hoping that some one would suggest something—

"Vell—um—um—um—dere's de pictures." Thinks it out, and adds, "Ah, but you've seen dem."

"Isn't there a celebrated town near here, eh? Leyden?" suggests GOOCH, who thinks he's got hold of the place where *Le Prophète* (MARIO or TAMBERLIK is included in this idea) came from.

"Isn't there a fishing-place—Scheveningen?" asks BUND, on Murray's authority, before JÖMP can answer. JÖMP, who has begun to think out the first question, turns his attention to the Commander's inquiry.

"Vell—" he begins, when MAULLIE jumps up from his seat (Boomp-je!!) and interrupts.

"I beg your pardon," cries MAULLIE, apologising to every one in general, and only looking at JÖMP, "but isn't there a private collection somewhere here?"

MUNTLEY and FINTON, together, say, "Oh, yes, lots."

JÖMP becomes perfectly damp with agitation. He looks as if another question, put suddenly and sharply, would knock him down. A prisoner at the bar asked to plead "Guilty or Not Guilty" could not appear more utterly miserable than JÖMP. He mops his head with the dull-coloured cotton handkerchief ("I will get him a new one," GOOCH is heard to murmur), pockets it, puts his hands behind him, and having, so to speak, pulled himself together for an effort, says,

"Vell—dere is Schevening—oh, yes—you can go dere—oh, yes—and a private collection of pictures—oh, yes—"

"At Scheveningen?" asks BUND, thinking to kill two birds with one visit.

"At Schevening?" replies JÖMP, considering: then, after cautiously thinking it out, he adds, "No; you can not see de collection dere—um—um—because, you know, it's here." And he looks round to us as if for confirmation of the truth of his argument.

"Then where is it?" asks MAULLIE. "We're here to see the Dutch school, aren't we?" We nod our heads, like the ghosts in *Rip Van Winkle*, or Mr. COBBETT at MADAME TUSSAUD's. "Let's go there at once, JÖMP;" and he takes up his hat.

"But," exclaims GOOCH, "it's a private house. You can't go, in that dress—and that hat."

"Pooh!" says MAULLIE, "don't come if you don't like. Now, JÖMP, you can show us where it is."

The Count makes one last effort. "Let's have a carriage, and drive there in style. Hang it! don't let's walk to a private house like rabble—or bailiffs."

JÖMP says, "It's not worth while to 'ave a carriage. It's only a few steps."

We set off: GOOCH protesting to his friends, apart, that it's too bad of MAULLIE; and "Hang it!" he adds, "he's got an umbrella now as big as a clothes-bag. It brings such a bad name on Englishmen. Fancy," he goes on protesting, "a lot of fellows with bags, umbrellas, and wide-awake hats, calling on one of us in London? Would we let 'em in? Pooh!"

"A few steps," as represented by the intelligent JÖMP, turns out to be half through the town, a distance doubled by JÖMP's forgetting the way, and then the name of the street. Arrived at our destination, an elegant newly-painted residence of some municipal notability, JÖMP knocks at the door, being induced to do so by the Commander. ("He'll think we've all come to dinner," says GOOCH, still protesting, "It's too absurd.")

A neat maid appears.

What she says, in Dutch, we don't know.

"Speak to her," says BUND to JÖMP, with confidence in JÖMP's acquaintance with the language.

JÖMP appears to become suddenly bashful, and what he says to her is a perfect mystery to everyone, including the maid, who stares at him.

"Dash it!" says GOOCH, "she'll think we're all drunk."

There does appear a probability of this, and of JÖMP's being removed by some authorities as drunk and incapable, for he stands on the doorstep grinning and sputtering some unintelligible sounds which may

mean something to him, but nothing to anybody else belonging to any known nationality.

MAULLIE begins something in French.

GOOCH says, "It's no good, she doesn't understand that."

BUND, becoming very angry, swears at JÖMP. "What the Boomp-je did you bring us here for, if you can't speak the inf—Boomp-je language?" he asks of the unfortunate JÖMP.

JÖMP, in an agony and almost in tears, replies, "Vell, you *would* come here. I can't 'elp it. I tought she'd know vy ve came." Then he turns to the girl, who by this time has become almost pale with fear, and with a gentle smile this time, tries some words on her which he believes to be very like, if not absolutely, Dutch.

This and his smile ("a confounded lunatic leer!" says GOOCH, whose temper has quite gone) settles the question. She bangs the door, overturning GOOCH on to BUND, and the next minute we see the family of the private collector at the windows, regarding us with horror and amazement.

"Vell," says JÖMP, picking himself up from the lower doorstep, "Ve can't see that if they von't let us in."

"But you can't speak the language, confound you," cries MAULLIE, boiling over.

"Vell, um—um—um," retorts JÖMP, hurt by this imputation; "she don't understand vot I say."

Carried *nem. con.* for the twentieth time—That JÖMP is an Ass. Also, that we'll get some one who *does* understand the Hague, and the language.

It is now four o'clock.

Proposed by the Commander, that we drive to Scheveningen. Seconded by GOOCH heartily (he is always ready for anything in a carriage), with an amendment to the effect that we have a biscuit, or sandwich, and a glass of something first.

Generally agreed to. Carriage ordered.

"HAY, &c."

WANTED, a Curate, for the * * * Parish Church; stipend, first year, £150; second year, £120; to undertake the whole duty when the rector is away, about nine months in the year, and to superintend the making of the rector's hay, &c. Apply to the Rev., &c.

Why the unfortunate Curate is to have £30 less for the second year than for the first, we don't know. It is a reversal of the usual course of reward. Is he expected to make all his flock so good, the first year, that they will want little looking after, subsequently? But that's a trifle. As to the making of the Rector's Hay, "*et cetera*," we think the advertiser should be more explicit. What else is the Curate to make—tea, sermons, beds, bread, or what? We have read of "*the et cetera* oath," which was regarded as a snare—we dare say that no snare is meant here, but business is business. Some curates are handy and willing, some are awkward and haughty—for his own sake the advertiser should say how much he expects, in addition to the discharge of a clergyman's real duty, on a decreasing salary.

NO TERM FOR OUR NAVY.

THE writer of a leading article in the *Morning Post*, whose language, all except one word, is satisfactory, gives us the assurance that we have a "reliable fleet." It is a comfort to know that we have a fleet whereon we can rely. We understand what that means. The same thing, doubtless, is meant by a "reliable fleet" in the mind of the journalist who employs that expression; but he should not call the British fleet reliable. The United States may have a reliable fleet if you like, as the Americans like to say so, but the fleet of the United Kingdom is trustworthy, not reliable. We never had, and never shall have, a reliable fleet. BRITANNIA could not think of ruling the waves by any such means. It is derogatory to the dignity of England's naval armament to associate it with an epithet derived from the phraseology of Yankee cent-a-lining.

Chesterfield to the Rescue!

WE must protest against brutal rudeness, even to brutes. We read in the price lists that certain cattle are called, "Inferior Coarse Beasts." This triple insult seems to us vulgar. We would hardly apply such epithets to the riotous cads to whom the Victoria Embankment is given up on Sundays.

BONE AND MUSCLE.

WE have skeleton regiments which we must immediately convert into flesh and blood. The French and Germans possess flesh and blood regiments which are reducing each other to skeletons.

"THE BOYLE LECTURE."—Can you Cook a Potato?"



WHICH OF THESE TWO RESPECTABLE PHILISTINES IS WAITER, WHICH HOST?

THE "GRATEFUL FATHER'S" REWARD.

Who says that Gratitude is evanescent?

"If Faith and Hope reply,
Give Faith and Hope the lie."

There is a "Grateful Father" who has been for months, if not years, announcing, in costly advertisements, that he is desirous of sending "by mail, free of charge" a prescription by which his daughter "was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physicians." *Mr. Punch*, maintaining, though with difficulty, command over his emotions, has watched this worthy creature's persistent demonstrations of gratitude. But further restraint is impossible, and the Grateful Father must be aided in his praiseworthy purpose. As he declares that he has nothing to gain by his gratefulness, he can sustain no injury by the publication of the blessed prescription; nay, his benevolent soul will exult to find that it is placed before the world in *Mr. Punch's* columns. Yet, knowing that excessive modesty offends accompanies excessive goodness, that Gentleman has forborne, in requesting a copy of the prescription, to mention the reward it is his intention to bestow; but now he clasps the Grateful Father to his bosom, and, with tears of Sacred Emotion, promises him that he shall no longer do good in the way adopted by the late Mr. ALLEN, of Ross, but, if so minded, may "blush to find it fame."

"Scaldings."

An eminent firm announces a new poem under the title of *The Scald*. The house in question seldom issues a weak book, yet it is difficult to understand how the description of a comparatively slight injury, and of its surgical treatment, can occupy six cantos. However, we trust that the conclusion will be happy, and that the author will not scorn to borrow an idea from a meaner minstrel, the author of *The Perfect Cure*.

EXPERIENTIA NON DOCET.—A bit of sporting news, we confess, startles us. "*Kingcraft* has risen again to the former price." What? After the Treaty-Plot? And after its detection?

"LOCKE ON GOVERNMENT."

MAKING every allowance on account of the weather, the war, the end of the Session, the late nights, and everything else of a disturbing sort, is not this kind of thing rather strong? At 3 o'clock on a Tuesday morning,

"MR. LOCKE inquired whether Wisley-common was to be retained in the Bill or not? He would not take any assurance except that of the Prime Minister; for there were a number of individuals on the Treasury Bench who got up and said all sorts of things upon which nobody placed any reliance."

MR. LOCKE is a shrewd man and a valuable Member, and like a Macedonian, of old, "calls a spade a spade." But it is out-Macedonianing Macedonianism to indicate respectable officials by the name of Apollo's musical instrument. That is being too classical.

Wanted a Pillory.

A PARAGRAPH headed "Tradesman's Frauds" appeared the other day, in the *Islington Gazette*, stating that at the Islington Petty Sessions in the previous week, ninety-one shopkeepers were convicted of using illegal weights and measures. The different trades in which these rogues cheated, and the number of rogues who disgraced each trade, are very carefully specified by our Islington contemporary; but these statistics are rendered useless by the omission of the rogues' names. An Act of Parliament should provide that the names and addresses of all such rogues shall be duly advertised.

To Peaceful Parents.

CONTINENTAL EDUCATION.—M. LOUIS NAPOLEON will be happy to undertake the care of two or three little daring boys, as Companions-in-arms for his son LOUIS. They will receive every possible attention, will be allowed to take a turn at the newly-invented and highly-amusing toy, the MITRAILLEUSE OR WHEEL OF DEATH, for an hour or so daily, and have six shots apiece at *Real Prussian Soldiers* with a drawing-room revolver. Each boy to bring his own bullets instead of marbles. After the action they will, under L. N.'s personal supervision, canter round the field of battle.



REFRIGERATED TOURISTS.

Provincial Waiter. "IOE! GENTLEMEN? THERE AIN'T NO IOE IN AUTUMN TIME. BUT IT'S EASY TO SEE YOU ARE GENTS FROM LONDON, AS DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT NATURE, AND I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR IT, IN COURSE. BUT, IOE IN AUGUST!"
[Exit, smuggering.]

A SNARL AND A SIGH.

"*Quis tulerit Gracchos?*" When the *Presse* exclaims:—"The French territory is invaded!" and cries—

"At present, every man holding a musket has but one duty, that of becoming a soldier. Let the women drive the men to the frontier, and the mothers curse the sons who are not ready to die. To arms! To arms!"

"Great want of originality" continued Mr. Dogrose, on having read the foregoing appeal. "To arms!" The old, old cry of aggressors in trouble. Fancy yourself poking up a nest of hornets, bringing them about your ears, and then shouting 'To arms! To arms!' Yah! 'Let the women drive the men to the frontier.' H'm! Of course, without considering, if they don't remain there, in what a plight they may come back. 'And the mothers curse the sons who are not ready to die.' Ready, who is ready? Are you, Reader? as the tracts say. A question, it seems, not to be asked at all seasons. Die, what for? That your survivors may live and enjoy themselves. Then, indeed, you are a noble good fellow, and here's your health. Poor humanity!"

Felicity of Naval Nomenclature.

By a letter from Rome in the *Constitutionnel* we are apprised that:—

"The evacuation of the Pontifical territory by French troops continues, and the steamer *President Troplong* has just embarked the remainder of the 6th Foot Chasseurs."

Troplong seems a rather appropriate name for a transport employed in completing the evacuation of Rome; which has certainly not taken place a day too soon.

SONG FOR ENGINE-DRIVERS BEFORE A COLLISION.—"Whistle—and I'll come to you, my lad."

THE ENORMOUS GOOSEBERRY

(Among the fruit presented, according to annual usage, by the Fruiterers' Company on Tuesday, the 9th instant, at the Mansion House, to the LORD MAYOR).

WHERE is the Enormous Gooseberry
That should be in season now?
This year unmentioned must it be,
Because of Bellona's row?
Bellona shall not all heed engross;
Pomona shall have her share;
A song of *Domine dirige nos*
With fruit for the good LORD MAYOR.

The Fruiterers' goodly company,
Its Master and Warden stout,
To the throne of the City's Majesty
We did wend with a brave set-out,
With a grand array of our toothsome wares;
At its steps we laid them down.
O the scrumptious apples and juicy pears
That we proffered the Civic Crown!

O the peaches and the nectarines!
O the melons, grapes, and figs!
It were a dessert for Kings and Queens,
Let alone the little pigs.
And the bold LORD MAYOR did greet us well,
And whatever mote betide,
If need were, he said, for our citadel
He would fight with us side by side.

Of the pinery and the greenery
The best we had brought that day;
It was a noble sight to see
And a savoury, by my fay,
No mulberries ever grew on tree
With our whoppers that could compare:
And we laid an Enormous Gooseberry
At the feet of the good LORD MAYOR.

Bawling Abroad and at Home.

"To Arms!" is a war-cry on either side. JOHN BULL answers, "To Heels!" They shout "To Horse!" He replies, "To Donkey!" "To Paris!"—"To Berlin!"—roar the mobs of hostile capitals. The response of MR. BULL is, "To Jericho!"

PITY THE SORROWS OF A VACATION JUDGE!

We notice every autumn with considerable pain that one of our poor Judges is compelled to remain in town "at chambers," while all his learned brethren are shooting, fishing, tour-making, or otherwise enjoying their annual vacation. How in our hearts we pity this poor solitary Judge, thus shining a fixed star amid the firmament of law, while the other legal luminaries are wandering like comets! 'Tis the last Judge in chambers left blooming alone; all his learned companions from London are gone. And what a bitter mockery it seems that he should have the title of the "Vacation Judge," when he is thus cruelly deprived of his vacation! We wonder that he does not strike work altogether, and say, with *Falstaff* (slightly altered) "Why, 'tis my vacation, HAL, 'tis a sin for any man to labour in his vacation!" Let us hope, at any rate, that in general he finds there is but little work to do, and that he has some pleasant indoor recreation. People should know, better than to go to law in August, when the lawyers want a holiday, and the Judges also. We trust that it would not be very far away from truth were we to picture the Vacation Judge enjoying leap-frog with his clerk, or indulging in such pastimes as a game of tops or marbles.

Impudence and Assurance.

MRS. PARTINGTON considers that a shipowner as would supply an enemy with Coals shows he is just the sort of party as would Skuttle a vessel of his own. She has not studied the question of contraband, but her instinct is right.

PROBABLE CONVERTS.

It is a wonder that all the Aldermen of the City of London have not become Catholics—on account of the numbers of Feasts in the Roman Calendar.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Notice Bill, which *Mr. Punch* fervently hopes may become a remarkably defunct Dead Letter.

Monday. Foreign Minister LORD GRANVILLE explained that England had proposed to Prussia and to France that they should enter into treaty with her that if either the King or the Emperor should violate the neutrality of Belgium, England should act with the other against the Violator. This is to hold good for a year after peace shall be made, and then we go back to the Treaty of 1839. Both Powers assented. Now will anybody say that England—*vide* our last Cartoon—did not mean what she said when she said to Belgium, "Trust me"? It is agreeable to know that the Belgians are much pleased with us, and have warmly thanked our good QUEEN.

The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill had been so altered by the Lords that the Commons had to alter it back again, and, the former cleaving to their amendments, the Government withdrew the Bill. So Catholic ecclesiastics are still exposed to the hideous tyranny under which they have been groaning for so many years, and are as liable as before to be burned, incarcerated, compelled to hide in the "Priest's Hole," and generally to be persecuted for religion.

Prime Minister, MR. GLADSTONE, made a statement similar to that of LORD GRANVILLE.

It was finally decided that the next Census shall be Irreligious. *Mr. Punch* wonders whether there will be, this time, any Fanatic who will refuse to make a return, because KING DAVID was punished for numbering his people.

The Commons agreed to the Lords' decision, on the Clerical Disabilities Bill, that a clergyman who has left the Church shall not be allowed to come back again. *Non licet his errare* is a rule of war, but it is a new thing to apply it to the tortuosities of theology. However, the Bishops know best, or it is their business to know best.

Tuesday. SIR ROBERT COLLIER, Attorney-General, becomes Recorder of Bristol. New writ—but the Conservatives do not oppose his re-election. Let the bells ring out for him in Bristol's loyal town, and are the day let three hundred horse meet him on Clifton down, if they like and he likes, though we don't see the slightest reason for the operation. Ha! ha! We wax jolly, at the thought of the end of the Session.

MR. JACOB BRIGHT and SIR WILFRID LAWSON objected to our engagement to defend Belgium. But MR. PETER TAYLOR (and we rejoice to shake hands with him before he goes to Leicester, or wherever he lives) made as sound and manly a speech in favour of England's doing her duty and keeping her word, as we desire to hear. We hereby forgive him all his two-penny grievances about flogged cads and the like, and slap him affably on the shoulder:

"So the Proud TAYLOR goes marching away."

Wednesday. The Lords had a Belgian debate, by way of whet to the prorogation. LORD CAIRNS cordially approved the object of the new Treaty, but doubted the wisdom of an arrangement which might expose us to awkward complications. Suppose a skilful strategist, in order to get England on his side, compelled his adversary to violate the Belgian soil? And suppose both violated it?

LORD GRANVILLE did not see how the skilful strategist was to manage such a stroke. He did not believe that either King or Emperor would, after a solemn treaty with us, proceed to break it. We did not weaken the Treaty of 1839, but confirm it. Belgium had not been consulted in the matter, as we did not want to compromise her, but she had been apprised of the plan, and applauded it.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE (an authority), the DUKE OF CLEVELAND, and LORD SHAFTESBURY (is this excellent nobleman pleased that Protestantism is scoring honours?) highly approved of the Treaty.

In the Commons, MR. GLADSTONE said that COUNT BERNSTORFF had signed for North Germany, and that M. LAVALETTE would sign as soon as a formal power (since arrived) should come. There was a discussion—we cannot blame Honourable Gentlemen for taking the last opportunity for a talk, but we should blame ourselves very considerably if we obtruded such talk on an impatient Universe that is watching battles. Suffice it to say, that those whose words have weight approved what Ministers had done.

At two o'clock the signal was given, and a few minutes later, LORD CHANCELLOR HATHERLEY had delivered the Royal Speech. It was as brief as was compatible with dignity.

The QUEEN made befitting reference to the War, and to the Pain and Grief with which She witnessed it. Her Majesty adverted to Her exertions to prevent it, noted her Declaration of Neutrality, and described the Belgian Treaty.

The Sovereign alluded to the Greek atrocities, and *Mr. Punch* regrets that she was not advised to say something stronger. Her unremitting efforts would be directed to secure complete inquiry. [*Please your Majesty, we have been hearing of this for months. May we respectfully say that your Majesty's subjects do not expect to see Greece permitted to sneak out of the affair, merely because she is a miserable little country, and two great nations are thundering in battle.*]

Our Monarch thanked the Commons for their liberality, and for the additional grant of money for 20,000 new troops.

The Lady of the Land acknowledged the value of the labours that have created:

The Irish Land Act.

The Education Act.

[*Excuse us, your Majesty, but permit us to say "Hooray!" and to add a cheer for Mrs. FORSTER.*]

The Naturalisation Act.

The Extradition of Criminals Act.

The Improvement of the Balaclava System Act.

Finally QUEEN VICTORIA "bade Parliament farewell for the recess, with the earnest prayer that when it should be again summoned, She might be enabled to rejoice with it on the re-establishment of peace on the Continent of Europe."

[*So may it be, Madam, and the prayer is that of a good Queen and a kind Lady. But there is stern work to be done before that day of rejoicing.*]

Thus endeth the "arduous" Session. *Mr. Punch* began to preach a sermon to those whose fatal dislike of the Silences has made the Session about three times as arduous as was necessary. But

"Ere he had said

His prelude through, the uncourteous souls had fled."

Therefore he will remark, as did the Irish Manager to the thin hour, "As there's nobody there, I dismiss you all." To the moor, to the hill, to the sea! and may we not meet again until February. *Potatarius vos saluto!* adds *Mr. Punch*, pensively handing to his printer the last lines of this Session's

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

A DIAPHORETIC DAY.

My cheek, but not my cheek alone,

My brow was also bathed in tears,

The weather had so sultry grown,

And they ran down my nose and ears.

A heavy haze obscured the sky,

Through which the sun by fits did glare;

I met a doctor, and, said I,

"There's JAMES'S Powder in the air."

Highly Respectable Liquor.

"CLARET Medoc, with bottled character." So says a placard on a shop-window. We all know that it is as important for a wine to have a character as it is for a servant; but many of us now learn, for the first time, that it can be bottled. How is the thing done; for this feat, this new bottle-trick, seems almost to be beyond even modern ingenuity, and ought certainly, if practicable, to be a patented invention? Let us hope one thing, that if the wine's character is bottled, it is not "corked" also.

IN A GREAT STATE OF ALARM.

THERE is one class of objects which always make MRS. MALAPROP feel very nervous when she goes to the Kensington Museum—the terror cottas.

THOUGHTS OF GREAT MEN.

(Now first Collected.)



WHEN the decline of the vast Aryan empire, long foretold by the most sagacious of her historians, PROLEMY PARTINAX, long foreseen by the most venerable of her Archimandrites, GREGORY BARBATUS, culminated to an intolerable apex under the licentious sway of the last of the once powerful Meringues, vain were all the well-meant efforts of kings and cavalry officers to arrest its inevitable doom.

"Her commerce (in otto of roses) once the envy and astonishment of surrounding nations, had ceased to disturb the equanimity of the most insignificant of neighbouring States; her exports and imports (of marmalade and artificial mineral waters) yielded neither gain to the imperial treasury nor profit to the adventurous trader; and the richly-freighted shallops that had floated on every sea, and hoisted

the 'Combs and Brushes' in every harbour of the navigable globe, now lay silently rotting on the deserted shores of the romantic estuaries of the melancholy Spork.

"The treasures of art, the wonders of science, the marvellous products of inventive genius and the patent laws, reposed neglected and forgotten in galleries and cabinets, in museums and mechanics' institutes—the ivories and alabasters, the cameos and corkscrews, the subtle work of the sculptor, the goldsmith, and the market gardener, all at the mercy of the barbarous invader; exciting the cupidity and tempting the insatiable avarice of the most abandoned of her height and sex, and finally leading the way to that momentous disturbance of the equilibrium of nations which terminated in the disruption of the entire Peninsula, and is felt even to this day in the remotest fastnesses of the City Road."—GIBBON.

"I wander in the meadows at eventide, I drink in the sweet scents of the mignonette in the fragrant hedgerows, of the *Pyrus Japonica* in the adjoining copse, of the *Myosotis palustris* in the adjacent fox-cover. I stand for half an hour watching the sensitive blossoms of the tender orchis shrink nervously before the first shades of approaching night, and see the gleaming chalice of the *Victoria regia* brimming with the fertilising dews of the bounteous heavens.

"All Nature is unobtrusively serene and still. The lapwing's carol is hushed, and the song of the beetle-crusher has faded on the ear of listening night; the hare is in her form, the catalpa on her mossy nest; that busy engineer, the indefatigable mole, slumbers in his own earthworks, and the glowworm's light is turned off at the meter. There is not a sound on the horizon, there is not a creature in the back premises. I will retrace my steps along this secluded bridle-path, I will tread carefully among the edible fungi on the grassy lawn—what thanks I owe the wise Professor who taught me in my boyish hours to distinguish between the delicious mushroom and the deleterious toad-stool—and return to my ten-pound tenement, for the night is chilly, and I fear arthritic rheumatism, having forgotten my great-coat."—LINNEÆUS.

We will conclude with a quaint old madrigal:—

"When Phœbus from his couch is springing,
Curtailed in the east,
When feathered throats are sweetly singing
Over Nature's feast,
When night retreats and darkness hies,
And zephyrs breathe, and Flora sighs,
Then you and I,
Beneath the sky,
Will watch the day-star ere he dies.

"When Phœbus to his bed is going,
Shrouded in the west,
When purling streams are swiftly flowing

On to Ocean's breast,
When winds are hushed and waves are still,
And woodbine scents the window-sill,
Then you and I,
Beneath the sky,
Will calculate the weekly bill."

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

WOMAN "TAKING ACTION."

UNDER the head of Sporting Intelligence, "ARGUS," the entertaining and instructive Correspondent of the *Post*, observes:—

"The action for Breach of Promise brought last week against a member of the Ring, has, as may be imagined, caused considerable amusement among that body; and I hope I may be allowed to say what the general feeling is upon the subject—viz. that the jury have handicapped Mr. M***** very high; and considering what a heavy bookmaker he is, it will require a good many 'outsiders' to win during the Outobers at Newmarket for him to recoup himself of the money, out of which the jury have done him."

O ARGUS! "Done" him? A British Jury, no doubt composed of respectable, if not large, shopkeepers, capable, do you think, of "doing," by excessively amercing in damages, anybody in any case, and of all cases in a breach of promise of marriage case? If they gave damages at all heavy, depend upon it the case was a very gross case indeed. What! Is it not to be presumed that they were twelve honest Englishmen, family men as well as men of business; men, probably with grown-up daughters or marriageable sisters? Can you suppose that such men would encourage an extortionate action which the mere idea of bringing would shock all the good, generous, unselfish, loving girls, their relations? Such dear girls would shudder at the thought of trying to sell themselves to a man by marrying him merely for a maintenance, of holding him to his bargain if he repented of it, and, if he broke it, trying to screw money out of him. Their fathers and brothers would never put a premium on heartless self-seeking, like that. No, no, ARGUS. The honourable, if small, British tradesman would despise his own daughter if he suspected her of such baseness. The breadth of mind and view, peculiar to his class, moreover enables him to perceive that actions for breach of matrimonial contract ought to be generally discouraged if only on prudential grounds by men wishing to get their daughters off their hands; because no man in his senses would ever marry any woman who had been a plaintiff in one.

However, if any unfortunate fellow has really been, as ARGUS says, "done" by a jury in their verdict of damages against him for having broken an engagement to wed a person for whom he had ceased to care, there is this consolation for him, that the heaviest fine is preferable to the bonds of enforced matrimony. He may, besides, thank his stars that he did cease to care for one not worth caring for, in time. If the member of the Ring named by ARGUS has in truth been "done" in the way which ARGUS mentions, he should reflect that no fine is so heavy as the yoke of slavery to that other ring which he has escaped at all events, and which, had he not escaped it, would perhaps make him wish that he were under the Turf instead of on it.

Song by a French Soldier.

My *Mitrailleuse* may prove untrue;
For that I do not care,
If I can but depend on you,
My own Vivandière.

Foreign Affairs.

In the *Post* the other day it was thus written:—

"The British Embassy was stormed by peaceful British subjects asking for passports. Paris will ere long, contain very few foreigners."

Let us hope it may not too soon contain a great many.

QUESTION OF CONTRABAND.

If coals are contraband of war, why not call the colliers, who are guilty of exporting the coals, over them?



FOUR-WHEELER VERSUS HANSOM.

Gentleman. "Now, THEN, CRAWLER, I DIDN'T HAIL YOU! I HAILED THE HANSOM. SO TAKE THAT 'FEVER-BOX' OF YOURS OUT OF THE WAY!"

Four-Wheeler. "FEVER-BOX, INDEED! AH! THAT'S JUST YOUR MISTAKE! I TAKES THE PATIENTS TO THE 'OSPITAL WHEN THE DISEASE IS ONLY JUST BEGINNING, AND THERE AIN'T YET NO INFECTION. HE TAKES 'EM OUT FOR A HAIRING JUST WHEN THEY BEGINS TO GET CONVALESCENT."

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM has taken a cottage in the country. She can't go abroad this year on account of the war. She writes to a friend quite a poetical description of her rural retreat. She says: "The landlord, who has gone away for three months, was evidently very fond of rare plants. There's a beautiful Awkward House, always kept hot with a tank in it, and little green frogs at eighteen pence a head. This is where Awkwards grow. They're of no use, and some of them are very lovely. Then there's an Infirmary, with the most gracious ferns I ever saw, some of them growing out of pots and some out of banks, the banks being covered with bunches of green Moses. The walls of the cottage are hardly visible on account of the ivy growing all over. Creepers come in at the bedroom windows, and by the river-side there are plenty of weeping Willies. Creepers and weepers. As to fruit, we have apples, pears, greengages, and as there is, I am told, a pine-wood somewhere near, I've no doubt that we could find plenty of pine-apples in the neighbourhood. There are (as for vegetables) cucumbers, quite pictures in frames, and vegetable Marys growing out of doors. There are hot-houses all about, which perhaps makes this rather a cold house, that is, by comparison. The grapes are lovely, and quite sour, but plenty of them, which makes MR. FILMER's son-in-law say (he is what they call a wag, or a wig, though I don't understand politics), that though we don't want to put on our best dresses in the country, yet we have plenty of *vinery*. We've got a Miranda before the dining-room window, which is a cover to go under when it rains. This Miranda is paved with desolated tiles, the same as you see in the cathedrals and churches. Do you know the difference between a cathedral and a church? I'll tell you, as our good Vigour explained it. 'A cathedral,' says he, 'is a sort of church for the ordinary; and the other is merely an ordinary church.'

"Ordinary," it appears, means 'Bishop': I thought it always meant

dinner at one o'clock, a sort of *Tarble Doat*, as they say abroad. We've got a fearful lot of Woppses here; and we spend our breakfast-time *hordy cumber* (to coat the French) with our knives and forks and spoons in our hands, and our napkins waving about to keep 'em off. MR. FILMER, Junius, he says that they can't sting if you only get hold of 'em and punch 'em to death. *Crudat Dufseus*, as the Romans say.

"Yours warmly,

"LAVINIA D. RAMSBOTHAM."

AN HONEST IRISHMAN.

In the *Irish Sportsman and Farmer* (an interesting journal of the *Field* class) we read—

"A certain gentleman—we name no names—proposing himself, by advertisement, for a city office—we define no further—says, if he be elected, he will perform his duties with ability, and to everybody's satisfaction."

Why name no names? We should like to know the gentleman. He is straightforward enough to say point-blank what every other candidate for office says with a circumlocution. We admire his frankness. He has taken a leaf out of *Mr. Punch's* book, and whosoever does that, prospers, for it is a gold leaf he takes.

Germans, Great and Small.

In consequence of the war now raging between the two chief military nations of Europe, there will be, it is feared, a scarcity of German sausages. But, on the contrary, the probability is that we shall have a glut of them. Recollect that the troops engaged on both sides will include cavalry.



TWO MOTHERS.

FRANCE (*to the EMPRESS*). "AH, MADAME, A SURE HAPPINESS FOR *YOU*, SOONER OR LATER; BUT THERE WERE DEAR SONS OF *MINE* WHOM I SHALL NEVER SEE AGAIN."

"We address the EMPEROR himself, and patriotically ask him to send back the PRINCE IMPERIAL to Paris. The presence of the young Prince in the camp is useless. He has been initiated. It is time for him to return to his mother."—*La Liberté*, Aug. 7.

THE JUDGMENTS OF PARIS.



LET us hear what other than insular persons have to say about the struggle on which all eyes are fixed. *Mr. Punch* thinks (and for him to think that he can oblige the world is instantly to set about doing so) that the world may like to know the tone of the French press on recent events. From that most useful and indefatigable "gatherer of other men's stuff," *Public Opinion*, *Mr. Punch* has selected the opening sentences of the Parisian organs. The journal he has named has obligingly saved him the trouble of translating the passages, and this is convenient, as his Young Man who "reads and writes French with facility" (or says he does) "but cannot speak it," (as *Mr. Punch* knows) has emigrated to Hampstead for the recess.

Wissembourg is not a defeat.	<i>La Liberté.</i>
The news is of immense gravity.	<i>Le Temps.</i>
A check for our arms	<i>La Presse.</i>
To-day we announce a check	<i>Le Pays.</i>
A partial check	<i>Journal des Débats.</i>
Nothing is lost	<i>Le Pays.</i>
We must act	<i>Le Soir.</i>
Terrible, but not overwhelming news	<i>La Patrie.</i>
The French have sustained two defeats	<i>L'Opinion Nationale.</i>
The enemy is upon our territory	<i>Le Constitutionnel.</i>
We have been defeated	<i>L'Histoire.</i>
It is not only France that is in danger	<i>Le Monde.</i>

AN IMP AMONG THE INNOCENTS.

ALONG with the Innocents some Imps have been massacred this time. One of these is the Enclosure Bill dropped for the present. It may be enacted another day though, if you don't look sharp. It still remains a project, which, according to the Secretary of the Commons' Preservation Society, proposes to authorise twenty-one enclosures, containing an area of 12,596 acres, 7232 of which are subject to public allotments, and :—

"From the whole of this only sixty-three and a half acres are reserved for exercise and recreation, and only eighty-nine acres as allotments for the labouring poor. Several of the Commons proposed to be enclosed are in the neighbourhood of large towns, and one of them, embracing the Lizard Point and Kynance Cove, in Cornwall, comprises scenery of unusual beauty."

The credit of slaughtering the imp which threatened to do the mischief above indicated, marring English scenery, and conveying (the wise call it) public land, is due to PROFESSOR FAWCETT. If this goblin of a Bill, for the present quelled, should come to life again, and affront us with its ugly figure next Session, may the public-spirited PROFESSOR, the Member for Brighton, be again prompt and potent to knock it on the head, and stamp upon it, and squelch it.

Only their Name Against Them.

"The investment of Strasbourg appears, as far as yet learned, to be conducted chiefly by the Badish troops."

It is not at all improbable that these "Badish" troops may show themselves to be goodish ones.

The Gover of the Country.

AN eye-witness of the Battle of Woerth, describing it in the *Nationale*, mentions that "every tree" in the forest of Hagenau "concealed a Prussian, who took a sure aim," and particularly notices "the terrible part that the woods, whether at Forbach or elsewhere, play in this war." Guardians of British Crown Lands, please to bear in mind that our Woods are among the most important of our national defences.

THE VISION OF BABYLON.

THE dream that caused the Great King sore unrest
As on his bed in Babylon he lay—
The image terrible, in brightness drest,
With golden head, and silver arms and breast,
Belly and thighs of brass, and, for a stay,
Feet moulded part of iron, part of clay—
Do we too dream that dream, that image see to-day?

The stone cut without hands do we behold,
Smiting the image on its faithless feet,
Till clay and iron, silver, brass and gold,
Are broken into fragments manifold
As chaff on threshing-floors blown from the wheat,
And scattered to the winds that fiercely beat
Round that huge wreck of strength reared upon deceit!

Such is the vision! Needs no seer to tell
Vision's interpretation, while the Time
Helps our dull brains its lessonings to spell;
How with base metals noble mix not well;
How homeward comes the curse of craft and crime,
To weaken iron wills, as did the slime
Those iron feet, whereon that image showed sublime!

The clay of treachery and broken oaths,
Kneaded with blood in midnight murder shed—
What iron but such foul admixture loaths?
What rooted nights of such seed take their growths?
Where to serve silver arms, or golden head,
Or brazen belly, ne'er so fatly fed,
Upon those feet, how firm soe'er they seem to tread?

Lo, the stone without hands! Two nations' wrath:
This—banded to protect its hearths and homes,
One will, one heart, one hand, set on the path
Of the invader, who, like him of Gath,
Exulting in his strength and stature comes,
To sweep them from his road, nor thinks he dooms
His own France to defeat and overthrow, like Rome's

When she assailed those she was wont to call
Barbarians—the sires of them that now
Teach France the lesson to be learnt of all
Whose moods like straw-fires flare as swift as fall,
That 'tis not lust of conquest that can bow,
Their patient wills, their silent strengths can cow,
Whom Faith and Fatherland thus with one soul endow.

And that—the other nation—rising mad
To ask, "What with our legions hast thou done?"
To clamorous cursing changed from war-songs glad,
For blithesome looks, dark faces, sore and sad,
And set like flint, 'gainst him—their Lord—their ONE—
The sole will of their world—the central sun
Round which the ordered stars had but their course to run.

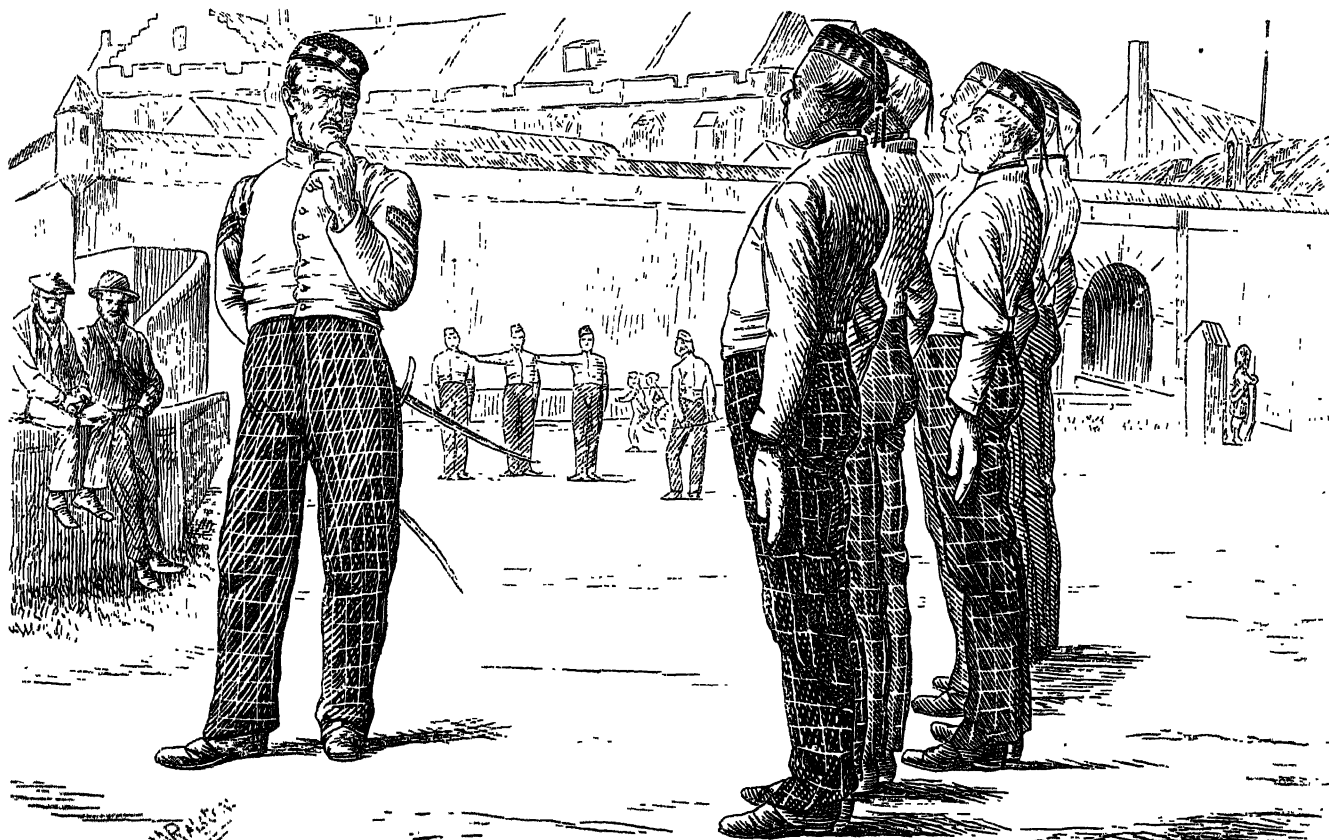
What wonder, if beneath these rending blows,
The foes without, the feller foes within,
The strength of the great image melts, like snows
In thaw, and cracks and rends, with awful throes—
If the clay kneaded in its feet, begin
To work its work of weakness 'neath the skin
Whose vain and varnished show the world's respect could win?

Lo, the great image seen in Babylon,
In KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR's slumber deep,
For our good once more in its mould is run:
Again we see the welded strength undone,
Because it lacked Right's base that strength to keep:
Once more he that sowed wind doth whirlwind reap:
Once more we learn God's wrath may stay, but doth not sleep.

Pensive Penning.

BEING in a poetic vein, I stood by a child's cradle, and saw the infant smiling in its sleep. "Here," said I to myself, "is Blissful Innocence." "Poor little dear," quoth the nurse, "He's werry much troubled." It was the wind. "In pain!" I exclaimed, sadly turning away. "And a humbug at this early age! Already he has learnt to grin and bear it." So I went to bed.

ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.—Conscript Fathers once attracted a large share of attention; now it is all absorbed by Conscript Sons.



AWARE OF THE CRISIS.

Sargeant Mucklewham (more in sorrow than anger). "HALT! O MAN NUMBER THREE, I WUNNER TAE SEE YE! HOO CAN YE THINK FOREIGN POWERS CAN EVER RESPECT YE, IF YE WULL PERSIST IN STEPPIN' THREE INCHES LESS THAN THE REGELATION!"

THE BOOMPJE PAPERS.

A TRIP TO SCHEVENINGEN—THE DRIVE—JÖMP'S INFORMATION—MAULLIE'S JOKES—A DISCOVERY—A SKETCHING PARTY—BUND AND HIEROGLYPHICS—THE ETABLISSEMENT.

Scheveningen.—"Scheveningen," says BUND, authoritatively, "is a small fishing village three miles from the Hague, containing eight thousand inhabitants."

Gooch asks if he has counted them.

BUND, entering into the joke, replies that he has, and finds *Murray's* number exact.

MAULLIE, R.A., observes, "Exact? I wonder at that: I should have thought you'd have found several short."

This is MAULLIE's fun. It throws a gloom over the party for the remainder of the drive, which had begun very pleasantly. Gooch's friends (both in a rumble, hooked on specially for them, and evincing a strong tendency towards detaching itself from the main body of the carriage) beg that MAULLIE's joke may be repeated to them. It is repeated. *Consequence*, one short laugh, and then meditative silence and folded arms.

We take JÖMP with us, because he has been instructed as to the beauties of Scheveningen by the landlord of the hotel, and we suppose that for once he is well posted up in the subject.

We see a large house, apparently of Italian architecture, among the trees. BUND attracts JÖMP's attention by poking him in the back with his stick, much in the same manner as the keepers rouse the sleeping animals in a travelling menagerie, or a passenger wishes to intimate to the bus conductor that "he's a long way past where he ought to have been set down."

"Ask him," says BUND, meaning the coachman, "what that place is."

JÖMP turns round again, and mumbles some soft, very soft, nothings in the coachman's ear.

The coachman makes some reply, evidently not understanding one

word used by the intelligent JÖMP, who tries again, going in at the conversation this time with his head and arms. The coachman nods, shakes his head, and laughs; then turns to us over his shoulder and, taking us into the joke, laughs again.

"He thinks JÖMP mad," says GOOCH, decisively.

"Hey? What?" ask MUNTLEY and FINTON, in the rumble.

N.B. The worst of having fellows in the rumble, who want to be sociable, is that everything said in the carriage has to be repeated to them, as if it were being interpreted. I give them, conscientiously, a sort of *précis* of the conversation and the circumstances leading up to what GOOCH has just said, and they reply together, "Oh!" A sort of chorus in the rumble.

BUND says afterwards, "A rumble is only for servants." MAULLIE replies, "Yes, your-rumble servants." Another gloom over the party. One laugh, and then Gloom.

"What does he say?" asks BUND of JÖMP, still bent upon knowing what the Coachman knows about the House which we've passed a quarter-of-an-hour ago.

"He say," replies JÖMP, in despair of ever making any Dutchman understand him, "He say—um—um—um—he say it is nothing—um—um—he doesn't know."

"But you didn't explain," continues BUND, perseveringly.

"I explain," returns the unhappy JÖMP, "but," he adds, shrugging his shoulders, as an expression of pity for the coachman's want of education, "he *vill* not onderstand vot I say: he come from somewhere else."

This, henceforth, is JÖMP's excuse whenever a Dutch person does not understand his (JÖMP's) language: which case is of perpetual occurrence, the sole exceptions being when, by some lucky chance, the Hollander speaks English, or can interpret JÖMP's Swiss-French. JÖMP's theory (a Boompje theory) is that there is some part of Holland where a number of people come from, who neither understand nor speak their own language.

A pretty drive finishing with a newly-made road and young trees on either side, brings us to Schevening, or, as *Murray* will have it, "Scheveningen," throwing a syllable in for luck as it were.

We drive on until we stick in a sort of dry marsh of fine sand, into which the horses sink nearly up to their knees, and our wheels up to their axles. Further progress is impossible. An idea strikes the intelligent JÖMP, who turns to us from his perch on the box and says,

"Will you stop here?"

Under the circumstances our reply is that we will, whereupon JÖMP descends, opens the door, and we step as lightly as possible on to the sand.

GOOCH and his friends being in low shoes protest in forcible language, and stand still, looking about for less sand.

BUND, preceded by JÖMP with the bag and umbrella, ascends the hillock which commands the beach, and MAULLIE, after shading his eyes with his hand for a minute-and-a-half, as if looking about where to take Scheveningen unexpectedly, commences cutting a pencil by way of coming to the point as soon as possible.

"Coming to the point" was MUNTLEY's joke, and would have been highly successful (as no doubt he has found it on several other previous occasions) but for the sand in our shoes, the unpleasant walking, the hot sun, the peculiarly strong odour of fish, (not unlike that of a poor quarter of London on a Saturday night) and the improbability of our being able to get any refreshment "except perhaps," says GOOCH, in a tone of unmitigated disgust, "tea and shrimps." N.B. Always carefully select your time to be funny, or else—Boompje!

JÖMP makes a discovery. (Boomp-je!!) He sees in the distance an *établissement*, and with a view to ingratiating himself with GOOCH, points it out to him privately.

GOOCH, MUNTLEY and FINTON are delighted.

"By Jove!" exclaims GOOCH, whose mind at once reverts to Trouville, Dieppe, and Boulogne. "I dare say there's a band there, and a restaurant."

"And lots of people," suggests MUNTLEY.

"And the French papers; the *Figaro*," suggests FINTON, this being the only French paper he knows.

"Do you know," GOOCH asks of JÖMP, who has suddenly inspired him with confidence on account of his discovering the *établissement*, "if there is a promenade here?" MUNTLEY and FINTON both listen anxiously for the answer. A promenade to them means lounging about vaguely, examining the toilettes of the ladies, remarking upon "Doosid pretty girls those," asking one another, "Who's that? d'you know?" smoking cigarettes, settling their ties, coaxing their collars, and keeping their wristbands well, *en évidence*, by dint of perpetual pulling up and shooting out their arms as if engaged in some species of gymnastic exercise. This last performance, by the way, MUNTLEY terms "flashing his linen." As the Count and his friends would be perfectly happy to pass their afternoon in this simple fashion, they are all ears for JÖMP's answer concerning the promenade.

"Oh yes," replies JÖMP, with such an air of certainty as would make any one who knew him receive his information with a considerable amount of caution. "Dere is a promenade."

"Where?" asks FINTON.

"Oh," returns JÖMP, as if to put such a question was utterly absurd, "Vere!—ere." He extends his arms on either side in the attitude of a street juggler chucking the balls and knives, and looks from right to left, and then from left to right, thereby taking in the whole line of the seashore of Scheveningen.

"But they don't walk about in this sand?" exclaims GOOCH, who sees no sign, except the existence of the *établissement*, of anything like a fashionable promenade.

"Oh yes," retorts JÖMP, "Dey walk in de sand." He thinks it out and adds, "Dere's no vere else."

"I wish we'd known it was a fashionable place," says GOOCH, "we'd have got MAULLIE another hat at the Hague."

MAULLIE is on the sands, sketch-book and pencil out.

MUNTLEY and FINTON go to inspect the *établissement*: they are to return and report to GOOCH. BUND has followed MAULLIE, and is pointing out to him what he ought to draw.

MAULLIE is sketching one of the hundred and fifty picturesque fishing-boats which are waiting for the tide in order to put out to sea, and is carefully noting down all the details. BUND is pointing out a boy with a dog in a totally different direction from that where MAULLIE's eyes are engaged. "I say," exclaims BUND, who flatters himself on a great appreciation of the picturesque, "there's a bit for you to draw."

"Eh?" says MAULLIE, steadily continuing his boat.

"Boy with dog," BUND goes on, as if he was settling the name of the picture in next year's Academy Catalogue, "and fishing-basket. Just look what a quaint old fishing-basket."

MAULLIE pook-pooks the suggestion, whereupon BUND sets to work to make what he calls just an artistic memorandum, which, he informs us, conveys more to his mind, subsequently, than any writing could do. What it may convey to his mind, it is impossible to say; but having seen the original of the sketch, it is quite certain that *this* is not conveyed to our minds by what may be called the Boompje hieroglyphic. The Commander, BUND, is always "dashing off," as he calls it, a little sketch.

"There's the basket; and boy; and dog," he exclaims, with an air of artistic pride, handing the fly-leaf of *Murray* (he generally does them in some odd corners of books, or on scraps of paper, preserved afterwards in his pocket-book) to us for inspection.

I say, "Yes," doubtfully; but add, "I suppose that'll recall to your mind the whole scene;" i.e., Scheveningen, the sand, the one hundred and fifty boats, the crowd of costumes, the *établissement*, the huts, the houses, the carts, the sunset, the sea, &c., &c.

GOOCH observes, "That it's a great thing to be able to sketch."

Our opinions are, perhaps, somewhat biased by the remembrance of the constitution under which as a Club, we are travelling; i.e., that the Commander BUND is Paymaster.

JÖMP, who is evidently trying to recover his position in the Commander's estimation, looks over his elbow at the drawing, and says, sagely—

"Ah, yes, um—um—um," he is considering the subject—"it is very good. Yes, oh yes—dere is de leetle dog," and he carefully points out what BUND intended for the basket.

GOOCH and myself side with JÖMP on this occasion only. We say, "Yes, the dog is very good; it's the animal itself in a few touches." For the matter of that, it's about as much like a bathing-machine as a dog, but BUND (who had intended it for the basket, or the boy, but certainly not the dog, there is no doubt about it, from the angry expression of his countenance, when he was going to retort upon JÖMP) takes all the credit he can for the cleverness of the sketch, and to prevent any future mistakes, labels the thing, which we had settled upon as representing the dog, with a "D," and then, entirely mistrusting his own powers and intention, asks us knowingly, which *we* should say was the boy.

We choose, out of the two remaining figures, the boy (of course, it is the basket, though GOOCH has some doubts upon the point), and BUND labels that No. 2, with a reference below: thus, No. 2, the Boy, and No. 3, the Basket, adding a line to the effect that the above is a *Sketch taken on Scheveningen Beach, Sunset*.

THE BLOT IN THE WIVES' PROPERTY BILL.

(Song by a Lady of Fashion.)

I AM the Mamma of three beautiful daughters,
Whom married and settled I wish I could see,
A good deal of bread we have cast on the waters,
Accomplished, attractive, that those girls might be.
Fal lal lal la,
Fal lal lal la.

Its speedy return would be welcome to me.

They have the advantage of good expectations,
From uncles and aunts who in riches abound,
When, by the decease of those friends and relations,
Their wishes and mine by-and-by will be crowned;
Fal lal lal la,
Fal lal lal la:

When those worthy people are all underground.

Time was when the dears' charms and prospects united
Our hands would have got them off safely and soon,
Through hope in the heart of admirers excited,
Hope nipped by that Act, meant to Wives for a boon,
Fal lal lal la,
Fal lal lal la,

Which makes men whales that are hard to harpoon.

To come in for money, not getting one penny
In hand, they could once dare your daughter to take.
But now they themselves may thereby ne'er get any
In marriage they fear they a blunder may make.
Fal lal lal la,
Fal lal lal la.

They none want a wife for her own simple sake.

Appropriate.

A Book is advertised entitled *Principles at Stake; being Essays on Church Questions*. Surely this would be a good name for a history of the Religious persecutions under HENRY, EDWARD, MARY and ELIZABETH, for if ever "Principles" were "at stake," that was the time.

CLERICAL.

MAY a poor Curate, who aspires in course of time to expand into a Bishop, be reasonably cautioned that his hope is a for-lawn one?

MUSHROOM CULTURE.—Toadying New Baronets.



JETSAM AND FLOTSAM.

SMITH BEING SHUT OUT FROM THE CONTINENT THIS YEAR, TAKES A COTTAGE ORNÉE ON DEE-SIDE, SCOTLAND. THE CHILDREN ARE SENT UP FIRST. THE HOUSE IS DESCRIBED AS "CONVENIENTLY FURNISHED"—THEY FIND IT SO!

A GOOD NAME.

WHAT is in a Name? Something. For instance, there's a peculiarly chuckling sort of look about an educational advertisement headed

"GIGGLESWICK GRAMMAR-SCHOOL."

The School for the Giggleswick Grammar must be an amusing place, and the Giggleswick Grammar itself a most entertaining, and also, of course, a most instructive book.

Giggleswick, we discover, is near Settle, in Yorkshire. Probably the natives do not appreciate the advantages of Giggleswick so much as do the Settlers. "New Boys," says the Giggleswick (it's a delightful name!—so cheery!) advertisement, "should come to the school at two o'clock on the 22nd of August." We would like to be there as a New Boy: that being impossible, we must content ourselves with going down in our popular character of The Old Boy. "The dormitories," continues the Giggleswickian advertisement, have "separate cubicles." How charming, how ecstatic, to sleep in a Giggleswickian cubicle! But stay, what is a cubicle? Did we ever sleep in a cubicle? No; we should as soon have thought of slumber in a bicycle. "Cubicle" is, we suppose, a translation of *cubiculum*, that is, with due deference to the Giggleswickian Professors. A *cubiculum* was a bedchamber. There were *cubacula diurna et nocturna*, to quote SMITH, who quotes PLINY, and the *nocturna* were also called *dormitoria*. But Giggleswick says that the *dormitoria* contain *cubacula*. Wheels within wheels, that is, rooms within rooms; Giggleswick all over. There is yet another meaning for *cubiculum*, "the pavilion or tent in which Roman emperors were accustomed to witness the public games." Perhaps this is the idea of the *Cubiculum Giggleswickium*, or Giggleswickian Cubicle. No doubt there are plenty of games in the dormitory, bolstering, for example: and perhaps the big boys or monitors recline in their cubicles while Fourth Form gladiators contend. This may be the Giggleswickian sense of cubicle. But as "on application" the Giggleswickian Head Master (it sounds pantomimic, a Master with a Giggleswickian head) "will give any further information," we can only refer ourselves

to him; and wishing him and his "health and happiness," with the additional Jeffersonian-Rip-van-Winkleish wish "that he may live long, and prosper," we finish by flinging our College cap in the air, and crying, "Success to Giggleswick!"

A COMPLIMENT.

THE Bishop preached.

The congregation subsequently requested his Lordship to publish his sermon.

His Lordship was delighted.

"And so," said he, with jocose affability to the Senior Churchwarden, "the people were very much pleased? Eh?"

"Well, you see, your Lordship," replied the official, "our folks would like to know summat about it; and—"

"Ah!" interposed the Bishop, complacently, "I see they'd like to read it at home."

"Well, your Lordship, that's just what they would like; 'cos—" (here he paused, and then added, confidentially) "it wor very hot weather, you see, and so—when your Lordship wor preachin' they were all asleep!"

Verse and Verse.

A MUSCULAR man of Ashango,
Ascended a tree for a mango,
He fell from the top,
Three thousand feet drop,
But—he got up and danced a fandango.

PUBLICHOUSE PORT.

CERTAIN publicans advertise "Wine from the Wood." What wood does Bung mean by "the wood?" In the case of Port, perhaps Logwood.



THE HEIGHT OF BLISS.

Highland Shepherd. "FINE TOON, GLASCO', I BELIEVE, AND LOTS O' COOT MEAT THERE."
Tourist. "OH, YES, LOTS."

Highland Shepherd. "AN' DRINK, TOO!" *Tourist.* "OH, YES."

Highland Shepherd (doubtingly). "YE'LL GET PORTER TAE YIE PARRICH?"

Tourist. "YES, IF WE LIKE."

Highland Shepherd. "ORA-CI-OUS!" [Speechless with admiration.]

THE USE OF THE NEW FOREST.

MERCANTILE-MINDED, not to say mean, Statesmen, pray you attend to the fact "that England has lost fifty millions by a failure of the hay crop in consequence of the drought." Also to the fact that this present drought is the continuation of a "rain famine," which has "lasted three years." Further, to the facts that trees are the great retainers of moisture, that since the Revolution the French forests have been destroyed, that the drought has been particularly severe in France, that "the amount of hedgerow timber" in England "is rapidly disappearing under our new systems of cultivation" pursued with an odious Chinese-piggish eye to mere material produce, regardless of any defacement of the country's beauty. And just when the French Government, to remedy the deficiency of moisture, "is planting" trees "afresh whenever it has the power," which may be limited by its present occupation in planting cannon, consider, and weigh even in your own pecuniary scale a most pertinent remark (made by a correspondent of the *Times*) that, for the mere national gain of a few thousand pounds, which will very soon be poured into the insatiable maw of our great national expenditure—

"It is at this moment we propose to destroy the New Forest, one of the best storehouses of moisture now remaining in the South of England, where there are no mountains to stop and gather the clouds."

What asses, then, as well as pigs, we must be! In so saying, nobody means to acknowledge personal stupidity and grovelling sordidness. It is the Legislative and Ruling Powers who are proposing to fell the New Forest. Let us hope that enlightened public opinion will restrain them from carrying out the despicable intentions of foolish Fellers.

A WORD TO A VOLUNTEER.

Don't march into public-houses too much after a "march out," lest besides having red facings, you may become red faced.

AUGUST FIFTEENTH.

"Among the trucks taken after the battle of Woerth was one inscribed 'De Paris à Berlin.' It was one of the vehicles employed to carry the French prisoners through the Prussian capital on the 15th of August!"—*War News.*

THEY found a truck inscribed
"From Paris to Berlin,"
And bitterly they gibed
As they packed the prisoners in.

'Twas on August the fifteenth,
As through Berlin streets they rode;
And the Berlin *ecker-stebers*
They cracked their jest and crowed.

'Twas thus that in Berlin
The Emperor's *fête* was kept,
By the Nemesis, whose Twin
Through Paris scowling stept

By streets, and places, bare
Of festal pomp and pride:
No streamers on the air
No playhouse-doors set wide.

Only churches for the crowd
To pray help against the foe:
Only curses deep and loud
On him who wrought this woe.

Only the beggars, free
This day to ply their trade,
When hands should liberal be,
And hearts disposed to aid.

Who that then asked relief,
So abject of estate,
As he, the Imperial Chief,
Who holds this *jour de fête*?

Of all those thousands stirred
With grief and anger grim,
Who gives a kindly word
Or a kindly thought to him?

Of all those beggars free
To beg along the way,
Who has such need as he,
Of Charity, to-day?

QUESTIONS FOR BISHOP'S EXAMINATION.

(In any Diocese.)

Who was St. Leger?
Is he the special Patron of Sporting or Mercantile men?
If of the latter, how would you spell it?
How is the Festival of St. Leger kept in England? And where?

State, from personal observation during the past five years, the names of the winners?

Also, if the candidate is ritualistically inclined, the colours of the riders.

Over what see in the Eastern Counties does Bishop Stortford preside?

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIR,—Is the following quotation correct? If so, it lets in a new light on the character of our great Poet. The Duke in *Never Too Late to Mend* says to Bernardo in prison,—

"Reason thus with Wife:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
Which none but fools would keep."

It's rather strong, isn't it? POOR SHAKESPEARE! POOR ANNE HATHAWAY! Yours truly, MUDDLE.

P.S. I haven't a book by me. But my memory's good.

JUSTIFIABLE STINGINESS.—Grudging a friend the right of Laughing at our Expense.

THE BOOMPJE PAPERS.

STILL AT SCHEVENING—ART IN DANGER—DRIVE HOME—AN INVITATION—THE UNIFORM.



MAULLIE near the boats, and beckoning us to join him; his whole action is as stealthy as that of a deer-stalker, or of a somebody who's found something dangerous asleep, and is going to take its head off. We join him. A fish auction is going on.

Carts, empty, are dashing down the beach, driven by boys in command of one, two, or three horses, and being dragged up again heavily laden. There is a fair sprinkling of men, but the auctioneering seems to be chiefly carried on by women. Children, apparently belonging to anybody or everybody, are running about and amusing themselves with fish. Dogs, with feline tastes, are growling over and munching fish wholesale and retail. Boys are throwing fish to one another. Men are bringing

in baskets of fish, or taking out baskets of fish, or lading carts, or trays, with fish, or unlading other carts, or other trays, overlaid with fish, or talking either about the fish they've got, or the prospects of catching more fish, and a few strangers are buying what is not already bespoke, and everybody on or about the spot is doing something or other with fish, and the whole place smells of fish, and there are no meadows, nor grass-lands anywhere near, where you might get a third course of cutlets, or a *pièce de résistance* in the shape of a leg of mutton. But the fish have it all to themselves at Schevening, and the people make a perfect *jour maigre* of every one of the 365 days in the year.

"I've got something," whispers MAULLIE confidentially to me. He is dodging behind a fish-cart, with his sketch-book in one hand and his pencil in the other.

"What the Boompje is the matter with MAULLIE?" asks GOOCH, whose sense of propriety here, with the chance of a promenade, is being utterly outraged by this eccentricity on MAULLIE's part.

"He'll have a crowd," he adds, observing two or three little fishy boys already evincing an interest in MAULLIE's proceedings.

At last we find out what MAULLIE has "got." It is a very tall, hulking, gawky fisherman, in a costume composed, apparently, of various contributions most thankfully received by the present wearer. He is a difficult subject to sketch, as he won't keep himself in view (he can't help keeping his head in view, except when he disappears behind a fishing-smack, which he does occasionally as a short cut to some other crowd gathered round a fish auctioneer), and MAULLIE has to dodge him, in and out, between carts, to wait for him outside some small crowd into which he has plunged, and out of which he will struggle presently (his head being visible the whole time), when MAULLIE will follow him round a boat, he on one side, the tall fisherman on the other, like the pantomime business of the Clown and the Soldier round a sentry-box, until making a bad shot as to which way his unconscious model is coming, he and the tall fisherman bump up against one another (Boompje!) face to face, that is, as nearly as possible, allowing for their respective heights. From this moment the situation is reversed. Hitherto it has been the Gigantic Model unconsciously escaping from the Artist, now it is the Artist, painfully conscious, escaping from the Gigantic Model.

"Frankenstein," says BUND, thinking the simile peculiarly happy.

"Yes," says GOOCH, who imagines that BUND is saying something to him in German which he ought to understand. The Gigantic Fisherman, who really appears to have grown more grim and a foot taller, evidently suspects mischief. If MAULLIE retires behind a cart, just to "sketch in" the eye, or the nose, or a patch in his coat, the Giant is down upon him round the corner, with such a real expression of interest in his eye, as makes MAULLIE shut up his book and walk off: man following.

MAULLIE behind a boat: man after him. MAULLIE, taking a flying sketch, retreating toward the hillock of sand near the town: man after him, as if in seven-league boots. A stop. MAULLIE just sketching man's boots. Man, scowling fiercely, advances.

GOOCH's opinion: "There'll be a row. 'Pon my soul I don't wonder at it. How would MAULLIE like to be followed about if he was at home, and sketched and stared at by a stranger? If I was the man," adds GOOCH, emphatically, as if with a view to preserve subsequent neutrality, "I should punch his head."

JÖMP, sniffing, like the war-horse, the scent of battle, says, unlike the war-horse, that he'll go and see after the carriage; and instantly disappears. His reason, given afterwards is, to say the least of it, honest: "I thought," says he, "dat dere'd be a fight."

Cessation of hostilities in consequence of MAULLIE's pocketing his book and pencil. Gigantic man retires slowly, turning occasionally to look back at MAULLIE, evidently still uncertain as to whether he oughtn't to have punched his head, or got something out of him before leaving. They couldn't have "come to terms" in any language common to both, but fists are of universal application.

MUNTLEY and FINTON come back, disgusted. The *établissement* is closed. There is no one there. JÖMP is (of course) wrong: there is no promenade, except in the season.

On our return, we find that BUND, who knows some people at the Hague, is asked to an evening party, and his friends are included in the invitation.

GOOCH is delighted; he says he likes Continental dances, and immediately begins humming a *can-can*, and jerking his head with such a knowing air, as to send his friends MUNTLEY and FINTON into ecstasies. When he finishes,—which he does abruptly,—they all laugh together, as if over some secret reminiscence.

MAULLIE thinks the party rather a bore, but still he says it doesn't matter to him, as he has no dress clothes with him.

"You can't go as you are," GOOCH puts in, hastily.

MAULLIE replies, that if he wants to go he can borrow a suit from the landlord.

BUND wishes he hadn't met his friends, the DE WORDES, who have given him this invitation, and to whom he couldn't say no.

The Secretary (myself) is pleased. There would be a mixed society of Dutch, French, German, and English.

After dinner I open my portmanteau, where I had expected to find my new evening suit, fresh from the tailor's on my leaving England, and still wrapped up in its brown paper. I open it. I only find a uniform, that of the Southwick Volunteers, which I had lately joined. The tailor had sent them home by mistake. The uniform is not unpretty, being grey with a gentle shade of blue (so as to mingle you with clouds in the distance, and make you a difficult object to hit) and trimmed up and down with a paleish canary yellow, with braided cord on the cuffs and shoulders, and wherever, in fact, there is room for it, and where there isn't a button.

"Go," says GOOCH, "in the uniform."

I treat such a suggestion with contempt.

BUND thinks the idea is reasonable. He doesn't see why not.

MAULLIE thinks it would give a little colour to the scene. So do I. GOOCH says, "Why not?" adding, that, if he was in my position, he'd go "before you could wink your eye."

BUND asks what rank I hold.

I answer that I don't know, but they've promised me a captaincy when I get back, and know my drill.

MAULLIE says that any English officer in uniform is received anywhere. (Boompje!)

I am doubtful of this. I am further doubtful as to whether I come under the description of "any English officer in uniform."

GOOCH says, "Certainly, of course. If not, what are you? Eh?"

That's where it is—What am I? What is a Volunteer? When abroad?

Boompje Riddle.—When's a Volunteer not a Volunteer?—When he's abroad.

I try to turn it off with this. But they won't hear of it.

MUNTLEY and FINTON won't go if I don't go, and I don't go if my uniform doesn't go, with me inside it.

GOOCH hopes I won't be selfish. BUND gives as his opinion that he's sure I won't. MAULLIE offers to do my portrait in colours, "as I appeared" if I'll only go.

I ask, do they seriously mean that I *can* go in this costume?

They say, "Certainly," of course; and GOOCH brings in his eye-winking formula again, in proof of his readiness.

I agree, and promise to go.

GOOCH announces that we ought to be "thinking of dressing" (another formula of his for expressing that it is high time to be actually getting ready, or for even being nearly ready), and gives us the railway time.

JÖMP has ordered the carriage. We dress. While dressing, I have my doubts.

In the coat alone I feel I could go; it is decidedly handsome. The trousers I don't like. They are grey, and bear a decided resemblance to the colour of a convict's at hard labour. To go to a private ball, which is not fancy dress, as half convict, half soldier (of some sort), is not, it seems to me, to represent the English to advantage.

Then, again, I reason with myself, sitting on the bed, meditating,

"They" (the Dutch) "won't know what I am"—like WATTS's little star. The English *will*. Perhaps they'll *saeer*: unless they stick up for the honour of England, and Boompje a little about the Volunteer Contingent.

This name decides me. The "Volunteer Contingent."

Question.—What are you?

Answer.—An Officer in the Contingent.

I jump up from my bed. Boompje! I sat down, Myself, a Southwick Volunteer, and rise an Officer in the Contingent. The True Boompje Spirit does wonders.

With a light heart I dress.

I debate with myself whether I won't wear a white waistcoat, so as to show my watch-chain, and the coat open.

Question, then, how about collars?

If collars, shan't I look more like naval than military? Recollect dining at a mess once with Regulars. They wore collars. The more I think of this, the more uncertain I become.

I decide upon trying it, and asking GOOCH's opinion. (He is a good hand at dress.)

He says, "Pooh! collars and open uniform! They'll fancy you're somehow connected with the River Police."

MAULLIE, dressed in the landlord's clothes, which, he says, will allow for growing, is ready. He, speaking "as an artist," gives it against the white waistcoat.

"Button up," says he. I do.

At the House. I create a sensation in the hall, but do not seem to command respect. Am introduced to the lady of the house (an Englishwoman married to a Dutchman, and living at the Hague), and she welcomes me with a high-bred courtesy.

Shall I apologise, or not, for coming in uniform?

A NICETY IN NAMES.



THE Red Indians have their Pipe of Peace, but a British tobaccoist in the City of London commends a meerschau, exhibited in his shop-window, to public patronage, by labelling it "The War Pipe." Fancy the enjoyment of your smoke enhanced by reflection on its contrast with "the war-clouds rolling dun" over the field of battle or the bombarded town. *Suave mari magno, &c.* This, perhaps, was the thought which inspired the British tobaccoist.

Of course, we shall soon have the music-shop fronts garnished with highly illuminated book covers of "Quadrilles" and "Galops" entitled Weissenburg, Woerth, and Forbach; dance-tunes named after sanguinary battles. Solferino and Magenta were utilised for the nomenclature of jigs;

so, doubtless, will be all the serious encounters between the French and the Germans. A lively device, this, whereby what heavy, thinking persons call the "horrors of war" are all "turned to favour and to prettiness."

But why stop short at War Dance Music? Why not have Famine Music and Pestilence Music, as well? Could not some papilionaceous composer of measures appropriate to the light fantastic toe produce, on occasion, a "Starvation Polka?" And then, should opportunity serve, the music-sellers might bring out a "Scarlatina Polovaise," or a "Typhus Mazurka," by the same or a similar man of genius, to whom, also, the next cold easterly wind might hint the composition of an "Influenza Waltz," or a "Catarrh Quadrille."

Most Interesting.

THE Westminster Scholars are reported to have in preparation a real novelty for their play this year. A one-act farce has been discovered in MS.; date uncertain; but from internal evidence it may be fairly supposed to belong to the Terentian age. It is entitled *Balbus et Caius*. There are only three characters, viz., *Balbus*, *Caius*, and *Bunceria*. There is nothing new under the sun, and it really appears as if we had at last hit upon the original of *Box and Cox*.

JUDICIAL VIEW OF WIVES.

AT Guildford, the other day, for feloniously killing his wife, by kicking and beating her to death, one MAHONEY, a labourer, was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment and hard labour. This was a sentence of some severity in the estimation of the Judge who passed it. So, at least, his Lordship said in telling the prisoner what kind of a sentence he must pronounce upon him. People in general, those who are conversant with the *Dictionary of Quotations*, will perhaps on the contrary, say *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*. But the ruffian was not absolutely let off. For nearly the worst offence in the catalogue of crimes, he was sentenced to about two-thirds of the doom of an embezzling shopman, silly victim of vanity, racing-touts, and music-halls.

Under the new Act relative to the Property of Married Women, all questions between husband and wife, touching property claimed by the wife, can be decided either in the Court of Chancery, or by a County Court Judge. In any event of this kind of Chancery suitorship, or County Courtship after matrimony, if the property in dispute were declared to be the wife's separate property, and thereafter her husband were to take it away from her by force, would he commit robbery? And if that force were applied with a bludgeon, or a pewter-pot, or a pair of strong boots, would the robbery effected by it be robbery attended with violence? Then would it be punishable with penal servitude and flogging? *Query.*

CYNICAL REMINISCENCES.

Season Evidently Over.

THE old saying that we English enjoy our pleasures sadly, may be held by some philosophers to be fraught with special truth as regards what are called the pleasures of society. For instance, just consider the dullness of our dinner-parties. Think how vacuously stupid are the rapid commonplaces which there are suffered to usurp the name of conversation. Look at the solemn faces that surround the social board, and consider the bad viands and worse wine wherewith that board is loaded to ruin the digestion. Then go to our ball-rooms, and see a hundred dancers sweltering and struggling in space scarcely for a score. Observe the anxious looks of waltzers in piloting their partners through the jostling throng. Look at the scrambling supper, and the torn and dragging dresses, and the pale and pasty cheeks. Or get invited to a *soirée*, musical or otherwise, and note what overwhelming dullness there prevails. As for morning calls and lawn-parties, and the like inane inflictions, one finds that adjectives are wanting properly to picture the tortures there endured. It has been remarked that some notion may be formed of the miseries of life by witnessing its pleasures; and if we would gauge the depth of wretchedness inflicted by a dinner-party, or other social gathering, we need but contemplate the features of the social bored.

Charge and Payment.

"CHARGE!" is the Warrior's battle-cry

To his troops, drawn sword in hand.

Ay, charge indeed, a charge how high

Will his country have to stand!

Unless, as is our English way,

It be laid on chosen backs,

And they alone War's charges pay

Who are charged with an Income-Tax.

Literary Novelties.

CERTAIN "Songs before Sunrise" are promised us, ere long, from the pen of a young poet. We sincerely hope that no one, in America or elsewhere, will be tempted to announce, also, "Ditties before Dawn," or, some "Melodies for Moonlight." We see announced, too, a new book, entitled, "Bits about Babies." We trust these bits may be tit-bits; but we should sincerely regret to see them followed by some "Chats about Chits," or, some "Scraps about Small People."

ON THE WING.

IN consequence of the announcement of the intended removal of the Collections to South Kensington, much excitement prevails in the Natural History Department of the British Museum, particularly amongst the *COLE-optera*.

A Neutral Question.

COULD not our valiant but vain neighbours be brought to agree to a *modus vivendi* with the Germans on reasonable terms? It is odd that they prefer a *modus moriendi* on unequal terms. As the poor Irishwomen at a "wake" cry in deaf ears, we may also demand of the fallen French warriors:—"Why did ye die?"



THE EVIDENCE OF THE SENSES.

Mamma. "HOW DARE YOU SLAP YOUR SISTER, GEORGE?"

George. "SHE KICKED ME WHEN MY BACK WAS TURNED, AND HURTED ME VERY MUCH, I CAN TELL YOU!"

Mamma. "WHERE DID SHE HURT YOU?"

George. "WELL, I CAN'T AZAGLY SAY WHERE, BECAUSE—BECAUSE MY BACK WAS TURNED, AND I WAS LOOKING ANOTHER WAY!"

PATERFAMILIAS ON THE WAR.

Mr brain's in a maze, and my mind's in a muddle,
With this War, and these rumours of War:
I'd no notion one's head upon news one could fuddle,
And worse than on brandy by far!
I'm a peaceful JOHN BULL, of manœuvres and armies
Know as little as most Volunteers,
And I can't for the life of me think what the charm is
In reading of folks by the ears.

Yet I buy thrice the number of papers I used to,
From the newsboy, and newsman, and stall,
A cipher in business I'm being reduced to,
All pleasures, but telegrams, pall.
I invest in the war-maps, French, English, and German,
Stick pins in 'em—red, white, and blue;
Till in church the War comes betwixt me and the sermon,
And disturbs the repose of my pew.

At breakfast my wife finds my nose in the paper,
Till the tea and the muffins are cold:
My train to the City still sees me a gaper
At each place where papers are sold!
In the railway our talk is of STEINMETZ, MAC MAHON,
The CROWN PRINCE, PRINCE CARL, and BAZAINE;
And when from the Station the 'bus you make way on,
'Tis the same thing, all over again!

In the track of "Our Own Correspondent" a rover,
I peruse the campaign o'er and o'er:
Not a scrap of their news but I bolt ten times over,
And, like *Oliver Twist*, ask for more!

My poor head seems to go round and round, like a squirrel
In a war-wheel caged, cribbed, and confined,
Till of war-monomania I might feel in peril,
Were not all in the same state of mind.

The Continent's closed, save to War Correspondents,
So my holiday, this year's, at home;
But in vain o'er our isle, with my brother-despondents,
In search of distraction I roam.
I seek the sea-side for a sniff of the briny,
But 'tis War-news, War-telegrams there!
While after the grouse, on the moor-land sun-shiny,
One thinks of the shooting elsewhere!

I'm aware all the while that this glut of War reading
Is wearing my mind like Bath brick:
What with telegram telegram hotly succeeding,
And letter on letter piled thick.
In fact, we're all growing mere sieves for loose writing—
For news craving still, though news-cloyed:
And 'mong other pernicious effects of this fighting,
Our mental digestion's destroyed!

Dundreary's Last.

HIS Lordship writes to ask, *à propos* of the respected President of the French Chambers, whether SCHNEIDER isn't a "converted ENFIELD's" Speaker?

DOGMA.

HE who thinks he makes a joke,
Usually's an awful Moke.

POSITIV STORES



(AT LEAST WE MAY HELP THE SICK AND WOUNDED.)

WAR NOTES.

THAT IS, THE ONLY KIND OF NOTES FOR WHICH MR. PUNCH CAN FIND SPACE DURING THE PRESENT CRISIS. THE CHARGE TO HIS CORRESPONDENTS IS FIVE GUINEAS PER LINE.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The one place on the Victoria Embankment where there is any shade, in the afternoon, is behind Somerset House. This fact will be known through the Ages, but I am the first to point it out. Persons making appointments with intended wives will be thankful to
Yours truly,
AMOROSO SUNBURNICO.

DEAR PUNCH,—Has any quarrel arisen between St. Clement and St. Mary? I ask because the weathercocks of their respective churches in the Strand have an inconvenient habit of pointing to different quarters. Ever yours,

THE PIG THAT SEES THE WIND.

[Oil on the troubled weathercocks might be a solution, only that oil isn't one.]

PUNCH,
OUR country friends are up again in town. I would not mind it, but that I am compelled by the war to be in town also. Will you tell them not to walk on both sides of the street at once, not to stand staring because a cab-horse has fallen down, and, above all, not to help the betting cads to block the way at the offices of the sporting papers.

Your obedient Servant,

ANTI-BUMPKIN.

REVERED PUNCH,

I READ in the *Saturday* that an American etiquette book cautions ladies not to use a comb in the drawing-room, when they come in from a walk. Reminds me of a song of my youth:

"I've been roaming, I've been roaming
O'er the rose and lily fair,
And I'm combing, and I'm combing
All their blossoms from my hair."

Yours affectionately,

MERMAID.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

ANOTHER controversy on the ever-vexed question of the derivation of the word Parliament! As if you had not given final judgment years ago. *Parler*, to speak, *mentir*, to lie.

Yours indignantly,

AN EX-M.P.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

I DARE say that you are often asked to accept "a fact," which is no fact at all. But this is really one. A friend of mine, a gentleman, and one whom I never before convicted of any base or idiotic action, actually dared to ask me yesterday why Berlin was the most dissipated capital in Europe? Of course his friends have removed the poor fellow to a place where he may be gradually cured—it is on the left hand of the Brighton railway.

Yours always,

BONASSUS BOOBYHATER.

[Up to the present writing we have had 1162 of such cases, and others are occurring while these lines pass through the press. We may mention, also, that 973 idiots have asked us what the War will cost France, and of course have answered their own foolish question with the name of the EMPEROR.]

MY OWN PUNCH,

I AM told by great letters in front of a house in the City, "All these windows are Ancient Lights." Will you allow me space to reply, civilly, that I don't care if they are.

Yours, faithfully,

ONE WHO HATES UNASKED INFORMATION.

DEAR TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE,
WILL you kindly let me know where this quotation is to be found? I have consulted every authority in vain.

"Off, Man's first Disobedience! Hand the fruit!"

Yours sincerely,

LLANDIDNOTKNOW.

[We have not the least idea. Perhaps some well-read Correspondent can inform us. No other need apply.]

DEAR PUNCH,

I AM surprised that none of your amateur witcrackers have sent you, what hundreds of them must think a joke about "Worth." The place is as ruinous to the Frenchmen as the man-milliner to their wives. Comprenny?

Yours truly,

A BILL-PAYER.

BOYS WON'T BE BOYS.

THERE is an old saying that "boys *will* be boys," but in the present day the negative of this assertion is much nearer to the truth. Boys now *won't* be boys, at least as far as nature will allow them to deny it. That is, they now eschew all so-thought boyish tastes and privileges, and do their best—or worst—to be treated as young men. A boy when he is twelve now apes the airs and manners of a youth of twenty. He aspires to playing billiards instead of bagatelle, and in lieu of sucking lollipops he "must have his smoke." He can't enjoy a game of cricket if he be not "in good form," and as for being pleased with such a weapon as a pop-gun, not even in his babyhood would such a childish toy be sufficient for his aim. Boys rarely now play marbles or such infantile games, but from their cradle jump to leap-frog, and then only condescend to unbend themselves at football and other manly sports. These they play with an exceeding air of gravity and judgment, and engage in them apparently far less as an amusement than a business of importance, which requires the deepest thought. If you take them to a pantomime, boys will hardly condescend to smile at the hot poker, and very likely will begin to criticise the ballet-girls and find fault with the Columbine for wearing too much paint. Boys now bet upon the boat-race and indulge in Derby Sweeps, and hardly condescend to pocket less than guinea tips. Moreover, and perhaps this is the worst symptom, too many boys are growing such precocious little gourmands, as to have no healthy relish for Bath buns and "open jams," and firmly to refuse to patronise a pastrycook who is unable to supply them with dry ginger-beer.

THE TOURISTS AND THE THAMES.

ISLE of Eel-pies, exists yet thine hotel
For holiday excursions from Cockaigne?
Prepare thy board then, to regale the Swell—
The Rhine is closed by war, which doth compel
At home our tourists mostly to remain.
And up the Thames this year may Gentles fare.
(On Gentles pun let angler if he please.)
Then, Eel-pie Island, 'twill with thee be well.
Some will seek Teddington for fresher air,
Or Hampton Court, to breathe a purer breeze.
Thames Ditton some will visit yet again,
Maidenhead, Taplow, Cliefden capped with trees.
At Marlow in their inn they'll take their ease;
And may the Pilgrim see things well done there.

Questionable.

IN one of EDMOND ABOUT's letters to the *Scir*, he says:—

"But Providence or chance put me to bed on Sunday night in the same chamber where MARSHAL MACMAHON slept the evening before, and GENERAL BARON GERSDORF two days after. I found in it a packet of telegraphic despatches, forgotten by the Marshal. These papers did not belong to me, so I gave them up. They belonged to history. I took a copy of them."

Quite right to give these papers up, M. ABOUT, but quite wrong, as we think, to copy them. Who can now be surprised at Ministers of War and Commanders-in-Chief not receiving Newspaper Correspondents with open arms?

Educational Chess.

A CONTEMPORARY, urging on Churchmen the policy of setting to work immediately at the foundation of schools to be conducted on Church principles, observes that:—"The great difficulty is, that the Bishops cannot be got to move." Why? Is it because they cannot without getting in check?



AT OUR CROQUET CLUB.

OWING TO THE HOT SUN, AND TEMPTATION OF ICED CLARET CUP UNDER THE TREES, VERY LITTLE CROQUET GOES ON. HOWEVER, THOSE ENERGETIC MEMBERS, MAJOR MALLET AND MISS MYRTLE, MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR A MATCH, TO COME OFF LATER IN THE YEAR.

THOUGHTS OF GREAT MEN.

(Concluded.)

"WHAT a beautiful sight is a perambulator filled with healthy children! To me this little machine is one of the most useful inventions of modern civilisation, and only third to the steam-engine and the patent feeding-bottle."—MALTHUS.

"Give me the ballot-box, and I will undertake to change the whole aspect of affairs in this property-ridden nation—to substitute satisfaction for discontent, prosperity for poverty, and a manly independence of character in lieu of that degrading servility to the higher ranks which now prevails to an intolerable extent."—LORD ELDON.

"Economy in small things is especially to be deprecated. Extravagance is not waste; and a lavish expenditure, even though it may not be supported by a commensurate income, affords gratification and weekly wages to numbers, and is injurious to no one, except, perhaps, to the man himself, and he ought to have read my works and known better."—ADAM SMITH.

"Your beardless brainless ensign, your white-handed white-banded stripling hot from College, your twenty-one year old senator—these be the men to have power and rule, and to exercise authority over the bodies and souls and substance of all those inferior creatures, to whom fortune has denied the advantages of birth, and social position, and carriage-horses, and admission to the ranks of the County Magistracy."—COBBETT.

"Let girls have their own way early. Encourage them to spend much of their time, money, and thoughts, in dress and personal adornment; to use every artifice to attract the attention of the other sex; and to slight the dull, monotonous, routine of home pleasures and

duties for the excitements of Society, the caprices of fashion, and the accomplishment of the supreme aim of woman's existence—a good match."—HANNAH MORE.

"Of all forms of Government a democracy is the most objectionable. Nothing can equal a Monarchy, with its standing army, hereditary peerage, and gold and silver sticks in waiting."—OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Liberty! I know nothing more pernicious. The licence of a free press would be insupportable, the mischief of free speech incalculable. I would a thousand times rather that printing ink had never been invented, than that it should be abused to disseminate, amongst the humbler sorts of men, those notions of equality, and that spirit of insubordination to constituted authority, which are the dangerous symptoms of this levelling age."—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

"To have nothing to do, to do it inefficiently, and to be well paid for your trouble, that is my idea of a comfortable condition of life."—JEREMY BENTHAM.

"Happiness does not consist in trifles. It is not to be found in home enjoyments, in the society of an amiable and intelligent partner, or in the run of a well-stocked fruit-garden on a soft afternoon in the month of August. Happiness is an affair of pomp, and state, and etiquette, and hot theatres, and large dinner-parties, and a full suit of black clothes on a sultry evening in July."—COWPER.

"The Analysis of Ideas has still to be written, and the mill is not yet erected which will produce the paper that shall record the results. Whence they come, where they stay, whither they go, and what is their mutual interdependence—these are all inscrutable problems to baffle the wisest philosopher, and dismay the most arrogant thinker. Are they innate eidola or merely intellectual secretions? Are they conceived in a flash of instantaneous rapidity, or developed by a slow

growth of psychological organisms into the maturity of ripened thought and masterly action?

"If the mind of man were a *tabula rasa*, ready to receive the newest impressions and the latest fashions, working by its own activity and relying on no extraneous agency for its supply of motive force, we could believe, with SMIGLETIUS and 'the solitary monk that shook the world,' in an endless succession of elastic causations, and so solve the problem of thought in one facile moment; but, as it is, we are left to grope on in the dim vaults of dusty speculation, with no light but the flickering taper of metaphysics, with no guide but the impulse of a wayward fancy, and with no goal beyond but the gloomy morass of human ignorance and perplexity, in which so many have lost their weary way, and disappeared for ever in the vain attempt to sound the unfathomable abyss of idea and actuality."—BISHOP BERKELEY.

With this Thought, contributed by him to whom POPE gave—

"Every Virtue under Heaven,"

Mr. Punch's Collection is complete. He has conducted Thoughts to the "Abyss," and now they may "angle for impossibilities."

BYRON.

BRUCE AND BRUCE.

SCOTLAND boasts of one BRUCE. She has another BRUCE, of whom, if he follows *Mr. Punch's* guidance, she may boast hereafter. The prior BRUCE devoted his best attention to the national defences of his country. The posterior BRUCE, in reply to a letter addressed to him by the Chairman of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, anxiously pressing upon the Government the expediency of taking measures for the immediate defence of the port of Liverpool, promises "that should this country be unexpectedly involved in war, the Dock Board may rest assured that due measures will be taken for the protection of Liverpool from internal dangers or external attack." Surely these words must have been misread by the gentleman above referred to, in communicating them to a meeting over which he presided. R. BRUCE, truly, was one BRUCE, and H. A. BRUCE is another; but the Member for Renfrewshire cannot so entirely differ from the Scottish King but that the foregoing quotation of his language, if correctly rendered, would read as follows:—"that lest this country should be unexpectedly involved in war, due measures will, the Dock Board may rest assured, be immediately taken for the protection of Liverpool," &c. Perhaps, indeed, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT applied a stronger epithet than that of "due" to the defensive measures which he spoke about. "Measures long overdue" may have been the phrase really employed, with an eye to accuracy, by the Right Honourable Gentleman.

THE KNELL OF TEMPLE BAR.

POOR old Temple Bar is doomed at last, and truly they who lament its doom are in a small and mouldy minority. Yet may *Mr. Punch* be allowed to say a word in imaginary arrest of judgment on this structure, of which the City of London once boasted as one of its principal wonders. The fact, first proclaimed by M^r. BRIENT, that you cannot drive six omnibuses abreast through Temple Bar, is daily illustrated by the retardation of vehicles owing to the attempt to drive as many as possible. Of course this prohibits the possibility of crossing Fleet Street for some distance to the East of its junction with the Strand. But you have only to walk a few paces to the West, and cross the Strand, which will do just as well, and can be done easily. The Eastern contraction of Fleet Street impeding the traffic, lets carriages pass into the Western expanse of the Strand only one or two at a time; hence the latter space is always comparatively clear. When Temple Bar is destroyed, the Civic Corporation will, to speak in anatomical language, lose its *Pylorus*.

Mrs. Ramsbotham.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says she hears that the Ruffianly Brigands of Greece "are all banded together. Horrible!" She writes to her daughter, "think of Brigands with bow legs! I don't wonder at their committing every species of deformity." She adds, with respect to her country cottage which she has recently taken, that "all the vegetable Marys have been snivelled up by the sun. We've no peas, and the gardener has had to cut his sticks."

"Now let's Dance, About, About."

PUNCH was much comforted at reading on the placards EDMOND ABOUT SAFE. But he was still more delighted on finding next day that EDMOND was quite safe, and enlivening *Le Soir* with his vivid sketches. EDMOND's health!

NATIONALIST NEUTRALITY.

Success to the French in their fight with the Teuton;

For the base Saxon's own cousin-german is he.

MARTIN LUTHER, the blackguard, and BACON, and NEWTON,

Them three heretics all is the limbs of one tree.

And the Sceptre of England by mar'ge is united

To the Crown that confines a proud Protestant's brow.

May the faithful be blest and the foeman be blighted,

Though the former is getting the worst of it now!

NAPOLEON THE THIRD, in our bosoms we nourish

The hope of invasion, for Oirland designed,

When sprigs of shillelagh shall round thy head flourish;

And the sword with the shamrock so green shall be twined.

So, having destroyed the insidious formation

Of one big German people against thy command,

O come and help us to our unification,

With an Oirish Republic for our native land.

Thy troops shall yet triumph in spite of small blunders,

Sure they carry the cheese-pots, and how should they fail,

As they did at Mentana, once more to work wonders?

Och, thine Eagle, NAPOLEON, 's the bird to prevail!

St. Patrick confounded the frogs with his sermon,

Now with haythenish reptiles as well may'st thou cope,

And into the rivers and ponds drive each German,

Nay, don't interpose, holy, iligant POPE!

INSULARITY REBUKED.

WITH all reverence for the memory of our forefathers, we must admit, reviewing their estimate of foreign nations in general, and particularly their Continental neighbours, that they were extremely narrow and illiberal. Owing to want of those facilities for international communication which we enjoy, they had not contracted our cosmopolitan feeling; they were insular: and they failed to form a just appreciation of the probability, if not the intelligence, of European foreigners, especially the French and Germans. Had the words of the National Anthem been reserved to be written in the present day, that poem could never have included the two following verses, levelled at Sovereigns and their Statesmen happening to have interests and to entertain views at variance with those of the British Crown:—

"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks."

Duly considering the now historical project of a treaty between France and Germany, relative to Belgium and Luxemburg, every generous and enlightened Englishman must surely desire that the lines above quoted should henceforth be expunged from *God Save the Queen*.

BETTER CONVICT THAN JURYMAN.

THE New Act on Juries, according to the *Times*, contains an odd provision. "Convicts, except outlaws, are disqualified." This exception would puzzle CBRIPUS. That the circumstance of being an outlaw in addition to being a convict should redeem the disqualification attached to a convict's character, is a mystery which no fellow, not even he who unriddled the Sphinx, can be expected to understand. This enactment also provides that "Jurors may be allowed a fire when out of court, and be allowed to receive reasonable refreshment, such refreshment to be procured at their own expense." Really! What a mercy! They are still left subject to the useless annoyance of being locked up together all night, tempered only with permission to buy warmth and food out of their own pockets. The brutality with which jurors have been wont to be treated is to be mitigated a little; but what absolute necessity is there why they should be subjected to brutal treatment at all? Is it desirable that the oath whereby they are adjured to do their duty should be accompanied with mental imprecations on their country and their country's legislature, by whom that duty is imposed upon them, and rendered penal? Convicts are to be disqualified from serving as jurymen, are they? This exemption is enough to make a man wish that he had been a convict, in order that he might be exonerated from the disgusting obligation of being a juror.

Joke for Gentle Dulness.

Wiggins (to Figgins). What shall you do this year, now you can't go up the Rhine?

Figgins. Take a cab to the Zoological Gardens, and see the Rhinoceros.

SPIRITS OF WINE.—After-dinner Excitement.



"FAR GONE!"

Convivial Old Gentleman (parting, as he thinks, from his Friend who has "seen him home"). "DON'T MAKE SHUOH A SETRANGER O' Y'RSHELF, OL' F'LER!—NEVER SHTAN' TON SHEREM'NY 'TH ME, Y' KNOW!—ALWAYS GLA' T' SHEE YEE!—AN' MIND YOU BRING MISHISK!—LOO' HERE! WHAT D'YE SHAY T—"

[Carried indoors by his Friend.]

HARD TIMES.

MR. PUNCH finds the following pleasing advertisement in the *Church Times* :—

HOME WANTED, for an unmanageable boy, aged 10, with a clergyman. Strict disciplinarian, accustomed and willing to birch. Liberal terms; sings in choir.

If this were inserted merely with a view of terrifying that evil boy—why—let it pass. The suggestion that he is to be made to sing out elsewhere than in the choir is amiable. That he can sing there, and yet is naughty, shows that church music, at all events, hath not charms to soothe the savage breast. But we hope the Flogging Parson who is wanted is an imaginary being. The sternest Head-Master is not "willing" to inflict castigation. On the whole, *Mr. Punch* suspects a "sell," but what irreverent creature could put a sell into the *Church Times*? Perhaps, as DR. JOHNSON said: "The dog's a Dissenter, Sir."

THE DUTIES OF NEUTRALS.

NEVER to neglect an opportunity of interfering between husband and wife.

Never, on any account, to allow lovers to settle their own quarrels. To be prompt in volunteering advice, especially disagreeable advice. Always to be ready to give an opinion as to a lady's age. To make a point of differing from Mamma, in every particular, when she praises baby.

When MAJOR THUNDERCLAP declares that the Army was never in a worse condition than it is now, and Mr. ROSEHAW insists that it is in the highest possible state of efficiency, to disagree with both disputants.

To plunge into all street-rows.

Needlessly to take part in squabbles between relations.

Generally, to meddle in other people's business, and to neglect their own.

EVERYTHING BY TURN.

"The Woman's Suffrage Association of the State of New York met at Saratoga [very appropriate place] on the 23th of July. The REV. OLYMPIA BROWN, in addressing the meeting, insisted that woman can do all the duties imposed by citizenship, even to going into the field in time of war. She stated that in the rebellion several women entered the ranks, and gave their lives in battle."

This about completes the picture of the Modern Woman. She only wanted to be an Amazon to make her perfect. Merely to be a *Vieau-didre* no longer satisfies her desires; merely to tend the sick and the wounded seems but a poor outlet for her masculine energies. She feels (at least, according to the REV. OLYMPIA BROWN) that she must do far more than this—that she must throw down the scissors and the darning-needle for the sword and the needle-gun; don a becoming uniform, follow the drum, serve as an artillery woman, enter the sister service, and generally share in all the horrors and sufferings, rewards and honours, of battle and bloodshed.

News, News, News!

THE war and nothing but the war—
Crambe repetita!
Very bad at such a time
To have to be a fighter.
But worse to be a reader,
And, worst of all, a writer!

Hattie Wit.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM was told of a Hat which is constructed with an "air chamber." Her instant remark was, "I thought all ats was hair chambers leastwise unless the Party were bald which the moral is the same."



A SCOTCH PHILISTINE.

Tourist. "FINE OLD CHURCH, THIS!"

Gravedigger. "O, AY, I DAURSAID IT MIGHT BE, IF IT WAS REPAIRED."

RAMSBOTHAMIANA.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM writes from her country cottage, "We don't want any people down here to see us, and so we remain strictly *in clogs*, as the French say. We don't know any of our neighbours except the clergyman, who is lately married, and is very usurious, which, you know, means fond of his wife. That's a vice on the right side now-a-days. There was an escape of gas here yesterday, and the man who did the pipes caught it, I can tell you. I let him know what a blowing-up was. The other day we went to see an ancient church and a nunnery. That is, the remains of one. The ruins were perfect. The guide pointed out to us where the refractory was, where the nuns were fed. In the church they showed us a curious ambony (they call it, I think, it's Greek), which is a sort of pulpit where two people preached at once.

"I thought till now that Ambony was the name of a great Italian singer; but I suppose I'm wrong, because she couldn't be the same person.

"Then there was the Cœdilier (or some such word), meaning three seats for the priests at service, all of stone; at school I learnt that Cœdilia was placed under a French word to soften it, but these were as hard as could be. But time changes languages, and we may never know what we mean two sentries after we've said it. The apples are all ripening; the Ribtons coming on beautifully.

"MR. and MRS. FILMER are off to Scotland. They've gone to see the KYLES of Bute; if they're nice people they'll stop with them some time. The doctors here say the air is very lugubrious, and I suppose it is, as I've never been better. Good-bye for the present."

A PANACEA FOR THE WOUNDED.

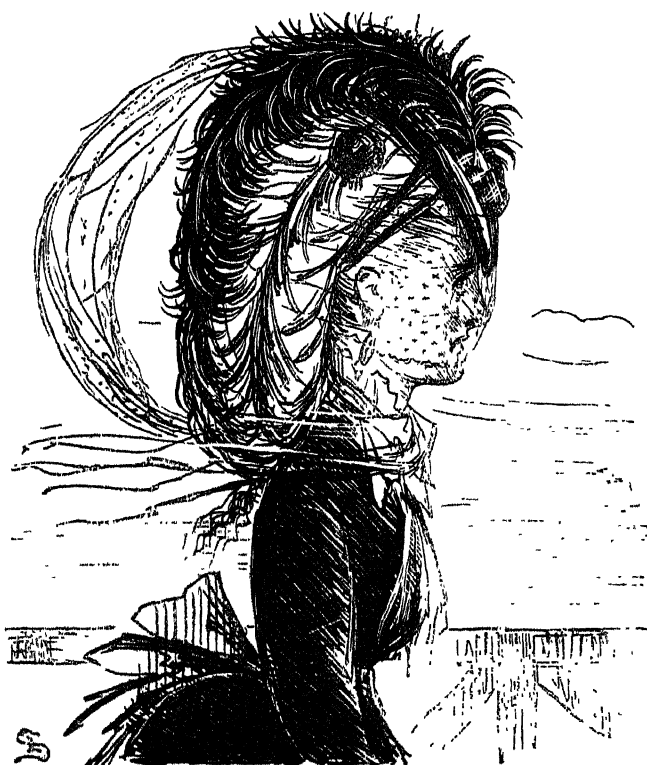
WHERE is DR. NEWTON, the Healing Medium from America? (U.S.) He should be at the seat of war if he is what he professes himself. A pretty kind of healing medium he must be, if he cannot even heal wounds. All accounts of DR. NEWTON, given us by the organs of Spiritualism, represent him as possessed of a healing power conjoined with a benevolence, which, in their combination, constitute him a Poor Man's Friend, worth any quantity of given, not to name bount, gallipots of the ointment so called. If DR. NEWTON is half the healer and philanthropist those who believe in him make him out, he would instantly rush to the battle-plain, and stop the effusion of blood.

BLEEDING, BUT NOT BEATEN.

ILL-FATED France, that bleedest sore,
From every vein, at every pore!
O'er Belgium's frontier streaming, see
The life-blood of thy industry.
The patient brains and dextrous hands
Of Germany's laborious bands,
Whom in blind rage and bitter hate,
Thou spurnest from thy leaguered gate,—
Blood, whose out-pouring wastes thy veins
Of labouring strength, and labour's gains.
And elsewhere o'er thy frontier, lo
Thine own sons in their thousands flow,
Bearing from warfare's scourge and spoil
The blood that should enrich thy soil!
And while thy industry, thy land,
Lose life-blood thus, on either hand,
See other fountains, nobler still,
The streams thou gavest, freely spill!
Thy soldiers' blood, mixed with their foe's,
Like water, on thy bosom, flows,
And flows to waste—not to renew
The Laurels, to such watering due!
O noble mother of brave sons,
"Twixt thee and me an ocean runs—
An ocean whose dissevering tide
Doth not more than old hates divide.
But spite of old hates, and old wars,
And wounds still rankling 'neath their scars,
My heart bleeds for thee and thy pains—
Bleeds even with thy bleeding veins
Of industry and wealth, and, worst,
Of courage, with ill-guidance curst!
But bleeding, fainting, falling, still
Holds the indomitable will,
And seems to harden under blows,
And strengthens with thy strengthening foes,
Till thou hast never seemed so great
As now, in this thy worst estate!
Let me not ask, in this sad hour,
What dark designs, what lust of power,
What selfish hope to save a crown,
Or to a son to hand one down,
Spoke the irrevocable word
That bade thee draw thy ready sword,
Hood-winked, misled, with bosom bared,
Ill-generalled, and unprepared;
Nor seek to weigh, with balance fine,
The weight of others' wrong and thine.
Whate'er thou strovest for first, I see
Thou strivest, *now*, for thy right to be:
Strivest to guard thy hearths and homes,
Thine altars and ancestral tombs.
For all, for which thy foes had striven,
Had *thine* ill-lot to *them* been given.
And till thou sweep those foes away,
Wisely postpone the reckoning-day,
With him whose dark and desperate game
Hath brought thee to this pass of shame!
To them that so strive, in their need
England, perforce, must wish God speed!
Enough of brave blood has been shed
To atone ill-will to strife misled;
Enough of thy blood, and the foe's,
That, worthy thine, as freely flows:
God guide their hearts such Peace to frame,
As thou mayst sign, and feel no shame,
May kindly Nature work to hide
The prints of the invaders' stride,
And springs of inborn strength restore
The lavish waste of generous gore,
Till, as the seasons roll along,
And Man's will and Heaven's grace are strong,
Good even of war the World shall win,
Theirs the great suffering, whose the sin!

Ready? eh? Ready?

FOREWARNED is not forearmed, or the Volunteers would be now practising with breechloaders. Catch a weasel asleep, and pop goes the weasel. Pop also goes the Volunteer. He might as well go pop with a pop-gun.



SO SAID HER RIVAL.

NO DOUBT THE SUN AND SEA-AIR ARE CONDUCTIVE TO GENERAL HEALTH, BUT HERE IS MISS LILLIE WHYTE'S COMPLEXION COMPLETELY SPOILED THE VERY MORNING BEFORE THE MONTHLY BALL.

"She can afford it." (So said her Lover.)

HOW WE SPEND OUR HOLIDAYS.

THANKS to the war, we English are unable to take our walks *abroad* this autumn, and this is how we, some of us, are trying to enjoy ourselves:—

MR. DADDIE LONGLEGS and his friend, MR. STUMPER, have started for a walk from London to the Land's End, returning *via* John o' Groat's House. When last heard of, they had reached as far as Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead, where they had been resting for upwards of a fortnight, and strengthening their muscles daily with the manly game of skittles.

MR. LEE SKUPPERS has been yachting, as he calls it, in a pleasure-boat at Ramsgate, and purchasing a reputation for nautical experience, at the moderate expense of half-a-crown an hour.

PROFESSOR MUDDLEWITS has been enjoying a week's fishing in his water-butt, and is now engaged in microscopically examining the treasures of the deep which he has managed to collect.

MRS. STALKER and her daughters are out heir-hunting at Cowes, her last season in London having yielded her bad sport.

MR. ALPINE CLUBBE has twice made the ascent of Primrose Hill, while waiting for the chance to take his alpenstock abroad, and there enjoy a foreign climb.

MR. TOADIE is residing at a boarding-house in Bath, where he runs on errands hourly for a rich old maiden aunt.

MRS. BOUNCER's "young man" having a day's holiday, embraced the opportunity and his Cousin MARY, whom he gallantly escorted, with her grandmother, to Greenwich, and played at kites in the ring until the time for tea and s'rimps.

MR. SWOTER has made one of a reading set this autumn. Their daily hours for study are from twelve till two, with an interval of five and thirty minutes for refreshment.

THE MISSSES SYMPER, and their "Ma," are now enjoying a delightful holiday at Margate. Their principal amusements are bobbing up and down in a foot and a half of water for three-quarters of an hour, and promenading on the pier with their back hair down to dry; also devouring trashy novels at the rate of three a day, scampering to the steamboats to see the people come on shore, and on gala-days enjoying the luxury of a donkey's gallop on the beach.

MESSRS. DUNDERHEAD AND BOOBIE, and a lot of other members of

the Slaughterborough Sparrow Club, have spent their spare time lately in butchering small birds, shooting more than twenty dozen of them daily out of traps.

MR. JOSEPH BUEGINS, having generously promised his "old woman" a day out, fulfilled his word last Wednesday by driving her to Kew, and giving her a sumptuous repast of tea and periwinkles.

MR. FLYCATCHER has taken a hunting-box at Penmaenmaur, for the purpose of enjoying the pleasures of the chase. His best day's bag last week consisted of three blue-bottles, two beetles, and a cockchafer, in the pursuit of which last creature he stumbled on a wasps' nest, from the effects of which encounter he has since been kept indoors.

MR. TOOTLER is now spending his holiday upon Salisbury Plain, having wisely pitched a tent there for practising the flute.

THE MASTERS TAGG, RAGG, AND BOBTAIL, having a holiday last Monday, left their family mansions directly after breakfast, and spent the day out in the streets in turning head-over-heeled, and inviting passers-by to remember the grotto.

MR. CUTTIE having gone to the sea-side to benefit his health, is carrying out his object by consuming some two ounces of tobacco every day, and playing billiards nightly until nearly three o'clock.

MISS LARTINGTON and her sister have just started off for Slaughterborough, to spend a fortnight with their aunt. Their modest luggage consisted of only fourteen boxes, five bags, and two pet dogs.

WAR NOTES.

THAT IS, THE ONLY KIND OF NOTES FOR WHICH MR. PUNCH CAN FIND SPACE DURING THE PRESENT CRISIS. THE CHARGE TO HIS CORRESPONDENTS IS FIVE GUINEAS PER LINE.

DEAR PUNCH,

If I asked the author of *Handsome is that Handsome Does to Lend me Five Shillings*, and he replied (as I dare say he would) *I'll Sleep Upon It*, why should I be like another of his plays? Because I should be *'Tis Not As and Crown*.

Yours, self-complacently,

A WAG.

RESPECTED MR. PUNCH,

Why is your black cat like a certain Belgian railway? Because she is Sombre, and Mews.

Yours truly,

FELIX ET FELIX.

PUNCH,

In Jersey we have just fined an Ironmonger £64 and costs, for having too much gunpowder on his premises, to the peril of his neighbours. What a howl there would be if Magistrates in England dared to serve out in this way "a respectable tradesman," who had only put a few score lives in danger. Come, you often pitch into us Channel Islanders—say a good word for us now, old boy.

Yours respectfully,

HARO.

St. Helier's.

DEAR PUNCH,

SEND me a Fiver for reporting this dialogue,—it actually passed. I enclose you my card, which proves the fact:—

Jones. Hallo, where have you been?

Brown. Oh, I've had a capital walk up to the Welsh Harp, and such a jolly lunch there.

Jones. Of course—your appetite was Welsh-harpened. Good, eh?

Yours truly,

TAFFY.

DEAR PUNCH,

I DARE say some "Moke" (well said, Sir) will send you this "joke" next week. I hasten to anticipate ASINUS:—

"The Prussians at Strasbourg are diverting the Ill."

Of course you'll be told that this is in keeping with the excellent medical doctrine that patients should be amused.

Ever yours,

A BILED OWL.

Quills in a Flutter.

BIRDS, such as saved the Capitol of Rome,
Keep up a clamour of alarm at home;
That well-meant cackle is too loud and clear—
They make a noise which all our neighbours hear.

A DESIDERATUM.

WHAT FRANCE wants, more than anything else in her Chamber just now, are "Deputies of the Right"—sort.

SOPS FOR O'CERBERUS.



MR. PUNCH,

THERE is one point wherein the Liberal Government, in the policy which it is pursuing towards Ireland, shows itself unworthy of its name. It most unwisely neglects a 'class of persons exercising the strongest influence for good and evil, but chiefly for good, if chiefly for their own good, over warm-hearted and impulsive Irishmen. Irish opinion is formed, by Irish journalists, I beg their pardon, by the gentlemen of the Irish Press.

These gentlemen are now actively engaged in writing down the aggressive Germans, and abusing us English for our alleged sympathy with them rather than with the invaded French. Thus, they not only intensify their countrymen's natural animosity against the proud Saxon, but also do their utmost to embitter his French neighbour against him too, with a view to bring down upon us the future vengeance of LOUIS NAPOLEON reinstated in absolute power. Their diatribes, omnipotent in their own country, have little less influence in France, where they are almost universally perused on account of the elegance, as well as the eloquence, of which they are patterns in style. Now, what has MR. GLADSTONE'S Administration done to conciliate these formidable adversaries? Nothing. On the contrary, it has exasperated them by menaces which, from a contempt, as insulting as injudicious, for their splendid invectives, it has failed to enforce.

Sir, it is time to tell a mistaken Ministry that they must not think to terrify those undaunted patriots by shaking the rod of a Coercion Bill over their heads. This is not the way to silence their bold out-speaking. How can the PREMIER fail to discern that there is only one course, and that not one out of three courses, to disarm their terrible hostility! Let him lose no time in repairing the omission he has made in his scheme for the pacification of Ireland, by amply subsidising them all. This truly liberal policy would have the certain effect, not, indeed, of stopping their fearless utterances, but what would be much better, of reversing them, and turning sneers, sarcasms, vituperations, and maledictions into the equally unmeasured language of compliment and eulogy. Thus the editor and whole staff of such respectable, as well as powerful papers, as the *Irishman*, the *Flag of Ireland*, and the *Nation*, would, in what they may call a pig's whisper, be turned from our outrageous vilifiers into hyperbolic eulogists, as long as ever they continued to enjoy their subsidies. Of course, provided always that the subsidy in each case exceeded the amount derivable by its recipient from the sale of his newspaper. I hope, *Mr. Punch*, you will be pleased to print the suggestion which I gratuitously offer to Statesmen, who, however sagacious, do not know how to deal with HOOLAN and DOOLAN. And, ever let them remember, BIS DAT QUI CITO DAT.

FIRST STITCH IN TIME.

MOUTH of the Scheldt never care for a flea:
Guard well that sea-board which fronts the North Sea,
Says a Commander of nautical fame,
SHEERARD, that OSBORNE is light by surname.

Harbours of Refuge, kept safe by no shams,
Turret-ships, gun-boats, torpedos, and rams:
These are just now the first needs of this Isle—
Get them. What Army you can, get meanwhile.

Pre-Occupations.

MINISTER CHEVREAU, in the French Chamber the other day, said, in answer to M. GAMBETTA'S questions as to the state of things at the seat of war, that MARSHAL BAZAINE was too much occupied to be able to send reports. Query, whether the occupation of Metz had not more to do with the Marshal's silence, than the occupation of the Marshal?

COCKNEYISM IN THE COUNTRY.

1st Cockney. I say, what sort of a 'ouse will do for a Fowl 'Ouse?
2nd Cockney. Lor' bless yer, Henry 'Ouse.

WAR NEWS.

MOST IMPORTANT.

Question put by Numerous Influential and Anxious Readers.—We know, Sir, that M. ABOUT is safe again in Paris, but, Sir, the public mind is anxious on behalf of your Correspondent. What, Sir, has become of the gallant CAPTAIN DYNWELL, who, at the very commencement of the War, wrote to you to say that "he and another Cockalorum were proceeding to the scene of action with a cartload of iced brandy and soda for the neutral refreshment of the belligerent powers"? What, Sir, we ask, nay, we demand to know, what has become of that active and intelligent officer, CAPTAIN DYNWELL?

*** Since July 30th nothing has been received from the Captain. We much regret—

*** We take out a heap of type, in order to calm the public agitation with the following, just received:—

On the Frontier Somewhere. [No date.]

Have you got all the letters, plans of scrimmages, and regular merry-go-round maps of the whole biling out here from your Own Special Cockalorum, or not? * If you have, 'tain't quite the kickup, your Washup, not to say you have, and send your poor soldier a paper.

Quite the gay military out here. Everybody more all over the shop than ever. The B. and S. spec nowhere, and the little lot seized as contraband of war. Swaggered a bit: no use. The Prussians, who are quite the gentlemen, will square us, so we're hanging on here by our eyelids. At least, I am. We've not been coming. My partner said he was going to see his aunt at Brussels, and hasn't turned up again. Been on the scoop, aunt and all, p'raps, ever since.

I thought I'd just make a penn'orth or two with the remaining B. and S., about three dozen of each, out of the French army. Got between two fires. Which Cockalorum was besting the other, would have stumped the Great Dook himself. "Where are we now?" says I. And Your Own would have come to an untimely end if he hadn't got on the track of the *Times* Cockalorum (who got quodded once, you know; he's unquodded now, thanks to a certain gay soldier who shall be nameless), and sloped into the thin of it. *** As I write this, the Prooshans have busted 'em a bit!! My wigs! ain't we keeping moving! Here to-day, and gone the day before yesterday, and how was you to-morrow? That's it, Sir. No deception, no spring or false bottom, and *mitrailleuses* quite out of the betting. (By the way, I hate a fool. Some Literary Dustman out here says to me, says he, "You can't get on without a Pass." "Which it are," said the Duchess," I replied, believing him, and then, says I, "What pass shall I ask for?" He winks his wicked eye, and tells me, "The Pass of the Vosges." Which was a sell for the Great King, you'll observe, as I didn't know that the Vosges were mountains, and thought it was the name of some neutral cove in office, who was to give the order for Cockalorums to roam about all over the shop. They nearly locked up this gay Militaire for calling at the official bureau to ask for the Vosges Pass. I inquired, also, tenderly after Vosges himself. If ever I catch that lively and accomplished Literary, I'm down on him like a cartload of bricks. When this Gallant Soldier is put out, he ain't that emollient hair-dye he might be.)

* * * * *
Prooshans busting. French not up to time when the bell rings. That's the latest. *** Just sent in a note to the CROWN PRINCE, asking to be allowed to join his staff. Wanted to enter the Prussian service a year ago. CROWN PRINCE civil, very; only objection to my being quite the cheerful Prooshan officer was my eyeglass. "Sir," says I, "I can't see the enemy without my winker." He is considering the subject. Compromise with spectacles, perhaps. I have bought a Gee (bay, fifteen-four, and jump anything; got him cheap 'cos of two white off-legs), and have placed this neutral but gay Militaire on his ambling Gee at the service of the Hereditary and noble swell in command.

Let's know if you get this, and don't say no if you'd rather not All there.

Yours, my distinguished Cockalorum,

DYNWELL.

(And looks towards you, Sir, and Sir to you, Sir, arter that.)

* Not one has arrived.

Americanism in Paris.

We read in *La Vie Parisienne* last week:—

"Deux petites dames à cheveux jaunes, une à cheveux noirs, trois sherry-goblers à chalumeau."

To this has an American drink come in Paris! Ah, JULES, mon ami, is it that we shall have grogs and sherry-goblers? How will those other charming names be rendered by Parisians, yecept a Gum-tickler, an Eye-opener, a Wink and a Sling?



WHAT NEXT INDEED!

Grateful Recipient. "BLESS YOU, MY LADY! MAY WE MEET IN HEAVEN!"

Haughty Donor. "GOOD GRACIOUS!! DRIVE ON, JARVIS!!!"

[She had evidently read Dr. Johnson, who "didn't want to meet certain people anywhere."]

IN ACCOUNT WITH WAR.

How stands France in account with NAPOLEON, and Germany with BISMARCK?

Of whom who shall say that either on this age has not left *his* mark? Debtors both for hundreds of thousands of lives, and hundreds of thousands of treasure.

Slaughtered and spent for sovereigns' schemes, and at sovereigns' will and pleasure!

* * * * *

Debtor, L. N. to France, for the agony of invasion,
The cost of the requisitions of an army of occupation;
For her capital in a state of siege, her trade in a state of stagnation,
Her agriculture paralysed, and her credit in prostration;
Her suburban crops given to the flames, her suburban villas demolished,
Her Paris *mobiliars* in the way, to be Prussian—not French—polished.
Debtor, besides, for armies ill-generalled and worse provided,
For citizens eating their hearts out, and France to the Devil misguided.

A heavy balance on the wrong side, when accounts come to be squared,
And the creditors not in nice temper, and the debtor ill-prepared!

Debtor BISMARCK to Germany, for the best blood in her veins,
Drawn off on a score of battle-fields, through a myriad crimson drains;
Debtor for triumph in her streets, and mourning in her homes,
Flags hung in her churches, and wounded laid beneath her palace domes:

And the saddest of all set-offs, against Victory's glorious rage,
In the shape of decimation of youth, and bereavement of old age.
Debtor L. N. and B. to Europe, for general apprehension,
For stocks with a tendency downwards, and nerves in a state of tension:

For commerce disturbed, and trade destroyed, except the newspaper writer's,
And the crippling of all kinds of industry but those that supply the fighters.
For an unnatural flight of *canards*, and great waste of time in shooting them,
And more lies, diplomatic and other, than there are means of confuting them.

* * * * *

But against this heavy debtor account a *per contra* may be stated,
Even by France invaded, and Germany decimated.
France finds HER *per contra* in this strength of sudden self-devotion,
These linked hearts and armed hands that rise, like the rise of an angry ocean,
To sweep the invaders from their gates, or in those gates to die,
While the enemy's haughty summons as haughtily they defy.

And Germany HER *per contra* finds in the unity of will,
And strength of stern self-sacrifice, that bears her onward still;
In the brotherhood that from end to end doth through her empire run,
In the love that steels her softest, and binds high and low in one;
In the strength sublime of a common heart, and the tie of a common cause,
That links for defence of Fatherland, its homes, and fields, and laws!

And the World has her *per contra* in the protest 'gainst faith in gold,
The proof that men will give their lives for what cannot be bought and sold.

Yes, heavy may be the account of loss that War's bloody book contains,
But not less, on the *per contra* side, write off these mighty gains!

THE THREADS OF OUR DISCOURSE.—Lint.



PARIS, 1870.

"THE CRY IS STILL, *THEY COME!*"

THE BOOMPJE PAPERS.

AT THE EVENING PARTY (continued)—A PLUNGE—THE MAZURKA.



DECIDEDLY not. A uniform is something to be respected, like the British flag. (Boomp-je!) Let them find out what I am. (Begin to wish I was in bed.)

GOOCH disappears. BUND is with people I don't know. MAULLIE has been introduced to some Dutch artists, and everyone else is dancing, talking, or walking.

I fix myself by a door, and begin to indulge in bitter thoughts of the world at large. What an ass I was (I think to myself) to be persuaded to come in uniform. It's my confounded good-nature. Dear me!—two ladies from England, whom I've met before.

MISS HOWKER, quite the belle of the ball, and MISS MILLAR with her mother.

MISS HOWKER quite surprised to see me here. She is talking to a French gentleman with a red ribbon

and an 'order in his button-hole; she goes on talking after she has said she is so surprised. Can't enter into their conversation, as I don't know what it's about. All I can do is to smile on them, patronisingly.

The distinguished foreigner is evidently puzzled; so is she. I smile again; I don't know why, but rather as if to say, "Isn't this funny, isn't this just like me?" That is *if* she views my uniform in that light.

I feel that many eyes are upon me, and eye-glasses too. The general opinion (I also feel this from little things I hear said in various quarters) is that I am an "eccentric Englishman connected with the Post Office," and that the uniform is common enough in London. One French lady explains to a German that I am an alderman. MUNTLEY, who has been taking champagne, insists upon addressing me as My Lord Mayor, and bowing obsequiously. I beg him not to play the fool. He leaves me. I hope he won't go and spread it about that I'm the Lord Mayor.

There is an undoubted Englishman in the corner with large whiskers and moustache eyeing me indignantly. I return his look with indignation. We shall have words, "before," as GOOCH would say, "I can wink my eye," if I don't take care.

I tell MISS HOWKER about the Contingent, which, I am bound to say, she does not believe, and I add that I am going to Aldershot to join the Rifles for drill. (Boomp-je!)

GOOCH, coming up at this moment, says, "Do you all the good in the world, old fellow; fine you down a bit."

I smile at GOOCH pitifully, to give MISS HOWKER the idea that I only tolerate him, and that I don't want "fining down." The *Mazurka* strikes up. Shall I (not knowing the *Mazurka* except by having seen it) risk it with MISS HOWKER, and so cut out GOOCH, or not?

If I do, it will probably terminate amicable relations for ever between MISS HOWKER and myself. But still... Boomp-je!... Yes. I might boompje through it.

GOOCH says, when I have just got the words on the tip of my tongue, "May I, MISS HOWKER?" and MISS HOWKER consults her card, and finding she has at least six names down for this one dance, settles the difficulty by accepting GOOCH.

I smile disdainfully as they leave me, laughing. At what are they laughing? At whom? MUNTLEY, passing me at this moment with a French lady on his arm, bows, and says, "*J'espère que vous êtes heureux, mi lord Maire.*" I frown. I hate such tomfoolery. Will speak to him alone, seriously.

There are some moments when, if I looked in the glass, I should expect to see myself pale and haggard, with dark dank hair hanging about anyhow. I do look into the glass and I see—but no matter. Time writes no wrinkle on thy something brow," as the poet says of the sea; and as he *did* say it of the sea, he might as well have written "winkle" instead of "wrinkle" a notion that I shall put forward in my earliest collection of Boompje Poems.

I watch the *Mazurka*. A great man has said, we can always learn something from somebody. Which means, we can always learn anything from anybody. Now here are a lot of anybodies and somebodies teaching me, unconsciously, the *Mazurka*.

It seems to me, observing this, that you must go a little back like a wave on the shingle (Poetical Boompje) with a view to coming well forward again like (also) a wave (same one) on the shingle. That you then hop—or jump—and then slide. Watching the different couples, I can't make out whether you hop first, or slide first. I feel an irre-

sistible desire to dance it. I feel at the same time a shyness which whispers "Don't." I feel immediately afterwards a voice which says "This is pride, false pride. Dance! Boompje, dance!" Think to myself that I should like to try it alone in a side-room first. Of course to ask for this accommodation is out of the question.

I look around. Yes, there is MISS MILLAR near her mother. She is not dancing. "Come desperation lend thy furious hold." Faint heart never danced fair *Mazurka*.

Froggy would a-dancing go, whether MISS MILLAR's mother wouldn't or no.

All these quotations, adapted, oddly enough flit through my mind as I come up and say, "May I have the, &c. &c.," mumble, mumble.

She declines. I rush on my fate and exert pressure. She declines again, feebly. I become impassioned, nay, determined, as the chance of dancing becomes fainter and fainter. She accepts. [N.B. I must possess a wonderful dramatic power, facially, as it was my last look at her made her change her mind, and accept me. Must now use more facial expression, and look supremely happy.] She astonishes me by informing me that she can't dance the *Mazurka* very well, and hopes I won't be very angry with her.

I reply, encouragingly, that "*she will soon pick it up.*" I add that it isn't very difficult; and I sincerely hope it isn't.

We commence picking it up together. My sword joins the dance. I beg pardon. Must hook it up. Do so. Commence again. Sword too heavy. The start is a difficulty. Two steps totally unconnected with any known dance whatever, and a bump from a couple coming round. Apology from me. Stare from them. Two steps more.

Another bump from somebody turning, apparently, the wrong way. Slight apology from me. Anathema I fancy from them. A couple starts behind us; their starting puts my starting out. I frown on them, and observe to my partner, that it is astonishing people can't keep out of the way in a ball-room. She says, "Yes, some people are so stupid." I agree with her. I propose going to another part of the room and commencing again. We go there. It is certainly clearer until we commence our steps, when everybody seems suddenly to arrive on the spot. I determine to start and go the whole Boompje, or perish in the attempt. We take two steps with *what* feet I don't know. I feel a sort of galvanic tremor, from my boots upwards. Then one foot will stick down, while the other comes up out of time. We do something which is intended for a hop, and turns out a jump. We struggle together, with clasped hands, somehow, as if we were trying the strength of our wrists, and we manage to turn round in a sort of uneasy jig, like ecstatic organ figures, and then I come down with a decided stamp on somebody's train.

A sharp crisp sounding tear. I apologise with one leg in the air, having lifted it to do the hop. Apology scarcely acknowledged. I hear mumbled words like "*gauche*," "stupid," "doesn't know how to dance," and so forth.

MISS MILLAR thinks we'd better stop. I think so too, but I won't. (Boomp-je!) No, we'll have another turn round. We try: and come sharply backwards on GOOCH and his partner. They are laughing. At me. I know it. Should have done this turn well but for that. As it is I finish my next attempt at a hop and a slide by kicking MISS MILLAR. We stop. I beg a hundred thousand pardons, a million.

Good gracious. I didn't mean—heavens—

"It doesn't matter—it was an accident," she replies, and asks to be taken to her Mamma. I protest against this. While I am protesting we are bumped three times in different directions, and are finally cannoned into the crowd, where we do more struggling and tumbling, being finally landed near a sort of mantel-piece, on which we both lean, exhausted.

I apologise again for kicking her. Quite an accident, I say; of course, she didn't suppose I only took her out to kick her. "Won't she have any refreshment?"

No, she'll go to her mother, please.

I feel what she'll say to her mother of me.

I take her back. She bows distantly, and I know that henceforth mountains separate me from MISS MILLAR.

I retire gradually, and join a convivial party (MAULLIE among the number) in the supper-room.

"Dancing, old boy?" asks MAULLIE.

"No," I reply, carelessly; "at least only just one turn. Too crowded."

We sup, and return to the hotel, where we discuss our next move.

"Sweet Remembrancer."

"MERE boys are sent to the War." Happy English lads, be thankful that the only Campaign you are allowed to share is Elecampane—and moral—Don't eat too much of that.

A THOUGHT ON THE TWELFTH.

JUST now some people are thinking of the Teutons, others of the Gauls, and a third and not inconsiderable number of the—Moors.



"IN FORMÂ PAUPERIS."

Young Hopeful (to Papa, who is sending off his Beloved Belongings to the Sea-side). "LOOK HERE, 'PA. (Holding up Fourpenny Piece.)

Paterfamilias. "WHAT NOW?"

Young Hopeful. "WHAT COBBLER'S IMPLEMENT DOES THIS REPRESENT, 'PA?"

Paterfamilias (impatiently). "ASKING RIDDLES NOW?" (Perceiving, and forking out.) "OH, THAT'S YOUR ALL, IS IT? THERE! NOW WILL YOU PLEASE TO BE OFF!"

IDEAL INTELLIGENCE.

In the present dearth of all news but war-news, the subjoined particulars of diversified intelligence may not be without interest corresponding to that which Romance would possess if substituted, under the stress of circumstances, for History.

A LIVE ANTEDILUVIAN.—Some workmen on Monday last, engaged in the excavations going on at Great Gulston in the oolite, disinterred a *Pterodactylus longirostris*, in a state of suspended animation. This hitherto supposed to be extinct saurian measured six feet in length. On being placed in the sun it revived in a few minutes, and expanded its wings, of which the extent from tip to tip must have been at least ten feet, and immediately flew away over the ocean, whither nobody knows.

ORIGIN OF SPECIES.—A sow in the possession of MR. MANGOLD, farmer, of Snorton Suis, produced, on the 24th inst., a farrow of nine piglings, one of which has a snout terminating in a proboscis similar to that of the elephant, only of smaller size. This aberrant little pachyderm presents an illustration of the Theory of Development which may be acceptable to MR. DARWIN.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—The earth in the garden of MR. FIBBS, of Fudgely, suddenly, on the afternoon of Wednesday last, opened and swallowed a summer-house. Only an instant before MR. F. and a party of friends had vacated the spot, where they had been smoking cigars and imbibing brandy-and-water; so that their escape may be regarded as remarkable, if not miraculous.

A CREDIT TO ITS SPECIES.—PROFESSOR PODEER has a goose which, having reared it from the shell, he has succeeded in teaching to talk better than any parrot. The Professor has refused the offer of enormous sums, by persons desirous of purchasing this uncommon bird for purposes of exhibition.

AN UNUSUAL METEOR was witnessed by a correspondent of the *Walkerstown Observer*. He says that it presented the appearance of

illuminated letters, which traversed the sky from the Pleiades in the direction of the Great Bear, and ultimately formed themselves into the word Ozokerit.

A BLACK RAIN.—The sequestered village of Quagbrook was yesterday visited by a shower of leeches, many of which attached themselves to the horses and cattle in the neighbourhood, exerting their powers of sanguisuction, it is feared, not without some injury to the poor animals.

NOVEL EFFECT OF LIGHTNING.—Bishop's Hokey, this morning, suffered a severe storm of thunder and lightning. The electric fluid struck the house of our talented townsman, MR. SPARKES, surveyor and auctioneer, and, passing down the chimney on to the meat-jack, glanced off to the dresser, peeling, in its course, a number of potatoes, which the cook had just removed from the saucepan. Cookey, though she experienced some little alarm, was gratified on discovering that the levin brand had saved her trouble.

A VERY RARE VISITOR.—The HON. FELIX POPPER, of Cramstead, a few days since, shooting wildfowl, brought down, among a flock of puffins, what he took to be some strange bird, but which proved to be a flying-fish. It has been deposited in the County Museum.

Song of the Cockney Sportsman.

How happy could I be in heather,
At the grouse gally blazing away!
But then, somehow, I can't touch a feather,
So 'tis better at Brighton to stay.

A COINCIDENCE À LA DUNDREARY.

DUNDREARY writes to ask whether the Prussians being at Bar-le-Duc, means that they have barred "le DUC DE MAGENTA" from a junction with MARSHAL BAZAINE?

ANIMAL WATERS.

THERE is something well worth seeing and tasting in America just now. Tourists, warred out from Baden and Homburg, may be glad to know that—

"A hot spring has been discovered in Nevada, from which flows, if not chicken soup, something so like it, when properly seasoned with pepper and salt, as to make it impossible to tell one from the other. Three pounds of beef boiled in the water of this spring will yield as much broth as twelve pounds boiled in ordinary water. Nor is its usefulness confined to this, for it has been discovered to possess a property, not found, we believe, in other chicken soup, of perpetuating itself, so to speak, by hatching out the eggs of its chief constituent."

How delightful is all this! an ever-flowing, natural tureen of chicken broth! Patients only required to bring their own pepper and salt. Nutritious beef-tea and fresh-boiled eggs on the premises. We are not told who had the distinction of first discovering these invaluable culinary waters, but he must have been a broth of a boy. Around them we can picture a handsome city already springing up, to be known far and wide as Chickenbad. Soon, too, there will be seen in our own shop-windows an announcement of Bottled Chicken Soup, newly imported from America.

A friend, whose weak point is certainly not credulity, observes that he has a suspicion, just a *soup-con*, that the whole thing may turn out to be a hoax, and that, fond as he is of adventure and novelty, he does not intend to go out to Nevada on such a chicken-hazardous expedition.

THE STANDARD OF NEUTRALITY.

HOLDING, as we do, that it is not the business of newspaper folks to attack each other, but rather to unite for the general confusion of mankind, we seldom refer to a contemporary, except in the way of graceful recognition of his merit. In that spirit *Punch* begs cordially to compliment the *Standard*, not only on professing the most complete neutrality of sentiment on the subject of the present war, but on practising such neutrality in the most fearless manner. That such practice seems to involve self-stultification is a trifle compared to the assertion of a noble principle. For instance, on Saturday morning the *Standard* had two beautifully written leading articles on the peril of Paris. They came close together, and at the end of the first it was exquisitely said:—

"If Paris is only as true to its duty as the army, there should be little fear but that this evil hour may be safely passed; BUT ON PARIS HANGS (sic) THE DESTINIES OF FRANCE."

Then came the other leading article, and about fifteen lines after the above declaration we read:—

"TO-DAY PARIS WOULD BY NO MEANS DRAG AFTER IT THE REST OF FRANCE, and the situation of affairs in 1870 resembles far more that of 1792 than of 1814 and 1815."

Now this we call true neutrality, and though it may puzzle the country parsons, it is delightful to those who like to see the British Press taking its proper position.

THE ROMAN PEAR.

GOOD Catholics may be of opinion that the POPE has handselled his infallibility by offering to mediate between KING WILLIAM and LOUIS NAPOLÉON. That may be doubted by others, who, nevertheless, consider that in so doing his HOLINESS has done a good action and no mistake. The *Daily Telegraph* lately remarked in an article on the Roman question:—

"The pear is almost ripe, and its fall cannot be delayed many years."

By "the pear" our contemporary means the Temporal Papacy. But the present Incumbent of the Popedom may be called a pear too. By his endeavour to put a stop to the war now raging in civilised Europe, the Holy Father has clearly proved himself a "*Bon Chrétien*."

Bloated Armaments.

"*Si vis pacem, para bellum*,"
All's not true engrossed on vellum.
Now instructed man alive is
Bellum para bellum si vis.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

MRS. MALAPROP is certainly a most religious woman. Passing down Great Portland Street last Sunday morning, on her way to church, she expressed her surprise to her bosom friend, MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, that the new Jewish Synagogue was not open for service!

FAREWELL TO THE RAMROD.

(Sung by a Volunteer.)

RAMROD, wherewith I still
Do exercise at drill,
'Tis time that we did part,
For obsolete thou art—
Fare thee well!

Because Britannia's sons
Require breechloading guns,
In case a foreign band
Invade their native land.
Fare thee well!

Go, Ramrod, go thy way,
For thou hast had thy day.
Go, after gun-flints, go,
Like matchlock, arrow, and bow—
Fare thee well!

No more the raw recruit,
Thee, at review, shall shoot
Off, by mischance, among
The British Public's throng—
Fare thee well!

Once trusty rod of steel
In thee, alas! I feel
That I must cease to trust;
And thou art doomed to rust.
Fare thee well!

Unless, in after years,
With partizans and spears,
Kept burnish'd thou may'st be
In antique armoury.
Fare thee well!

But wherefore do I stand,
Still grasping thee in hand,
Leave-taking o'er and o'er,
And sighing, yet once more—
Fare thee well!

Because I'm made to wait,
With fire-arms out of date,
For warfare tools unmeet,
So, therefore, I repeat—
Fare thee well!

O, that I could outright
Armed for effectual fight
At instantaneous call
Say, Ramrod, once for all,
Fare thee well!

BOOKLETS.

"Of the making of books there is no end." Did not SOCRATES, or SCIOPIUS, or SARDANAPALUS once say something like this? Whoever it was, he would have been greatly astounded had he lived in these times, and seen the daily multiplication of volumes, and the alarming spread of that fatal epidemic, *cacothés scribendi*. Everywhere hand-books, manuals, introductions, guides to the smallest, as well as the most important of the many businesses of life; one of the latest being *The Book of Dinner Serviettes*, the author of which was certainly determined not to fly too high in his search for a subject.

We look forward to seeing many more useful manuals of the same class, such as *The Book of Dressing Table Pincushions*, *The Book of Bedchamber Watch-Pockets*, &c., and sincerely hope that they may command as large a sale as they deserve.

Our Reserve Force.

"The annual inspection of the 4th Administrative Battalion of the * * * Rifle Volunteers took place yesterday evening on the drill-ground. After falling out, the men were served with supper in the drill-shed."

SORRY to hear it. These are not times for Volunteers to be falling out. We feel sure all Riflemen will fall in with our views on this point. However, as the men took supper together, we hope there was no great harm done; but we trust such a state of things (with the exception of the supper) will not occur again.



A CAPITAL ANSWER.

"Self-made" Man (examining School, of which he is a Manager). "Now, BOY, WHAT'S THE CAPITAL OF 'OLLAND?"
 Boy. "AN 'II, SIR."

RETICENCE IN TIME OF ROW.

THE Germans, gallant heroes are, and so the French are too.
 What daring deeds the former, and the latter likewise, do!
 Whichever may be victors we, in PATRICK'S phrase, may say,
 That matchless valour these and those did equally display.

Thrice is he armed, sings Avon's Swan, that hath his quarrel just.
 There's something to be said for both, incandour grant we must.
 What's past is ended, by-gones to be by-gones, then, allow—
 Divide pure admiration 'tween those mighty nations now.

A grand old Chief is Prussia's King, in truth a King of Men.
 And BISMARCK'S a sage councillor, of vast and varied ken.
 NAPOLEON, heretofore, has been our true and fast ally,
 And yet may live with power to harm or help us by-and-by.

Say nought about ambition, now, or vanity and pride.
 Inhuman cynicism forbear to charge on either side.
 As quoth PROFESSOR JACKSON with philosophy immense,
 A civil tongue keep firstly in your head for self-defence.

Wait till the British Army, Line, Militia, Volunteers,
 Shall, organised, have rid us of invasion from all fears.
 Wait till the British Navy shall secure have made our shore:
 Then we can speak our mind out as we did in times before.

FIRE AND SMOKE.

"SIR," writes a correspondent of *Public Opinion*, signing his name
 THOM. S. PASSMORE, "MR. CH. COOKE, in your last issue, most sensibly
 and truly says that 'War clears the moral atmosphere, as
 thunderstorms do the terrestrial one.'" No, MR. PASSMORE. MR. CH.
 COOKE'S observation has very little truth in it, and no sense at all.
 War may, now and then, clear the moral atmosphere, but generally
 thickens it. For war, friend PASSMORE, look you, must needs be a

contest either of armed fools with armed fools, armed thieves
 with armed thieves, or armed thieves with armed policemen. In
 the latter case only does war clear the moral atmosphere. Then it
 clears the moral atmosphere of blackguardism in proportion to
 the magnitude of the policemen's victory over the thieves, and
 the amount of the butcher's bill the thieves let themselves in for.
 Otherwise, it clears the moral atmosphere no more than the physical.
 On the contrary, it equally obscures the one and the other. It throws
 back civilisation for many years. Familiarising people with carnage
 and destruction, it comes to be regarded by them with levity, at least
 until they finally draw it down upon themselves. It increases brutality
 among the multitude, and it gives occasion to the malignant portion of
 the educated classes to sneer at pacific counsels with tongue and pen,
 and cry, "Ridiculous are the Peacemakers." The fire and smoke with
 which it loads the air we breathe bodily, correspond to the heats and
 the darkness which it engenders in that which our minds inhale. War,
 unless when just and successful, can clear the moral atmosphere only
 by clearing it of morality.

IN VERSE (NON) RATIO.

THERE was a young man called M'KENZIE,
 Whom bagpipes sent into a frenzy;
 Sagacious M'DOUGAL
 Suggested a bugle,
 And played him a tune from *Rienzi*.

A native of Northern Kentucky
 Was esteemed by his friends very lucky;
 His coat was pea-green,
 His collars were clean,
 And his boots never known to be mucky.

CITY TELEGRAM (*July and August, 1870*).—"Any day. Any time.
 Stocks and Shocks."



"VELUT ÆGRI SOMNIA."

THIS REMARKABLE PICTURE ILLUSTRATES THE STATE OF MIND OF THE ARTIST, WHO HAS BEEN SO INTOLERABLY BEWILDERED BY WAR TELEGRAMS THAT HE CAN DEPICT NOTHING EXCEPT INCOHERENTLY BELLICOSE FIGURES. HE IS, HOWEVER, WE ARE HAPPY TO SAY, RECOVERING HIS HABITUALLY BRILLIANT FACULTIES.

ANOTHER VERSION.

"Arndt this good?"

WHAT is the Briton's Father-Land?
Is 't where unfinished Paul's doth stand,
Is 't where BOYNE WILLIAM, stern, doth frown,
Or where SIR WALTER, calm, sits down?
O no! O no! Because, you see,
His Father-Land must greater be.

What is the Briton's Father-Land?
Is 't little Wales's mountains grand,
Is 't where Australia's cattle grazes,
Or where Maōris fight like blazes?
O no! O no! Because, you see,
His Father-Land must greater be.

What is the Briton's Father-Land?
No fellah seems to understand:
Is 't where VICTORIA's gentle sway
Makes Indian millions, pleased, obey?
O no! O no! Because, you see,
His Father-Land must greater be.

What is the Briton's Father-Land?
Is it the grim Heligoland?
Whereof TOM CAMPBELL took and wrote
A ghastly song about a Boat?
O no! O no! Because, you see,
His Father-Land must greater be.

What is the Briton's Father-Land?
Is it the brave Canadian strand
Whereof TOM MOORE took and wrote
A pleasing song about a Boat?
O no! O no! Because, you see,
His Father-Land must greater be.

What is the Briton's Father-Land?
(My patience drops its final sand)—
'Tis known by *báton* and by hunch—
'Tis where all good folk read their *Punch*—
Where *Punch* is seen in every hand,
There! there's the Briton's Father-Land!

* Bad rhyme, Mr. Poet.—ED. Same as in original, Sir.—POET.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A STATE OF SIEGE.

WE have no decided wish to be in Paris just at present; indeed, we thank our stars decidedly that we are here in London. Still, in some respects we own that Paris is just now in an enviable state, although a state of siege at first thought may seem anything but enviable. But of the *advantages* this as one of its advantages:—

1. *Real*—By the orders of GENERAL TROCHU the expulsion from Paris of every individual having no honest means of subsistence, and whose presence is a danger to public order, and to the safety of persons and property.

2. *It*—By the result of living in a state of siege, one really can't help wishing that London were forthwith declared in that condition. What a blessing it would be to all its peaceable inhabitants to get rid of all the burglars, and the beggars, and the blackguards, who endanger now the safety of our persons and our property! We often pride ourselves upon our insular security, and delight to think that we are therefore safe against invasion, and that no one from abroad can venture to assail us. But we forget the many enemies who are daily in our midst, and nightly ready to attack us. We should be glad to declare London in a state of siege to-morrow, if MR. BILL SIKES and his brethren could for ever so be banished; but we sadly fear those gentlemen would return to their old haunts directly that same state were announced as being ended.

MUNIFICENCE OF A MAYOR EXTRAORDINARY.

IN a summary of memorable affairs at Winchester, the *Hampshire Independent* records a manifestation of benevolence on the part of a municipal dignitary, which, to most municipalities, will probably appear very eccentric. Worshipful Mayors and Aldermen at large are informed, no doubt to their astonishment, that:—

THE MAYOR'S MUNIFICENCE—of which we have already had evidence on several occasions, is again shown by the fact that on Tuesday, after the meeting of the Town Council, a meeting of the Committee in aid of the Sick and Wounded in War was held, and his Worship then said that instead of giving,

as usual, a banquet to the Corporation, he should give a hundred guineas to the Sick and Wounded Fund. May his example spur on others to go and do, in some measure, likewise!

A Mayor giving a hundred guineas for the relief of sick and wounded foreigners, instead of giving a dinner to his own Corporation and countrymen, is likely to be regarded by the majority of his compeers, as a person who, so far from being imitated, ought to be taken care of by his friends. Mankind in general may say that a sum of money, devoted to a sick and wounded fund, is better employed than it would be if spent upon what some of them possibly denominate a gorge. Nor can this view be reasonably denied; although, no doubt, if MR. UNDERWOOD, the Mayor, in preference to relieving the sufferers under wounds and sickness, were to feast the Corporation, City Officers, Dean and Chapter, College Warden, and Fellows of Winchester, he would do an act of charity, at least inasmuch as he would feed the hungry, though not the starving.

Prelates carefully Preserved.

PUBLICITY ought to be given to the fact, not perhaps generally known, that the British Museum possesses a most interesting collection of stuffed archbishops, several cases in one of the Natural History Saloons being devoted to "The Primates."

The Force of Habit.

WE know a City gentleman who is so extremely methodical in business, that when he pays a compliment even to his wife, he always will insist on taking a receipt.

NOT VERY FAR WRONG.

MRS. MALAPROP says that every one ought to contribute as handsomely as possible to the fund for the relief of the wounded, because that will be acting like a good Sanitarian.

MRS. WIGSBY ON THE WAR.



IGGER battaliums always gains the victory, is it? May be so. Bigger battaliums and better generals, and better manidgement may account for it all. There mayn't be nothink more whatsomever that have had to do with it. Your fust class styptical newspapers may be right for what anybody knows, or the notions of a old 'ooman. But 'tis curus, if you comes to think, to see how things has 'appened just as they med ha' bin expected to 'appen supposin' there raly is a will as orders battles above them as orders the battaliums; as if the battles was actilly hordered a good deal accordin' to right and wrong. Now, just you look back. How did this rumpus, which it's fearful to think of, all begin? In the fust place the Prooshans and Austrians

together unjustly attackted and plundered Denmark. To be surc, what the poor Danes had done to deservo to be attackted and plundered, I don't know. No more I don't know what the old gentleman had done as was murdered t' other day—but he as murdered him was 'ung for it. Very well: and what 'appened to them as plundered and murdered the Danes? Direckly, a most, Austria and Proosha fell out. They quarreled over their beauty, and the Austrians and Prooshans set to and massacred one another. A few years goes by, and then the French, out o' mere pride and wain-glory and envy of their neighbours, without any cause to justify 'em, whatsomever, invades the Prooshans. See what they've got by it. Sartingly the Prooshans suffers pretty nearly as much; and when they considers how they made the Danes suffer, p'raps it may come 'ome to 'em. There! Suppose I was a Judge, and 'ad to pass sentence on them there peoples, Austria, Proosha, and France, and order 'em to be whipped all round, the whippings I should measure out to 'em each one o' the three, would be exactly as near as could be in propotion to the punishment, more or less, they've bin a givin' one another. As fur as appearances goes, anyhow, it do seem as if there was a will and power at work directin' big battaliums otherways than them as makes war by means of 'em could or would. Perhaps 'tis only a old 'ooman's fancy; but you must own that, leastways, appearances is in favour on it. Wery true they that has egged and led their countries on to 'all that 'ere slaughter and misery suffers least of all for the present, so appearances may deceive, as the sayin' is; but if so be that ideer's true as they'd make you think possible, what can them that's responsible for sitch wickedness expect in the end?

"BLOOD AND IRON."

"By Blood and Iron," quoth BISMARCK,

"Must Germany be made:"

And with blood and iron his mark

(On Germany he has laid:

And in France's flank, too, is mark

Of his keen two-edged blade.

Strong is the welding power

That blood and iron wield

When the Man comes, with the Hour,

And the righteous battle-field,

Where the iron's hail and shower

Of blood, their harvest yield.

Harvest of self-devotion,

Of faith in a noble cause,

That holy and high emotion

To which death gives no pause—

This of blood is worth an ocean,

To this men's lives are straws.

Nor this the only harvest

Thou, Germany, shalt reap

With the sword, —erewith thou'carvest

Thy path to the Gaulish keep;

What though on thy way thou starvest,
Or wadest in blood knee-deep?

Beyond this blood and brattle

Lies sunshine for thee and calm:

Through the *mitrailleuse's* rattle

Thou hear'st Peace chaunt her psalm;

On the red wounds of battle,

Feelest her shed her balm.

With "iron and blood" thou'rt paying

The toll that clears thy road,

To fields where the sun is playing

On the harvest thou hast sowed,

To be reaped 'gainst all gainsaying

Of foes, to the final load.

The harvest of patient Learning,

Of Peace's crafts and arts;

Of Science's sharp discerning,

And Labour's busy marts;

Of home-affections yearning,

And law-abiding hearts.

A harvest worth thy sowing

With "blood and iron" seed,

Though sown by hands unknowing

The harvests' mighty meed,

Who saw no green blade growing,

Or scorned it for a weed.

But before blood and iron

Can yield this harvest rare

Right soil must the seed environ,

And nurture of breezes fair.

That seed heap filthy mire on,

Or give it poisoned air,

And in the germ unquicken'd

'Twill die, a barren thing,

Or with such nurture quicken'd,

In a warp'd growth it will spring,

Where blood to mud seems thickened,

And where iron hath no ring.

How oft with blood and iron!

Hath not France sowed her soil,

While Hope sang, like the Syren,

Swift harvests of her toil,

Till the sowers France wreaked her ire on,

And their labours made a spoil.

What blood and iron sowing

In Ninety-Two shot hate;

And lo! their harvest growing

In France's humbled state.

With civil strife o'erflowing,

The conqueror at her gate!

"Blood and iron" Europe over,

Broadcast NAPOLEON shed,

From the sea that guardeth Dover

To the Neva's icy bed!

Could the chieftain's harvest cover

His island prison bed?

And what harvest reaped the nation

Of his "blood and iron" seed,

But war and desolation,

Spent fields, and stunted breed;

The invader's proud dictation,

And the vanquished's bitter meed?

After uncle nephew soweth

His "blood and iron," too,

In the Boulevard volley that moweth

The fools, who take for true

The mask wherein he goeth

The Republic to undo.

What, France, shall for this reaping

Of "blood and iron" grow,

Wasted in false men's keeping

On fields won by the foe?

What harvest, but the weeping

Of shame and wrath and woe,

And strife and hates unaleeping,

And utter overthrow!



FOREIGNERS IN FRANCE.

"LITTLE PODGERS" IS STAYING AT "GRENOUILLEVILLE DANS LES MARAIS," AND COMPLAINS THAT HE CAN'T "GO TO NATURE" WITHOUT BEING CLOSELY WATCHED BY THOSE CONFOUNDED GENDARMES. HE ASKS, DOES HE LOOK LIKE A PRUSSIAN SPY?

THE WORST OF SAVAGES.

AFTER having read the descriptions of the carnage and the state of the wounded, sent us from the seat of war, it is comparatively cheering to read the details of the late massacre at Tien-Tsin, although the *Times* most truly says of them:—

"The details are too horrible for repetition. It is enough to say that all the 'brutality and barbarity of which the Chinese nature is capable were wreaked on the Frenchmen and the helpless Frenchwomen who happened to be within reach of the mob.'"

But the number of the killed amounted altogether to no more than twenty-two Europeans and about forty natives at the outside; and there were no wounded at all, or few if any. The Chinese, too, had some shadow of provocation, if not excuse, to extenuate, in a measure, the atrocities which they committed. They had reason to suspect that the French Missionaries attached to the Orphanage, were accustomed, through bribery, to kidnap native children, as the priests at Rome kidnapped the Jew-boy, in order to keep them from growing up in Foism or Buddhism, and train them up in Romanism. To ascertain the truth or fallacy of this suspicion the local authorities besought the Missionaries to allow their Orphanage to be inspected, which those reverend gentlemen, with the secretiveness characteristic of their cloth, refused. Of course, it was as ridiculous of the heathen Chinese, as it is of the British Protestant Public, to suppose that, in the case of any Romanist establishment, systematic concealment can mean that there is anything to conceal. But bigots are bigots, and barbarians are barbarians, British and foreign; and what can you expect from a hog but a grunt? Something worse, if the hog is a savage boar; and the Chinese at Tien-Tsin behaved after their kind under the fury excited by their sense, however imaginary, of outraged love of offspring. And then the Chinese are, as aforesaid, heathens. Altogether, therefore, the massacre at Tien-Tsin, although perfectly diabolical, contrasts most favourably with the war now raging between two Christian nations, and the conduct of the Chinese mob appears to immense advantage in comparison with that of the aggressors responsible for that disgrace to both Christianity and civilisation.

MOUSETRAP! MARRY, HOW?

NEVER may *Mr. Punch* have to publish a cartoon corresponding to the work of humorous art thus described by a correspondent of the *Times* in Paris:—

"The Parisian is intensely hopeful, and a caricature published yesterday is a perfect image of his thought. There is a huge mousetrap, on the raised doorway of which is inscribed 'France.' A regiment of mice dressed as Prussian soldiers are marching towards it. Their leader points with his sword to the cheese inside, which has the tempting inscription—'Paris.'"

May timely provision of a more than sufficient Navy, and of an amply sufficient Army, secure *Punch* against the sorrow of being ever obliged to illustrate the national situation by representing foreign troops as mice marching on the Cheese, that cheese being the Cheshire Cheese, Fleet Street, and, though over the way, situated near *Mr. Punch's* Office.

Well, but when our Parisian friends have trapped the mice, what then? Perhaps the cat will be let out of the bag.

Autumnal Reflection.

THE reapers now with scythe in hand
Amid the yellow corn-fields stand:
What pleasure 'tis to watch each cutter,
And think of future bread and butter!

A LITTLE STORY.

WHEN COBSHOTT was presented with a handsome silver tankard, in recognition of his valuable services as Honorary Secretary to the Becclesham Bowling Club, his friends congratulated him on having something which could be "handed down." COBSHOTT, who is not always in the easiest pecuniary circumstances, made this brief but impressive reply—"Melted down, more likely."

THE BOOMPJE PAPERS.

THE CLUB VISITS LEIDEN—NOTES BY THE WAY—OBJECTS OF INTEREST—JÖMP IN THE VEIN—RETURN TO THE HAGUE.

"Now, JÖMP," says BUND, "have you ordered the carriage?"

"O yes," replies JÖMP, deprecating the Commander's insinuation that he had allowed such a command as that to slip his memory, "O yes; the carriage will be ready—" He thinks it out; and, without committing himself to a positive moment for the appearance of the carriage, adds, "Ven the orses shall be in it."

"*Quel espèce*—" begins GOOCH, and then corrects himself, as if he'd really quite forgotten his native tongue, and run into French so easily that it was a difficult matter to get out of it again—"I mean, what sort"—he emphasises this, as his translation—"what sort of a place is Leiden?" Then, by way of a relapse, "*Triste, n'est-ce pas?*"

"*Bien triste*," answers MUNTLEY.

"*Vous avez raison!*" says FINTON. They are immensely pleased with themselves after this, which is what they call airing their French for practice. When they want to keep up a conversation in this language, they explain their meaning to one another in English, and so get along excellently.

JÖMP polishes his head with his handkerchief ("That—Boompje!—old rag!" growls GOOCH, for the hundredth time, "I must get him a new one!"), looks at MAULLIE, who is sitting in an arm-chair at the window, "taking a bit," and replies,

"Vell—Leiden—O yes!"—here he ruminates, as if recalling happy scenes of his childhood passed in Leiden—"Vell—um—um—O yes!" Then, having thought it well out, he adds, "O yes, you can go to Leiden," and looks round upon us with the air of a man who has removed an almost insurmountable difficulty.

"Murray says," observes BUND, referring to his guide, as a means of refreshing JÖMP's memory, and rather as if JÖMP had written this portion of Murray, and was to be held responsible for it. "Murray says—ah—where's the place?" BUND has got about a dozen different markers in Murray, and generally exhausts the Rhine before finding what he is really looking for—"Ah! here it is! Now—let's see. 'Leiden,'" he reads at intervals—"was called *Lugdunum Batavorum*." JÖMP smiles at this, as if he didn't believe it. BUND proceeds: "'There's a fragment of a round tower'—hem—'Drausus'—yes—'Anglo-Saxon Hexagist'—nothing that concerns us particularly." JÖMP looks on in an attentive attitude, but with the fixed mane smile of a big head in a pantomime. BUND, having skipped over some paragraphs, as we suppose, continues: "'It stands in a tea-garden——'" Here he pauses, puzzled.

"What stands in a tea-garden?" asks MAULLIE, who is cross because he considers that every minute spent out of a picture-gallery is so much time wasted.

"What sort of a place is the tea-garden?" asks BUND of JÖMP.

"*Une espèce de Mabilie?*" suggests GOOCH.

"A sort of Mabilie, is it?" translates MUNTLEY.

"Or Rosherville?" Amendment from FINTON.

JÖMP thinks it out. "Vell—um—um—um—you can 'ave tea dere, if you like." He shrugs his shoulders as much as to say that he, personally, couldn't recommend it.

"But," urges GOOCH, who sees a *café chantant* looming in probability, "is there any fun there?"

"Any band?" throws in the Commander, thinking of his violoncello at home.

"Vell," replies JÖMP, considering his evidence in a way that would drive a Judge and Counsel wild, and give a Special Jury the fidgets; "vell—dere's—dere's a—garden for tea, you know—O yes!"

"Any pictures?" demands MAULLIE, sharply.

"Vell—um—um," JÖMP, becoming very warm from some interior conflict, mops his head with the handkerchief, and finally, putting his hands behind him with the bearing of a man prepared to die a martyr to his love of truth, says, "I do not know. I *ave never been dere*."

"Then, why the—Boompje!—" from everybody.

"Carriage ready!" the Waiter announces, and JÖMP escapes.

On the road to Leiden BUND proposes to read Murray's account of it to us. The country is monotonous, and the new entertainment of a reading from Murray partakes of the same character. In half an hour all are asleep. I employ the remainder of the drive in making the following observations:

*My impression of Holland—up to now (N.B. Confirmed hereafter).—*From first to last all is Boompje, utter Boompje, unmitigated Boompje. Understanding that Boompje he always used in our accepted Club sense. Murray's travellers, be they who they may, from lucky Number One, who does all the good hotels, to poor Number Five, who only lives to tell others what to avoid, are all robustious, periwig-pated fellows.

In five words (that is, in threepennorth of modern post-office telegraphic expression), I am disappointed with Holland. BUND is not; for he believes in Murray, and the blameless Bradshaw. What Murray

says, BUND, our Commodore, sticks to. MAULLIE does to Hollanders what the Hollanders did to their own country when they made it what it is; I need say no more. Boompje! But MAULLIE, R.A., is eager for pictures, and swears to see every public and private collection in Holland; even if he has to lug out private collectors by the collar. As for GOOCH, Holland is not Paris; and to him Paris is the Continent.

But why did Murray lead me to expect so much in Holland? Why does he say (quoting, perhaps, but no matter, he adopts it) "that here the order of Nature is inverted." Here, in effect, fishes swim into your bedroom window. That here you live two thousand feet below the level of any known sea. Why am I given to understand that my drives are to be under water. By Murray I am led to expect that for the shooting season one must take out a licence to fire at red herrings, but sprats are vermin. IZAAK WALTON, if here, would have to angle for jackdaws, troll for cocksparrrows, and bottom-fish for larks. We were to be in a sort of dry Red Sea land with water walls on either side. All the trees would be (I expected) of seaweedy character, and I was to be (I had fondly hoped) awoken in the morning by the piping of a fresh cock salmon on the upper branches. But what is the fact? Why simply that the country is flat, and canalised, instead of tunnelled, as it would have been if mountainous; that in the towns you are as much above the canals as Londoners are when walking along the Harrow Road by the side of the canal, name of which I don't know, never did, and never shall, but it seems to me to rise somewhere in Paddington, to meander at right angles about the pleasant vale of Maida, to disappear somewhere at a small outpost of London (where mortuary stone works are made, suggesting the idea that those mighty efforts of the sculptor's art in the New Road had come down here for an airing), and to lose itself finally in the country, probably in the Uxbridge direction. This repeated, without any undulation of country, is Holland: that is, an eternal canal, and something to walk on on either side, with bridges to cross it when you want to vary the monotony of being on the left bank by changing it for the right.

There is a good deal of bright polished brass about Holland, as you might expect in a Boompje land.

While writing the above it occurs to me that a free translation of "Boompje," as settled and fixed by the Club Dictionary, would be "Bounce."

Leiden at last.—What shall we do? Evidently to begin with waking up. We wake up. Here is Leiden. Ask the coachman. Can't, he's a Dutchman. Tell JÖMP to ask Dutch coachman what we're to do here. No use. JÖMP tries. As usual, Dutch coachman can't understand a single word. JÖMP shrugs his shoulders pityingly.

We manage, between JÖMP's Dutch (limited), our French and English, to make an intelligent Baker understand us. The process is a long one, and all Leiden is out-of-doors to hear and see, and, if possible, join in the conversation.

"Pon my soul," exclaims GOOCH, in a tone of unmitigated disgust, "We're being mobbed wherever we go. We might as well be that cracked Chinaman, or the Japanese ambassadors, in London. Confound it, it's too bad." He is very wrathful with BUND and JÖMP, but settles down ultimately on MAULLIE. "If he was only dressed like a civilised Christian, and not in that Boompje hat and tourist suit, they wouldn't stare at us like barbarians. Hang 'em!"

"Are there no objects of interest here?" asks MUNTLEY, in the rumble. "Yes," growls GOOCH, "we are: confound it!"

We try to gather information from the intelligent inhabitants of Leiden. "Is there a church to be seen here?" This puzzles them for ten minutes, during which time we repeat the question in all sorts of forms, and in ingenious variations of languages. The intelligent Baker, assisted by our intelligent coachman, who rouses himself for an effort, suddenly grasps the meaning of our question. He explains to the populace (a crowd of about forty people of all ages and sizes), who take up the reply as a part-song for several voices. Hopelessly unintelligible. We demand a solo by the Baker, or the Coachman. They insist on making it a duett. (GOOCH, writhing, says, "Boompje 'em—drive off: do!" but we don't stir.) From a solo by some one we are given to understand that there is no church open. ("It's a Protestant country," says GOOCH; "they don't keep 'em open. Hang it! let's drive back again," but we don't stir.) We insist that there must be a church worth seeing. The populace (after five minutes allowed to reduce this to intelligibility) ridicule the idea of our being driven over from the Hague to go to Church. ("They think we're mad. Do drive on!" says GOOCH, piteously.) MAULLIE asks boldly for the Stadhuys. They don't know it. "Not the Stadhuys?" reiterates MAULLIE, surprised. No: not the Stadhuys. "Then isn't the University worth seeing?" Populace take this up as a riddle (it seems as if we are a travelling company for conundrums), and after considering it in parts as before, put the puzzle together, and the answer is No. "O!" exclaims GOOCH, "you be Boompje'd. Here, let's get out and walk about the town."

We discover the University at last. Down a street: very retired. It could be put into Trinity Hall's waistcoat-pocket. There are some comic drawings on the wall of the staircase, representing a scholar leaving home for the Academy, and his return therefrom. Dutch boy's humour. We yawn about the place. We ask about JEAN OF LEIDEN.

We inquire for (*Murray's*) Botanical Garden, the Egyptian Museum, the Churches of St. Peter and St. Pancras. Nobody knows, nobody cares. It is vacation time. Leiden is asleep. Our conundrums are all given up, and we return to our carriage.

Dull road home. BUND reads extracts from *Murray* as to what we ought to have seen. BUND turns on JÖMP:

"You ought to have known all about it. It's your business. You said you'd been all over this country before. And if you hadn't been, you ought to have made all the inquiries, or sent somebody with us who could take us everywhere."

"Vell," replies JÖMP, deeply injured, and almost shedding tears, "I say dat I've not been in Leiden. I cannot tell you vot I do not know."

FINTON, in the rumble, is humming the march from the *Prophète*: inspired by Leiden. Suddenly, he stops, and addresses us: "I say, what a capital match JEAN OF LEIDEN and JOAN OF ARC would have made! Almost the same dress, too."

This induces meditation, and we wake up at the Hague.

A ROMAN POSTER.

A LETTER from CARDINAL ANTONELLI, forwarded to ARCHBISHOP MANNING, and published by the latter, states, with reference to the "Apostolical Constitution," constituting the POPE infallible, that:—

"The Constitution in question had the most solemn publication possible on the very day upon which, in the Vatican Basilica, it was solemnly confirmed and promulgated by the Sovereign Pontiff in the presence of above five hundred Bishops; for it was then, although such was not necessary in this case, put up with the ordinary formalities in the usual places of Rome; in consequence of which it was, according to the well-known rule, made obligatory for the whole Catholic world, without need of any other publication whatsoever."

Thus, Pro Nono, though he claims to be a greater man than MOSES the Lawgiver, condescends to advertise himself after the fashion of MOSES AND SON, and, albeit professing infinite superiority to the Prophet SAMUEL, disdains not recourse to means of obtaining publicity such as those employed by SAMUEL BROTHERS. In short, the HOLY FATHER bills the town of Rome, and sticks up posters about the Eternal City. Fancy a specimen of one of these papal (not to speak profanely) puffs:—

PIUS P.P.

Paternally solicits the attention of the Faithful to the fact that he
was on

JULY 18, 1870,

In the Sacrosanct and Celebrated
Church of S. Peter at Rome,
and in the presence of above

FIVE HUNDRED BISHOPS,

Unanimously acknowledged and solemnly voted and declared to be endowed with the most stupendous Attribute of Absolute

INFALLIBILITY!

Having been, by the universal Agreement of the Most Reverend Fathers in Canonical Assembly,

PRONOUNCED INFALLIBLE!!

Together with all the Predecessors, of

His Holiness,

And likewise all the Successors of

THE HOLY FATHER,

Who shall hereafter at any time occupy

The Holy See;

The only Theological Establishment in Christendom at which the GENUINE ARTICLES, warranted FREE from all DELIBERIOUS ADMIXTURE, can be obtained. We defy Competition. No Surrender! To all Appeals for all inadmissible concession Our Reply is

Non Possumus!

Indulgences, Dispensations, &c., as usual. Every article stamped with the SEAL of the FISHERMAN. None others are genuine. Peter's Pence may be forwarded to the Vatican.

LITERARY ANECDOTE.

READING a capital letter in the *Telegraph*, our friend MRS. JONES came on the words, "France is pulling." "Meaning of that word, quick?" she demanded of her nephew SAMMY. "Germinating, aunt," promptly responded the "well-educated infant." After some thought, AUNT JONES observed, "Very right; if I were French I should be German-hating, too." SAMMY hooted, but bolted in time to escape a box on his irreverent ears.

WAR NEWS.

DATE.—September. PLACE.—All over the Shop.

I'M obliged to give you the above evasive answer; your Noble Washup, 'cos a Cockalorum who lets out where he is and when he is, might be told off to Chokey as a gay spy any morning. And sarve him right, too, says the Duchess, as I told the Hereditary Grand when he warned me.

"What Duchess?" asked the Hereditary Swell in command. "It's a story, my noble Lord and Marquis," says I. "Forwards," says the Hereditary Grand, meaning, to this intelligent Militaire, that he'd rather like it than not.

"The story's only this," says I, so on we goes: "The Duchess was sitting down to tea. 'Hullo!' says the Dook, looking in. 'What's up?' says the Duchess, sugaring. 'Why,' says the Dook, 'I'm —.''" Here Young SINGYMARINGY (as I call him, and he likes it now) looked in, and the Hereditary Grand says, "Captain," to me, "to be continued in our next."

"Right you are!" says this gay Warrior, and mounts his gallant Gee. So he didn't hear it this journey.

Rather hard lines on Your Own Lighthearted Soldier just now. To be up with the cockeely bird, and polishing the pigskin on the ambling Gee for ten hours off the reel, takes the starch out of this gay Militaire, and as to sleeping, your Noble Washup, we don't seek the virtuous until very small hours.

I'm on the Staff (sort of supernumerary with the chill off) of the Crown Cockalorum Commander-in-Chief. The careering Gee did it. The Hereditary took a fancy to it. "Captain," says he, "I like your tit." "Yours truly, your Washup," says this gay Cavalier, "and I'll back him against any Gee of his own size, weight, and age, head and tail screwed on the right way, for a trotting match, or a hurdle race; jump over an umbrella, or a barge pole on a high road, for money."

"As a charger?" says he.

"All there when the bell rings," was Your Own's reply. We split a neutral B. and S. together, and in half an hour I'd a Uhlan's sabre by my side, ready to show what gimlet means to an unfriendly Cockalorum. Since then I've been careering.

These Gay Prooshans ain't quite the noble sportsman on horseback. They stick on somehow like gum, through a line of gates, but across the open after the Wily, pounded's the word, my Noble Marquis, for the lot of 'em.

Next day.

Up, Cockalorums, and at 'em! We're on 'em in spadefuls. Never was such times. "Pay as we go," is the order. I am chiefly billeted with SINGYMARINGY. He pays and I go. He's a well-meaning Cockalorum, but rather cornered here. He was inclined to be nasty at first, when I chaffed him with, "Thou art the cause of this here anguish, my SINGYMARINGY," but a look from me soon convinced him that I could double up his perambulator.

This Gay and Gallant ain't, as you know, in the habit of quarrelling with his wittles. But—though in the Champagne country we don't bustle the sparkling, and the wine of this place is so uncommon like the vinegar of any other place that just now grapes is sour, your noble Washup. There's nothing round in the mouth to cross your poor Soldier's lips. SINGYMARINGY goes in heavy for goat's milk. It's enough to make your hair curl for a twelvemonth to look at him sucking it out of a wooden bowl. Gently does it with this gay Militaire in that quarter, as your Own Cockalorum can't afford to have the Herr Doctorum dosing him for the papsylals.

As for the cheese, it will wake you up a mile off; and my name's grinders over what they call a *filly*.

Duty calls. The spirited Gee is at the door. "ARDY, ARDY, kiss me, ARDY!" and "England expects," &c. Hold on! Do you get this distinguished Correspondence, or don't you?

Latest.

Cockalorums (Prooshan) all over the shop. French hustled no end. Look out for a Universal Tittup à Paris. The correct tip; no spring or false bottom.

From your own devoted Cockalorum,

DINGWELL.

Telegram.

(Totally untrustworthy.)

"THE KING OF PRUSSIA proposes the PRINCE OF HOHENZOLLERN as candidate for the Throne of —" [Communication stopped.]

KEPT IN STOCK.

THERE is one place which the French agents, who are said to be travelling about buying up all the bacon in this country should not fail to visit—Dunmow.



A DEGENERATE DAUGHTER.

Shuddering Wife of Charlie's bosom. "PROMISE ME, CHARLIE, DEAR, O PROMISE ME, THAT YOU'LL NEVER GO AND LET YOURSELF BE ORGANISED INTO A SOLDIER! AND THAT IF EVER THE ENEMY WANTS TO COME AND TAKE ENGLAND, YOU AND I AND MAUD AND BABY WILL FLY TO OTHER CLIMES, AND LET HIM!!!"

His Mother-in-Law. "DON'T TALK SUCH UNWOMANLY NONSENSE, MATILDA! WHY, IF EVER THE FOREIGN INVADER DARED TO SET HIS FOOT ON BRITISH GROUND, IT WOULD BE SOME COMPENSATION, AT LEAST, TO ME, TO KNOW THAT MY HUSBAND WAS AMONG THE VERY FIRST TO CONFRONT THE FOE!"

THE BRITISH BLUNDERBUSS.

"A PROGRESSIVE OFFICER," in a letter to the *Times*, quotes a statement by MR. CARDWELL, to the effect "that the arming of the Militia with Snider breechloaders is to be 'gradually' completed, after which the Volunteers are to be 'gradually' armed with the same weapon." Gradually; "a good phrase," as *Justice Shallow* says. It comes from *grades*, a step, and, considering how likely we are, in the event of invasion, to be gradually invaded, may we not venture to use military language in so far as to name that step a goose-step?

The PROGRESSIVE OFFICER moreover avers that, several years ago, he had pointed out in the *Times* that "at the best, the Snider was only a makeshift;" and adds:—

"That was in July, 1866, and here we are in August, 1870, with the question of a small-bore breechloader still unsettled, and the prospect of further experiments, and consequently further delay, before anything is done."

If the question of a small-bore remains unsettled, the question of a great bore has been placed beyond doubt. It is evident that the Head at the administrative Head Quarters is wanting in brains; which is a very great bore. Behind foreign troops in respect of his weapon, can even the British Grenadier be expected to stand before them in the field?

INVADERS INVADED.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Constitutionnel*, writing from Metz, makes a remark about the Prussian troops which is rather ingenuous:—

"It is true that when they penetrate anywhere they take everything, and live at the cost of other people. We learn this every moment from the unfortunate inhabitants of the frontier, who flock hither with the little property they have been able to save, and not only do the Prussians lay violent hands

on provisions, cattle, horses, carriages, forage, &c., but on money also, after which they set fire to the country."

As a matter of fact it is somewhat doubtful that the Prussian soldiers actually return evil for evil, when, in so doing, they would act contrary to orders. But suppose they did plunder or burn everything in their way on their march into France. Such conduct, although opposed to the injunction which requires people absolutely to love their enemies, is not very unnatural, in an enemy's country, on the part of invaders advancing in repulse of invasion.

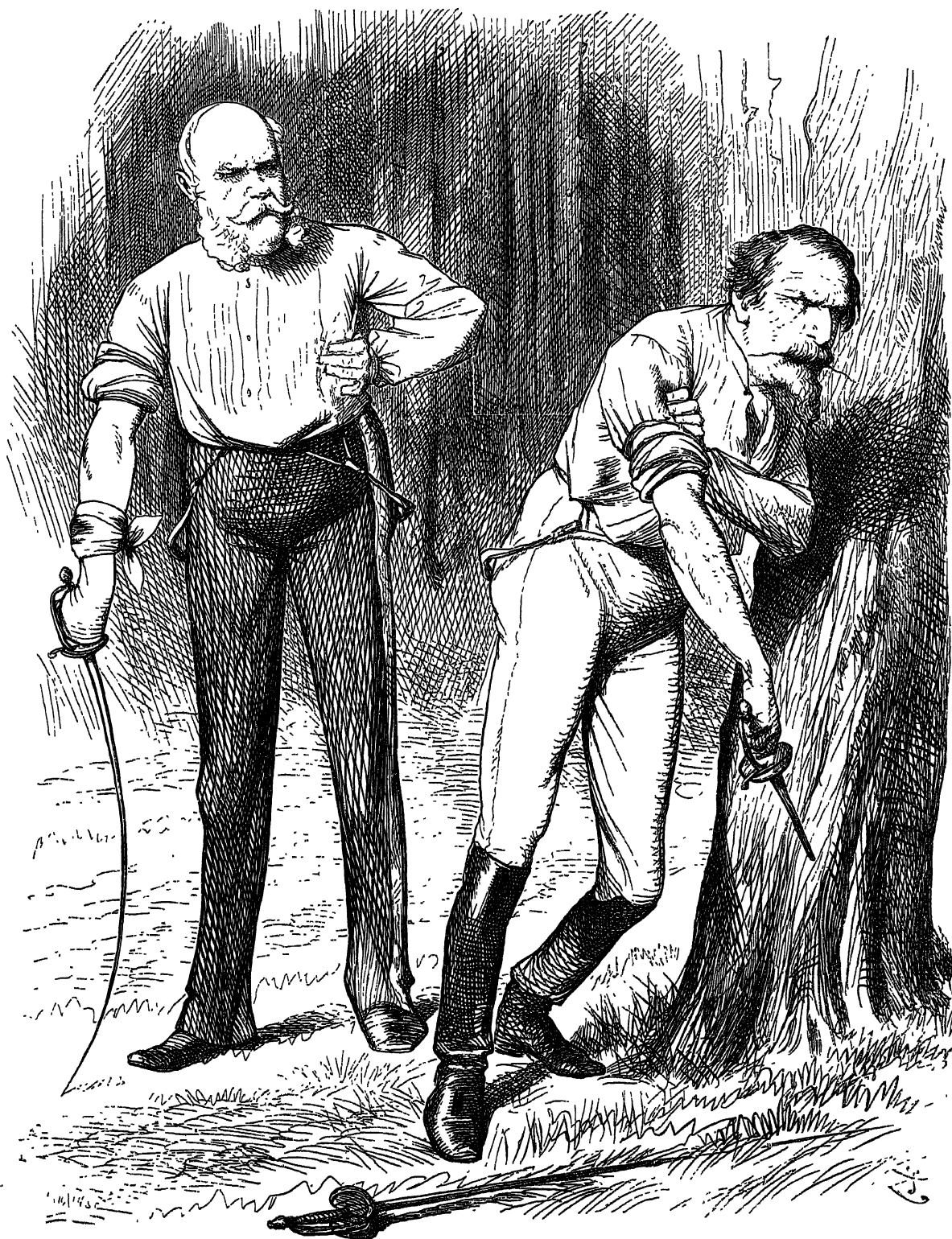
MARS AGAINST BACCHUS.

RIVAL hosts, avoid the Rhine;
Shun the region of the vine.
Do not let your battle-plain
Be the district of champagne.
Ruin not, with shot and shell,
All our prospect of Moselle.

True, e'en though, in human shapes
Fiends should devastate the grapes,
Something, yet, from vintner's shop,
Will, at races, fizz and pop,
That shall ne'er be drink of mine,
Far be warfare from the Rhine.

Intelligent Animals.

MRS. MALAPROP had no idea that the Monkeys in India were such clever and important creatures, until she heard MR. MALAPROP read in the paper that "The natives of Bengal intend to send an influential Baboon to England to advocate the cause of the natives."



THE DUEL DECIDED.

THE KING. "YOU HAVE FOUGHT GALLANTLY, SIR. MAY I NOT HEAR YOU SAY YOU *HAVE ENOUGH?*"
THE EMPEROR. "I HAVE BEEN DECEIVED ABOUT MY STRENGTH. I HAVE NO CHOICE." [2nd September, 1870.]

EXTRACTS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

(N.B. The Authorities will be kept till called for.)



EARLY Science has its martyrs: so has the gout.

What an ancient and universal game is Billiards! There are traces of it amongst the Early Christians, and in Domesday Book; the Ancient Britons introduced it at their evening parties; and when CAPTAIN COOK was at Otaheite, the Prime Minister wanted to play him for a missionary a side, but the great circumlocutionist declined, and the Funds did the same in consequence.

The consumption of snuff has of late years audibly diminished in the best society, and the time is probably not far distant when the species will become extinct. The Quakers have long been its principal supporters, but they are gradually discarding the peculiar garb of the Society, and

are moving up every day closer to the West End of the metropolis.

Deep sea dredging has yielded many valuable spoils to the votaries of Science, but the dredgery of it is more than an ordinary man can stand in his stockings. KING CANUTE's left slipper, some combs and brushes which appear to have belonged to a young (mer) ladies' school, a copy of "*Rule, Britannia*," appropriately bound in watered silk, the anchor which was lost by a fluke in the great naval engagement, of the first of April, between the Hollanders and the Dutch off Cape Cormorant, the bones of the Flying Dutchman, one of Neptune's tridents (electro-plate only), ADMIRAL KEMPFELT's wig, SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL's toothpick, SIR HUMPHREY DAVY JONES's locker, and many other most interesting curiosities may be seen on application at the Society's offices from ten to four.

Probably the oldest toys in the world are mountain tops.

The only animal which is indigenous to every country hitherto discovered by members of the Geographical Society and the Press, is the toad-eater.

The origin of our Sumptuary Laws, which were repealed as often as possible, is involved in obscurity and a dispute in the Courts of Law, and there is not a word about it in any Post Office Directory to which the public have access.

The best authors are all agreed that there have not been one-third so many quarrels since the feudal system was abolished.

In time of war provisions and balloons go up, the Funds and all sorts of extraordinary stories go down.

The name of the lady who was the object of PLATO's platonic attachment has not been transmitted to an indignant posterity.

The original inhabitants of these Islands had no epigrams, but they mixed toddy to perfection. They had no diplomatic relations, but plenty of poor ones, whom they always invited to dinner on Christmas-Day, and sent home in a cab, carriage paid. Furthermore, they cultivated mistletoe for the London market, and were respected by all who knew them.

The wise men of one generation are the old women of the next.

Just as manikin is the diminutive of man, so pumpkin is the endearing diminutive of pump.

The rainfall in the course of the year is greater in some countries than in others, and is thought to vary with the weather. In like manner, the fruit crop fluctuates according to the price of dessert services; but no connection has, up to the time of going to press, been discovered between the heat of debate and the public readings of the thermometer on the shady side of Pall Mall, nor is it expected to occur again within the memory of man.

Cupid presides over love marriages—Cupidity over matches made for money.

The alliterative and epigrammatic remark, that punctuation is the politeness of princes, has at last been traced (by the courtesy of *Notes and Queries*), to its lawful owner—it was not TALLEYRAND who said it, but MRS. MALAPROP.

The climate of Madagascar has lately been subjected to a searching chemical analysis by three of the first physicians of the day. The result is most gratifying to every wellwisher of humanity. It is com-

posed of unequal parts of oxygen, ozone, common salt, and the breath of popular applause, and may be had in bottles for exportation.

York Cathedral was built a few weeks later than Canterbury, and Devizes is senior to both; but the Chapter House at Lincoln, which is Early Horizontal, ranks as the most ancient specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in this, or, indeed, any other country, being beyond the recollection of the oldest inhabitant.

Snowballs were first manufactured in the sixth century.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS.

HIP, hip, hooray!
Though short of hay,
We've lots of wheat—
But Butchers' meat
E'er still more dear,
Throughout this year,
Become must needs,
Unless the swedes
And turnips, get
Sufficient wet
To make them grow
Immensely so,
That food of sheep
Shall yet be cheap.
Sing hey for hogs,
Too happy dogs,
Ye farmers, O!
Did you but know
How blest your lot,
All who have got
Sonorous styes;
For bacon's rise
Will, jolly swains,
Much swell your gains!
Expiring squeals,
As organ-peals,
Heard far and wide,
On every side,
Must charm the air
With music rare,
For you whose swine
In choir combine,
To yield in death
Harmonious breath,
And, afterward,
Their fat and lard,
Which France doth need
For whom they bled.
Not only they!
But you, to-day,
Meanwhile do thrive.
O pray and strive
That England's peace
May never cease,
Nor foreign arms
Despoil your farms.

AT BREAKFAST.

Emily (reading the "*Times*" to her Papa, that he may the more conveniently administer his eggs and ham). "France is divided into three parts, of which——"

Jack. There's a jolly crib! My eye!

Papa. If you have a criticism to offer, JOHN, be pleased to present it in becoming language.

Emily. "Jolly crib!" You vulgar child!

Jack. Very well, anything to please. How does JULIUS CÆSAR, Esquire (I hope that's polite) begin his blessed book? "*Omnis Gallia in tres partes divisa est*——"

Papa (smiling). Well remembered, JACK.

Jack (holding out his hand). Please to remember the Grotto.

Papa. Proceed, EMILY, my dear, with your perusal of the *Times*.

[JACK, with an instinctive idea that the tip will come, winks affably at his egg.

Stopper for a Street-Boy.

REMEMBER the Grotto?
My custom is not to.

FINE TIMES FOR THEM.—The harvest this year has been unusually prolonged. The newspapers are now reaping theirs.



EXCUSABLE WRATH.

Driver (exhausted with his struggles). "WHIT ARE YE WOUF, WOUFAN' THERE, YE STUPID ASS! IT WUD BE WIS-KER LIKE IF YE GANG AWN HAME, AN' BRING A BARKOW!"

ROYAL ETIQUETTE MADE EASY.

ANIMADVERTING on the prolonged absence of the QUEEN from the seat of Government (necessitated by the state of Her MAJESTY'S health) the *Economist* remarks that "For years she has never slept in London." Mr. Punch begs to go farther and say that, during the whole of that time his Royal Mistress has remained wide awake everywhere else. Having said that, he may be permitted to take the liberty of expressing his concurrence with the *Economist's* following suggestion:

"Suppose we add another constitutional fiction to the number already existing, and hold that the Sovereign always is either in London or Windsor, and if he is absent permit the PREMIER to presume that he is present, and to sign documents in his name."

For the look of the thing, Her Most Gracious MAJESTY'S signature might be stereotyped, and MR. GLADSTONE, or whosoever else may hereafter be her Premier for the time being, empowered to stamp it at the foot of all documents whereunto its subscription is a mere formality. If Mr. Punch's adored Sovereign would vouchsafe to take a leaf out of her servant's book, he would point to his own frontispiece, as exemplifying an economy of time and trouble exactly like that which would satisfy the *Economist*, and which everybody who sings the National Anthem with a will must wish to save the QUEEN.

THOUGHTS FOR TALKERS.

THERE are proper times for talking, as well as proper themes for it. Men should take care not to talk much when their mouths are full, or when their heads are empty. In the former case they nauseate, in the latter one they bore. Unless a man has something sensible to say, he certainly had better be contented without saying it. A good listener is as hard to find as a good talker, and yet the knack of listening is easy of attainment. If one only can contrive to look as though one listens, one may often get the credit of actually doing so.

When a company of talkers are thundering away, their thunder ought to be attended by a brilliant flash of silence on the part of some

THE END OF "RATAPLAN!"

RATAPLAN, friends, sing
In a minor key,
War is no-slight thing
Even fools may see.
While the thinking man
Must their folly rue
Rataplan, plan, plan?
Ratapoooh, poooh, poooh!

Tra la la, tric-trac!
Sing ye small o'er night,
In the bivouac,
Upon eve of fight.
If indeed you can
Hold your nonsense, do.
Rataplan, plan, plan?
Ratapoooh, poooh, poooh!

Silly chorus such
To insane war-song
We have heard too much—
We have heard too long.
The results now scan
To vain-glory due.
Rataplan, plan, plan?
Ratapoooh, poooh, poooh!

Promenade, advance
On invaded land,
Is unlike a dance—
Do you understand?
It is no can-can,
For your foes or you.
Rataplan, plan, plan?
Ratapoooh, poooh, poooh!

Kill and Cure.

"THE Worshipful Company of Gunmakers" have subscribed one hundred pounds to the National Society for aid to the Sick and Wounded in War. They could hardly have done less.

"THE TALKING MACHINE."—Woman.

good listeners. Conversation when all talk is noise, not conversation. When ladies talk together, their tongues move all at once, and no one ever stops to listen. This is why among themselves ladies talk such utter nonsense. But ladies can talk sense when they have men of sense to talk to, for then they take the trouble to say something worth answering. If every one keeps talking, nobody takes heed of what anybody says, and nobody is therefore any wiser for their saying it.

Remember when you talk that very often listening pleases more than talking. By listening to a man you pay him a great compliment, for you delicately indicate that what he says is worth your hearing. Moreover, though by listening you may hear unpleasant things, the occupation often saves you from the chance of saying them. In short, though it may seem anomalous to say it, one of the greatest charms of talking is to hold one's tongue well. The man who holds his tongue in course of conversation, will often give more pleasure than the man who merely uses it.

Le Boxe et la Guerre.

NATIONS do not practise the noble art of self-defence after the fashion of the British Prize Ring. That is to be regretted. It is a pity the French have no Second. If they had one, he would, before they lose everything but honour, throw up the sponge for them.

To 'Ippophagists.

WHEN might you appropriately dine off a filet and a saddle?
On a bridal occasion.

[The perpetrator has since been married, and serve him right.]

A GENTLE HINT.

EMILY CARISBROOKE, who has already "officiated" at the weddings of three of her friends, and is still disengaged, says it is all very well for the gentlemen to propose the bridesmaids, but that she wishes they would go a step farther and propose to them.



ON THE MOORS.

MR. SNAPWINCKE, WHO HAS A VIEW TO A "BIG BAG" OFF HIS MOOR IN AS SHORT A TIME AS POSSIBLE, AND WHO CAN'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD SHUT YOUR EYES TO THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE, CONTRIVES A MITRAILLEUSE ON A PRINCIPLE OF HIS OWN. THE KEEPERS ARE DISGUSTED!

THE LOGIC OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

SOME wise things were said at the Temperance Fête held the other day in the Crystal Palace. MR. S. BOWLEY, President of the Temperance League, proclaimed from the Chair that:—

"Three great scourges had long afflicted mankind—namely, slavery, war, and intemperance, and he believed that total abstinence was the only remedy for them all."

The Mahometan nations are all total abstainers, and see how free and how peaceful they have ever been. *Allah Hu!*

MR. BOWLEY also said:—

"What he contended for was, that they could not have a moderate war. If they had war at all, it would ever go into excesses of cruelty and death. So also he contended they could not, nationally speaking, have moderate drinking; it would be always in excess, and could never be controlled."

The Spaniards used always to be credited with moderation in their drinking, and it is needless to say what a drunken set of fellows they all are. Besides, nothing can be more self-evident than that what is generally true as concerning war, is equally true with regard to drinking. That is clear as mud.

"Man, being reasonable, must get drunk," is a line which, conversely, implies that teetotallers are destitute of reason. LORD BYRON would never have written it if foreknowledge had acquainted him with the conclusiveness of their reasoning.

BIRDS AND BUMPKINS.

"A PROTESTING RATEPAYER" in the *Daily News*, records his protest against the payment, by the Churchwarden, sanctioned by the Vestry, of a village in Northamptonshire, at the parochial expense, of the sum of £25 for the destruction of sparrows and their eggs, to the number of as many as thirty thousand birds whose value, in New Zealand, would be so many thousand pounds. Were Æsop still extant, he might tell the parochial bumpkins of a village in Northamp-

tonshire, and many other villages in other shires, that the caterpillars in their respective neighbourhoods, to the amount of many myriads, had held local meetings, and unanimously passed votes of thanks to the several bodies of vestrymen, but for whose self-sacrificing liberality they would all, or most of them, been eaten up by their enemies the sparrows, of which those agricultural gentlemen had been so wise and generous as to pay their money for the destruction.

A CREDIT TO THE NATION.

THAT reporter, who, the other day, announced that, at Aldershot, on the previous Sunday, a clergyman had preached an effective sermon on the text, "Righteousness exalteth a nation," may, or may not, have prophesied truly. But if that discourse had been delivered three or four years ago, it might be thought to have so operated as to deserve the epithet which the reporter applied to it in advance. Witness the subjoined extract from the *Times*:—

CONSCIENCE MONEY.—The money remitted in a year to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER "by sundry persons for conscience sake" (as the Finance Accounts phrase it) is decreasing in amount. In the financial year 1867-68 it was £4,688; in 1868-69 it declined to £4,194, in 1869-70 it has been only £3,933.

The reason why Conscience Money decreases in amount is obvious. There is a decrease of occasion for its remittance. People are discontinuing to evade taxation. The policy of adjusting fiscal burdens, so as to make everybody feel a little uncomfortable, is bearing fruit. Everybody is pleased and satisfied. Sneers at sufferers subject to Schedule D. have reconciled them to their lot. They no longer send Conscience Money for "Income-tax omitted" because they no longer omit to pay their Income-tax. In short, the amount of Conscience Money decreases, because the national conscientiousness is increasing.

PROVERB FOR SEPTEMBER.—The Early Bird will be received with delight by friends in town.

A PROTEST.



IR, — I do not know to whom is committed the task of drawing up the Programmes of the Great Musical Festivals, but I was sorry to observe that a vulgar and impertinent Music Hall custom (justly reprehended by you, Sir, on its creeping into theatrical play-bills), should be apparently getting the thin end of its wedge into the high-class bill of fare provided for the public by the Hereford Festive Musical caterers. I allude, Sir, to the introduction of the Christian names, not for the sake of distinction, but, as it were, to induce familiarity, oblivious of the proverbial consequence. We are accustomed to see in the Music Hall advertisements, that "Fred So-and-so," "Lottie This," "Nellie (she was christened Ellen, of course) That," force themselves on the public. Very good (or very bad), and so be it. Live and let live: and that's their way of getting a living. But why should the objectionable fashion be allowed

to creep upwards? I name no names, but merely beg to suggest what the high-class musical programmes may arrive at *in futuro*: *sic*,

Sonata in G	BILLY BEETHOVEN.
Overture	BONNY BELLINI.
Chorus	SAM SPOHR.
Bridesmaids' March	ARTY SULLIVAN.
Galop des Juifs	MO MENDELSSOHN.
Aria "Where the b flat," &c.	by HARRY SMART, the Lion Comique.
Oh allez-vous done?	GREGORY GOUNOD.

Then for the singers we should have CHARLEY SANTLEY, the Champion Serio-Comique; MULLER TITIENS, "The funniest girl that's out," will oblige; SIMMUM REEVES, the Topping Tenor, and so forth. Of course, if it adds to the harmony of the evening, I've no objection, but still under protest,

Crochet-under-Igne.

I am, Sir, yours, Classically,
A MEMBER OF THE BAR.

A NEW HISTORY OF INVENTIONS.

To that celebrated musician, DR. BLOW, is generally ascribed the invention of one of the most useful of our wind-instruments—the hand-bellows.

GALE, the Antiquary, has left us a spirited description of the Doctor attending a Drawing-Room at St. James's, to present the first pair made in England (by an ingenious Nottinghamshire mechanic, BLOW himself being a native of that county) to QUEEN ANNE, who used them the same afternoon at one of her tea-parties at Hampton Court, after she had been haymaking in Bushey Park with the Great Officers of State, and was graciously pleased to convey to the proud inventor the expression of her unqualified satisfaction with his ingenious gift, through SIR WILLIAM WYNDHAM, the Secretary of State in attendance on Her Majesty.

HORACE WALPOLE, writing to HANNAH MORE a day or two after the party, winds up his gossiping letter with a promise to send her "this newfangled prettiness which is now all the rage," as soon as he can get a pair from the manufacturer in Air Street, who, he says, is overwhelmed with orders from all parts of the kingdom and the Channel Islands.

The learned DR. FARMER, one of the original writers in the *Pharmacopœia*, in a long letter to a retired needle-maker at Harrow-on-the-Hill, explains very minutely the construction of a new and improved Sowing-Machine, which, after a great deal of drilling, he had at last taught his tenants to use with an average amount of success. (Consult the archives of the Pharmaceutical Society.)

He then goes on to say, quoting that elegant Latin writer, M. T. CAINUS, "*Nihil novum est sub ipso sole*:" and, in proof of his assertion, cites a passage from *Piers Ploughman*, showing that a machine almost identical with the one he had been describing was exhibited at the first

Agricultural Show ever held in Cornwall, at the expiration of the time originally proposed.

It was COLUMBUS who discovered canaries at sunrise on the morrow of St. Martin, in the lovely islands in the Platonic Ocean which derive their name from these favourite little warblers. Those he brought home with him round Cape Horn he presented, along with a magnificent Genoa cake, to the children of Paul and Virginia of Spain, who bestowed on him the Order—so rarely given to any but crowned heads—of the Moulting Phoenix. COLUMBUS was wearing the insignia of this Order—a feather in his cap—when RALEIGH met him in Birdcage Walk on the Queen's Birthday, and settled the plan of that famous joint expedition to Cayenne which put doubloons into their pockets, and pepper in the casters of all Christendom.

Lately, when viewing the Horse Show from a private horse-box, the question suggested itself, when and by whom were horse-shoes first invented? They are not mentioned by the writers of antiquity—not even in *The Knights of ARISTOPHANES*. The Equestrian Order at Rome did not use them. They were unknown to the Venetians. The tradition that the Wandering Jew picked one up in a fit of desperation on the shores of the Egean, rests on insufficient foundation, and has long been abandoned by all thorough-bred authorities. Pieces of metal of the same shape were affixed to their front doors, as a charm against the evil eye and rheumatism, by the *Montagues* and *Capulets*; but the *Harmonious Blacksmith* had not then been composed, and the Horse Artillery was still in its infancy.

The most improbable theory is, that they were introduced into Europe, following the course of the Danube, about the time of the Revival of Learning, and were gradually adopted by the nations whose position on the Turf was improved by the fall of the Western Empire. (*See HORSLEY, passim.*)

In the Museums of Constantinople, South Kensington, and the Swiss Republic, there is not a single shoe which can be traced farther back than the time of the CHEVALLIER BAYARD, for whose historical charger, *Black Bess*, BENVENUTO CELLINI, by command of LEO THE TENTH, executed an exquisite set in damascened aluminium, which were unfortunately lost in the "Battle of the Spurs."

BACON ON TWO LEGS.

A South-Western Idyl.

ALL you whoever oaks has got,
Be fools that lets your acorns rot.
Five shill'ns a sack they fetches here,
'Cause they for pigs be daainty cheer.

Zome Christians can devour 'um too,
Which I beheld a feller do,
One marnun as I took my way
The charms o' Natur' to survey.

There grow'd a bough athurt a lane,
A chap you'd call a "rural swain,"
Did off on't pluck the fruit, and ate
The same what serves the hogs for mate.

The Paarson he was passun' by,
And zin un too 'as well as I,
'A says,— "That there chap bain't no fool,
Know thy see ought un is his rule."

Know thy see ought un! What's that there?
'Thinks I: the Paarsun zee me stare.
'A says,— "His choice o' diet shows
His self how well that Rustic knows."

"In Vino Veritas."

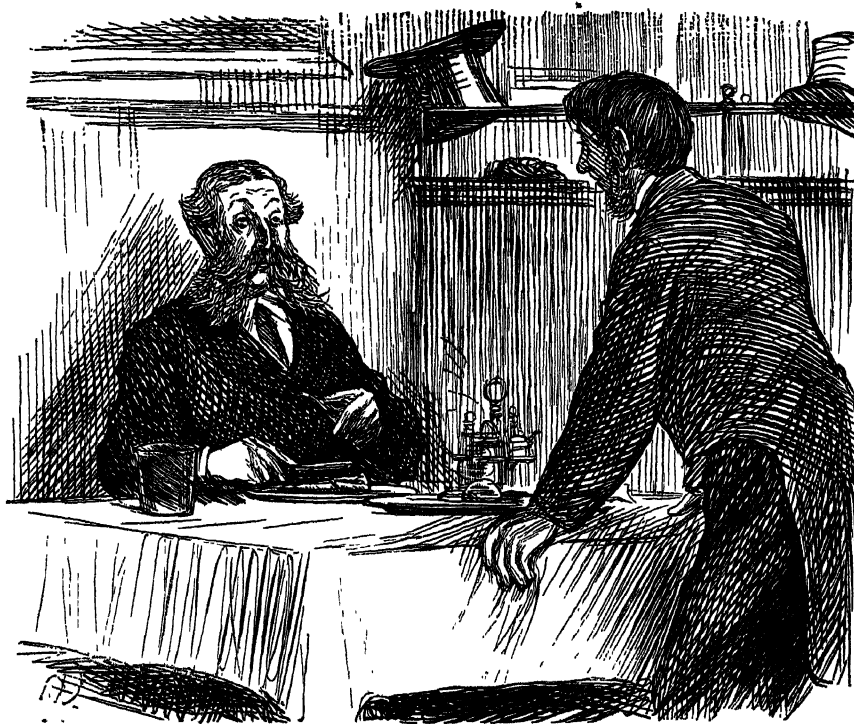
SANDIE MAC SAWNIE respondeth: "Truth in wine, indeed! Hoot, mon, there's nae sic a thing. Just shake up that auld port, and ye'll find there's muckle less in it!"

Reflection.

WHAT a great blessing our noble Hospitals and Charitable institutions are to . . . amateur theatrical performers, and ladies fond of exhibiting at fancy Bazaars.

WOOLWORK.

A GENTLEMAN, in the constant habit of knitting his brows, wishes for some remunerative employment in that line.



AN OVERSIGHT!

Swell. "WAITER! THIS—AH—CHOP'S VEWY DWY!"

Waiter. "'NDEED, SIR? PERHAPS IF YOU WERE TO ORDER SOMETHING TO DRINK WITH IT, SIR—"

OUR OWN ALSATIA.

VICTORIOUS Germans, you may gain
Your old Alsatia with Lorraine.
You will perhaps, Teutonic Powers,
Take that Alsatia—shan't have ours.

Our own Alsatia—do you know
Where that is? Like enough, we trow.
Geography so well you ken
And History too, ye well-taught men.

Alsatia called in days of yore,
'Tis what it used to be no more;
Alsatia, by the river-side.
Not now a slum, but London's pride.

"Take your fair Province of the Rhine,
But the Thames Precinct must be mine,"
Britannia says to you, "for aye;
Mine own for ever and a day."

For in that Precinct is a Seat
Where intellectual drink and meat
Prepared is weekly; fare the best
That mental gizzard can digest.

Know, ye whose joy is lager-swipes,
There are set up the blocks and types
Which constitute, for minds to munch
And sip, the feast entitled *Punch*.

Whoe'er may that Alsatia want,
They shall not have it, while we vaunt
That work which all the world admires;
They shall not have our own Whitefriars.

To PISCICULTURISTS.—The Oldest Fish in the world is to be found at the Vatican. It is called The Seal of the Fisherman.

WAR NEWS.

(From CAPTAIN DYNGWELL.)

THE Empire is pieces.
Even the Hereditary Grand dropped a manly.
On we goes again. *Vive ce gai Militaire!*

There never was such a lively Gee as my superior animal. He was once (I know it now, as he's up to the whole bag of tricks,) in a Circus, and when he's shed his coat—which he's doing now, only the paint was laid on with a whitewash brush—we shall see the celebrated spotted Gee of my early childhood.

He can go up-stairs, from top to bottom; up the middle and down again; carpet, wood, or stone, all one to him. He can ring a bell, sit on his haunches, and take his grub off a plate, dance a lively measure, and fire a pistol.

"Now, Your Washup," as I say to the Crown Cockalorum, "what more can you want in a charger?" He, the Crown C., asked me to point out to him the advantages.

"Walk up, Hereditary Grand," says I; "just a goin' to begin. Where's your Light-hearted Soldier occasionally quartered? Where's the home of this gay Militaire when on the march? Where's the stable for the careering Gee? Why, anywhere: *if on a ground floor*. But has Your Own ever been without a shelter for himself and his ambling? *Never*. Why? Because the learned Gee, Sir, *walks straight on end up-stairs to the attics*, and there we are. He rings the bell for what he wants. He is ready with his pistol against the unfriendly Cockalorums; and, taking him for the whole biling, we shan't look upon such a first-rate Gee as my ambling for some considerable time." The Hereditary cleaned his eye at me, as the Lively Unfriendly says, and smole. There are some tunes played by the military bands to which, when very strong in the brass, he can't help dancing and waltzing. But I forgive him, considering the provocation, and recollecting that it was probably a German Band that went with his Circus in happier times.

We hear the Parisians are on the scoop. I say, what did Your Own tell you? Warn't it the correct tip, eh, last week? Don't say no, if you'd rather not. "I'm all there when the bell rings," says the Duchess. "You were right," says SINGYMARINGY to me. "Or any other Cockalorum," says I, finishing the quotation; but I'm dead nuts on prophecies, and if I'd only backed my own opinion, it isn't on a

careerer Gee I'd be in a foreign land, far away from the ancestral diggins, but a noble Marquis in marble halls, and all sorts o' games going on.

But where are we now? Excuse your Light-hearted Militaire, but sometimes he does feel damp, and a pick-me-up or a B. and S. is his only joy. I wish my creditors were all Frenchmen at this moment. I'd be quite the Prooshan Officer, and make 'em come to terms. But they won't.

To enliven the evenings, I have, at the request of the Hereditary and the Crown, commenced a novel—quite the Literary Dustman—which I shall call *The Dook and the Duchess*. There's been nothing down the road in the way of military novels for some time, and this child of the regiment might coin. Couldn't you swagger a bit? Advertisements, you know. "No noble Marquis's library complete without *The Dook and the Duchess*." "New Novel by our own Cockalorum." "*The Dook and the Duchess*: the Three Thousandth Edition just out. Give your Orders, gents; the Waiter's in the Room."

"Cockalorum's New Work. Your attention to a Novel, if you please. Our Own Light-hearted Soldier will oblige."

Just paste these about, will you? and send me some stuff to go on with.

It shall be done. But to return to our sheeps.

I don't care what it is. But Your Own is despondent. What with hard lines, over-work, and bad weather, this gay Militaire am't quite that Spring chicken he was at the beginning of the Campaign. Sometimes Your Own wishes he was back in the little village, swaggering up the steps of the "Rag" and ordering dinner for two with other light-hearted Cockalorums. But it won't do. The last time this cheerful Hussar was about that quarter his boots creaked a trifle too much to be pleasant. "Here he is a-coming!" said the lively Duns when they heard the spotless varnished round the corner of Jermyn Street, and they'd have been down on me like mud out of a shovel.

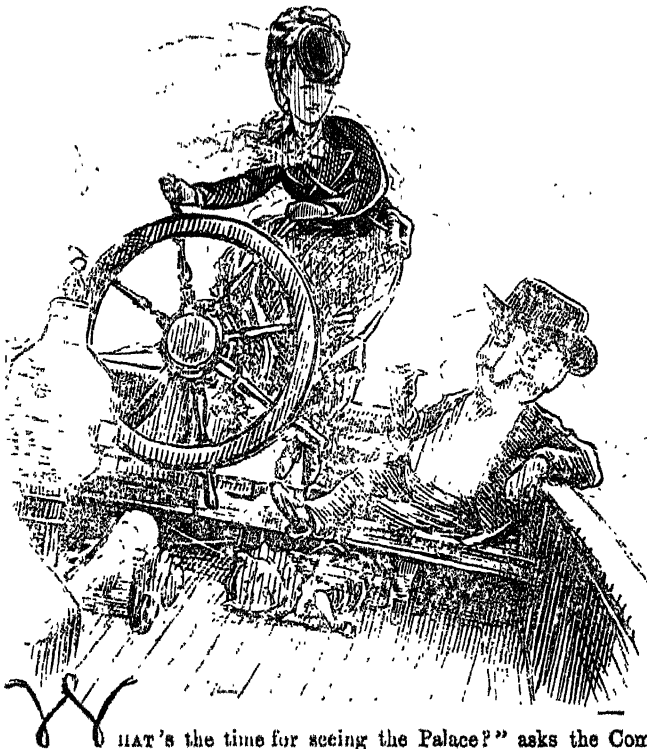
Bombs bursting, shells flying, and the Hereditary just sent in to ask me to split a B. and S. with him. I'm all there when the bell rings. And so, my Lord and Marquis, adoo, adoo!

Yours,
DYNGWELL.

"I HAVE always a welcome for thee!" as the Spider said to the Blue-bottle.

THE BOOMPJE PAPERS.

THE CLUB VISITS THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.



"HAT's the time for seeing the Palace?" asks the Commander-in-Chief and Paymaster BUND.

"Four o'clock," JUMP answers, "will be the best time for to see the Palace."

"*La Reine est-elle chez elle?*" asks GOOCH in his usual momentary obliviousness of his native tongue, adding his translation: "The Queen, is she at home?"

JUMP believes that the QUEEN OF HOLLAND is at home. He has been all the morning making inquiries, and the above represents the result. GOOCH thinks that, under such circumstances, "to call would be an intrusion." He emphasises "call," as if ours was going to be a visit of friends who had been hospitably asked to come in a general way when they liked, and who had (as is invariably the case) taken advantage of the invitation at the most inopportune moment.

"Pooh!" says BUND, fresh from *Murray*, "it's the regular thing to see."

MUNTLEY, FINTON, and GOOCH, the Opposition, object to it solely on the grounds that, being the regular thing, it is so British-touristy and snobbish.

MAULLIE, who has been spending his morning in two private collections which he found out for himself without JUMP, votes for the Palace, with a view to probable pictures.

The Commodore has the casting vote, the Opposition gives in, and BUND, relying upon *Murray*, decides upon the visit of inspection.

"Not in that hat!" GOOCH implores MAULLIE. "Not in that hat—to the Palace!"

MAULLIE, who has something of the rigid obstinacy of the Puritan in him, combined with his taste for simplicity in dress, replies that he doesn't intend to change it until he comes to Brussels—"when," he adds, "I will astonish you in my Sunday best. I have," continues MAULLIE, proudly, "an Opera hat."

"French?" asks GOOCH, anxiously, "silk, glossy, that you can wear in the day-time?"

To which MAULLIE replies that GOOCH will see. As MAULLIE gets into the carriage, I hear GOOCH telling his friends, *sotto voce*, "*Il a un chapeau—he has a hat.*"

"You are sure," asks BUND of JUMP, "that the Palace is open at four?"

"O yes," answers JUMP, expressing by his manner that he is utterly astonished at BUND's doubting his accuracy even for a second. "O yes—um—um—it is open at four. O yes!"

We drive through an avenue—very pretty this—and enter the courtyard of the Palace. A pair-horse carriage, and a Victoria, are waiting. Some servants in Royal liveries are chatting with other servants (belonging to the aforesaid carriages) at the door.

"Some one's making a call," observes GOOCH, pulling up his wrist-

bands, and settling his hat, under the impression, apparently, that the Queen may be looking out of the window, and might be induced, by his distinguished appearance, to ask him in (not *us*, of course, and certainly not MAULLIE, except on sufferance in the character of "any friend of yours, MONSIEUR GOOCH, of course," &c.), perhaps to dinner.

"It doesn't look like sight-seeing time," says MAULLIE. Even *he* is a little oppressed by the proximity to Royalty, and makes a concession to propriety by cramming his sketch-book into his pocket, and pulling his tie down under his coat, its tendency during a drive generally being to "ruck up" and obliterate his shirt-collar.

BUND hastily produces black kid gloves, but as they have weathered several storms of rain, and the middle fingers are arranged on ventilating principles, this addition to his costume only induces GOOCH to say, in a rapid under-tone, as we draw up at the portico, "Do put those things in your pocket, or you'll look like a respectable begging-letter writer." He casts his eyes up to the front windows, to see if, by any chance, the Queen is looking: but no one is visible.

JUMP, in his Boompje hat and livery, unintelligible to the servants, commands instant respect: at first.

Two servants in gorgeous coats and knee-breeches, six foot high each of them, let down the steps, and open the door.

A bell is rung.

Instantly we see the hall within lined on either side by tall servants, all in the same sort of costume, and standing bolt upright like theatrical nobles at a shilling a night in an opera chorus.

MUNTLEY in the rumble leans over and says, "Isn't it just as if they were going to say, 'Hail to the something or other,' eh?"

GOOCH silences him with a frown. We are all seated in the carriage, not liking to get out, as no one is certain what may happen next, and there is among us a latent, undefined feeling that the Queen is coming to receive us.

"There's some mistake somewhere," murmurs BUND, who has got his gloves out again, as if the display of these would set right any misapprehension as to our being noblemen—"In disguise," adds GOOCH, looking first at MAULLIE's hat, then at BUND's gloves.

JUMP is wholly incompetent, and utterly flabbergasted by the situation. He stands helplessly by the steps, staring at the tall men in liveries, but has nothing to say. Another five minutes like this would send JUMP to a lunatic asylum, where he'd be shown as the "Idiot Courier" for the remainder of his life.

Two bells more. "Like on board a ship," says the Commodore, faintly, wishing he was at home with his violoncello.

In answer to these two bells appear two footmen in more resplendent liveries than the others, and about two inches taller.

They walk down to the door, and take their places, as if by clock-work arrangement or previous rehearsal, by the door. They don't notice *us*, except by a glance, having evidently enough to do to attend to their own department at the present juncture.

Another bell, this time more distant, as if some way down a passage; a slight delay, and then one grander and more gorgeous footman, a sort of Swiss from a cathedral, topping by an inch all the rest, walks slowly forward, and approaches our carriage. He waits by the steps, inviting us (in Dutch we fancy) to descend. The Swiss gracefully removes his hat. The two by the door having a second before put on *their* hats, now politely, but stiffly, take them off. We all take ours off, and that part of the ceremony, whatever it means, is over.

BUND addresses JUMP. "Ask," he says, "if the Queen is in, and whether we can see the palace?"

In such Dutch as he can manage, JUMP inquires as to Royalty being at home. The Giant looking down with some curiosity on JUMP, does not comprehend the question at first. Then on JUMP trying it again, he grasps it.

Yes, the Queen is at home. We will descend, of course.

Now comes a ticklish point. We have to explain that we want to see—not the Queen, but the palace. The Swiss cannot understand.

"The Queen is waiting to receive us," he explains through JUMP, who gives us a very vague translation. Finding that we don't move ("There'll be a row," cries GOOCH in despair, "and letters in the *Times* about Cockney Tourists. Let's go back"), and being tired of standing with his hat off (all the other lesser giants being fatigued too), he pulls a small door-bell, which is responded to by a little wizened man in black, like the shade of a departed butler. ("Good effect among all the liveries," says MAULLIE under his breath, making a mental note of it.) N.B. He has subsequently put the whole thing into a picture full of halls in perspective, grandly costumed nobles with flambeaux in their hands, and a secretary in black. He calls it Reception of the Dutch Republican Ambassadors at the Court of the King of Spain. All our likenesses are there, and it has been on his easel some considerable time. Everybody says it's a very fine picture, but nobody has bought it, as yet.)

The Butler's Ghost receives some information from the Chief Giant. He glides towards us along the carpeted hall noiselessly. He is at our carriage-door. He salutes BUND, fixing upon him instinctively as the Commander, and ignoring JUMP altogether.

"Her Majesty," he says, "is within. Your Excellency—". We

look at one another. In an instant the Butler's Ghost sees a mistake somewhere. BUND takes the opportunity, and informs him that we wish to see the Palace.

The vision of greatness is dispelled. At a word from the Butler's Ghost, three of the Giants replace their hats on their heads superciliously, and disappear. After them disappear, in perfect order, and without any show of confusion, their hatless but equally gorgeous brethren-in-livery. Then we are all alone with the Shade and one giant, the tallest. It is explained to us: this is the time for private receptions. Not the time, oh, dear, no, for seeing the Palace. Up to four o'clock the Palace is open to sightseers, but after that closed. Everyone here knows that. JÖMP wishes to make a personal explanation, but is called to order, and stands by the carriage-door, discomfited.

Butler's Ghost declares that, the Queen being at home, sight-seeing is impossible—utterly out of the question. BUND puts it to him that we are going very early to-morrow, that he (BUND) has only to call on his friend the Ambassador that moment, and he would return (in effect) with orders to see every room in the Palace, from the attics to the cellar. That he (BUND) and party are most distinguished people, representing Literature, Science, and Art (Science being, perhaps, MUNTLEY and FINTON in the rumble, who have been hitherto taken for our valets), and that, to sum up, if the Butler's Ghost will only break through rules, and show the Palace, the Butler's Ghost shall find that we will make it well worth his while; and therewith BUND, having craftily got a large coin of the realm out of his waistcoat pocket, presses it upon the little man's acceptance, much to GOOCH's horror, who exclaims, "I say! Hang it! You might as well tip the LORD CHAMBERLAIN at home," evidently under the impression that the Butler's Shade holds that office.

The tip has its effect. The Butler's Shade takes the giant into his confidence, shares (probably) with him, or makes arrangements for future sharing, and finally announces to us, after disappearing into and reappearing (for mere form's sake, I am sure) from, a dark passage, that the Queen has graciously permitted us to see the Palace.

I don't believe the Butler's Ghost ever went near the Queen. This is strongly borne out by his subsequent conduct.

He shows us through the rooms hurriedly, and as quickly as possible, as if he was doing something wrong. He stops now and then to describe, but his descriptions are abbreviated, and his eye wanders from one door to another as if to intimate at the shortest notice that, as the Pantaloon says to the Clown when he's stealing sausages, There's "somebody coming!" We're all, so to speak, stealing sausages, as Clowns, and he's the Pantaloon.

We enter a drawing-room beautifully and curiously furnished with Japanese hangings and coverings. JÖMP, who follows in our wake, and who has been rather snuffed out by our wizened little cicerone here explains to us that "Dese come from Japan," but on receiving a severe reproving look from the Butler's Ghost, he retires into himself (he can't go very far, I should say, on such a journey), and is satisfied with corroborating with gloomy nods the various points of our cicerone's information.

"Hush!" says the little man, suddenly stooping down, and looking through a keyhole.

We now discover that we are hunting the unfortunate Queen from room to room. Royalty flees before us. Royalty, for what we know, may be concealed behind a screen or a window-curtain, as we pass. A sort of hide-and-seek. The Guide ascertains, as far as he can by the aid of the keyhole, that the Queen is not in her boudoir, and we enter. Evidently she has not long left it. There is her book open, and music on the piano.

A servant, in livery, suddenly appearing, motions to Butler's Ghost to pause before rashly visiting the next apartment. "It's too bad," says GOOCH. "Hush!" says our mysterious attendant. We halt, looking dubiously at one another, and then, on a sign from our leader, who has again satisfied himself through the keyhole, we proceed stealthily, like conspirators in an opera. We only want daggers, to complete the resemblance. But our "sticks and umbrellas have been left" in the carriage.

We talk, when we do talk, under our breath. We hurriedly admire furniture and imitation bas-reliefs on the wall. We wonder at paintings on the ceiling, and we are hurried on to the ball-room, where, it being a very large place and only used on State occasions, we, as it were, breathe again.

The breathing time is very short, however, and we are once more hurried along a passage, then a corridor, where more pictures are explained to us, in a sort of patter-song, as fast as ever it can be given, by the Butler's Ghost, who, evidently very much to his own satisfaction, brings us out on a landing which leads by the back stairs and servants' offices to the front hall, and so we are smuggled ignominiously out of the building, and into our carriage.

Here we resume our dignity, and largesse is bestowed by JÖMP (on our behalf, but we ignore the process, as not dealing in such dirty matters) upon our Guide and the tall Swiss.

Then we are driven through some lovely avenues, where all the

peasants take off their hats to us ("They think we're the Queen, or something," says GOOCH, much pleased), and at last we reach the hotel.

"Vell," says JÖMP, perfectly satisfied with his arrangements, "you 'ave seen the Palace." And so we have; and agree that we won't see another in the land of Boomp-je.

"Dere is not another," says JÖMP, which settles the matter at once.

GLEN-(BATTLE)-FIELD STARCH.

"WHEN you ask for Berlin, see that you get it, as another capital may be substituted as the capture." *Mutatis mutandis*, most readers will recollect something like this as a perpetual advertisement. Mr. Punch has been amused to see the proprietor of the article advertised has actually issued a War Map (really a pretty little one), and where the title should be is the above recommendation, in its original form. The appropriateness of Starch on a battle-field was not clear to Mr. Punch until he remembered that, by taking the slightest liberty with SIR WALTER SCOTT (a thing that beautifully tempered man would have smiled at), Starch—scientifically called AMPDON, might be introduced nobly. Remember the end of Bannockburn, in the *Lord of the Isles*—

"Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
Bondsmen and serf; even female hand
Stretched to the hatchet or the brand;
But, when mute AMPDON they heard
Give to their zeal his signal word,
A frenzy fired the throng—"

and the English came to grief.

[N.B. We expect to have all our collars starched gratis, henceforth, until the good days shall come when those abominations shall cease from out the land, and nothing shall hurt the British neck unless its owner forgets the British law.]

SENSIBLE SUFFOLK.

THE inhabitants of "Silly Suffolk" will deserve to have their county coupled with a less obnoxious epithet, if they act up to the letter of the sensible advice, which lately has been given to them by their Lord Lieutenant:—

"BEGGARS AND VAGRANTS.—NOTICE.—Wherever begging and vagrancy are greatly on the increase in this county, and indiscriminate almsgiving is believed to be the main cause of this evil, the public are strongly urged to abstain from giving to beggars or vagrants, of whose circumstances they can know nothing; but are requested to hand such persons over to a policeman or parish constable, who, after due inquiry, will either take them before a Magistrate, or see that they are temporarily relieved in a proper manner."

Idleness, say the copy-books, is the root of evil: and indiscriminate almsgiving very greatly aids the growth and cultivation of this noxious root. As one of the best cultured of our agricultural counties, Suffolk has no ground to spare for such a kind of root-crop. Beggars who encumber the land whereon they live should be hoed out, or be toed out, with all possible despatch. If Suffolk, wisely acting on the hint of its chief constable, leaves its police to deal with the vagrants that infest it, Silly Suffolk will be setting such a sensible example as all the other counties would do well forthwith to imitate.

The Worst Gang Going.

If e'er there was gang
That deserves to go hang,
In France's *débuté* of fate,
'Tis the Paris Press-Gang,
That scream slander and slang.
And lie, with the foe at the gate!

Shaftesbury's Characteristics.

AT Ryde, the other day, in a speech on behalf of the City Mission, LORD SHAFTESBURY stated his belief that "the next census would show a population in London of nearly four millions, a Serious proportion of whom were in a state of social and moral degradation so great that, in his opinion, unless something were done to improve them, the British Constitution would not be worth a quarter of a century's purchase." Goodness gracious! Who ever expected to hear such a statement concerning "serious" people from the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY?

"HERE (MAY) BE TRUTHS."

ONE change in the French Ministry will be approved by all. As Director of Telegraphs we have M. STEINWACKERS, vice M. TELLWHACKERS.



"COMPARISONS ARE ODISIOUS."

"FOUR SHILLINS FOR A CHAIR LIKE THIS! WHY, I SOLD THE FELLOW TO IT THIS VERY MORNING TO A POOR LABOURING MAN, AND I LET 'IM 'AVE IT FOR SIX-AND-SIXPENCE, AND THAT WAS ONLY 'COS HE 'AD TO WORK FOR HIS LIVIN'!"

"SO HAVE I GOT TO WORK FOR MY LIVIN'!"

"'AVE YER! AH! BUT YOU'RE A GENTLEMAN, COMPARED TO HIM!!"

HOW WE TALKED ABOUT THE WAR.

SCENE—Garden of SIR JOHN'S charming Country House.
TIME—After Breakfast.

PERSONS—Men sitting about, with newspapers, and smoking. Ladies moving about, occasionally picking flowers, or coming up to put in a word.

Sir John. Bother maps and telegrams! I won't read any more until the Germans are before Paris.

The Colonel. Wish we had a VON MOLKE, though.

Lady Jane. I don't. You men are longing to be in war as it is, and if you had a General like that, you would drive him into the field directly.

Mrs. Theydon. It is dreadful to hear the calm way in which such horrors are spoken of. Like SIR JOHN, I will read no more of them. When I came on the story of that town in which the women and children were burned alive, I was made quite ill. Was it the fault of those poor things that the doctors were fired at?

Sir John. It is War, and that's all that can be said.

Lady Jane. Yes, you say that and then think you are absolved, and may enjoy the war letters as if they were a novel.

Sir John. What can we do, my dear lady?

Lady Jane. At least you might protest, with one heart and one voice, against the wickedness of War.

Captain Lynns. Yes, and then see that our gun-boats are ready to smash up the Pig-tails, the next time they object to our sending 'em opium.

Miss Cookham. That's quite different, the Chinese are heathens and savages—these Germans and French are civilised Christians.

The Colonel. Strasbourg Cathedral is a proof and monument of that.

Mrs. Theydon. Fuss about a Cathedral, that can be built over again;

or if it can't, no matter. Think of the mothers and babies crouching in the cellars of Strasbourg, to be out of the way of shells, and perhaps other mothers rushing down among them with babies killed in their arms!

Mr. Theydon. Don't make yourself ill again, dear. Perhaps no such thing has happened. If it has, it can't be helped.

Mrs. Theydon. Don't talk in that way, CHARLES. You don't mean it. You were nearly killed yourself the other day in saving the child that fell down crossing the street, among the horses.

Mr. Theydon. Well, don't throw my folly in my face. If I had been killed I wonder what you'd have said about saving a ragged brat that was nothing to me, while I had children of my own at home. And I should have deserved it, too.

Mrs. Theydon. That has nothing to do with the War.

Sir John. I honour your honesty, MRS. THEYDON. You are too sincere to say that you would not have thought he had done an uncalled-for thing.

Mrs. Theydon. Ah! you shan't get me away from Strasbourg. I repeat that it is a wickedness.

Captain Derringham. Here, I say! My paper's a second edition. There's been an affair at another place—new name to me—French beaten no end, and tumbled over in heaps. Those Germans are going it.

Lady Mary. Hear that man! He carried a wounded beater on his back two miles in a burning sun, last Tuesday.

Captain Derringham. It was nothing like two miles, LADY MARY, I assure you, and the lad was lighter than you.

Lady Mary. I know better, and you ought not to speak of the French as if they were partridges. Is it a new horror?

Captain Derringham. No, not much—about a thousand killed and wounded—stop—that was only the first of it—fighting resumed in the afternoon, and lasted till dusk—there must have been some hot work.

Lady Jane. It is dreadful. That is the thirteenth battle in one month, while we have been at croquet and organising pic-nics, and—



FRANCE, SEPT. 4, 1870.

"AUX ARMES, CITOYENS;
FORMEZ VOS BATAILLONS!"

The "Marseillaise."

Sir John. Well. I sent fifty guineas to COLONEL LOYD-LINDSAY'S fund.

Lady Jane. Did you? That was right. But I did not see your name in the list.

Sir John. No, I distributed the money impartially among four initials, those of the four children. But tell us about this last scrimmage, DERSINGHAM.

Mrs. Theydon. I don't want to hear it. Would it be of no use for the QUEEN to write to the KING, and beg him to stop the war?

The Colonel. Hardly the thing, you see.

Mrs. Theydon. The thing! and it might prevent thousands of poor creatures from being slaughtered?

The Colonel. Don't see how the KING can be asked to stop. He didn't begin.

Captain Lynne. No, but he was precious ready to go on.

The Colonel. Well, would you have had him as unprepared as our fellows leave us?

Captain Lynne. Don't believe we are unprepared.

Lady Jane. I hope we are—indeed, I hope we are. Then there is some chance of our not meddling in other people's quarrels.

Sir John. I am as great a lover of peace as any man, but I must say that if—

Mrs. Theydon. Of course, I know. That we ought to be enlisting hundreds of soldiers, building thousands of ships, arming every Volunteer with a *mitrailleuse*, and sticking up cannons at the end of every street—Income-tax three and sixpence in the pound—what do men care, if they once catch the war fever?

Sir John. Which reminds me, (calls) JAMES! JAMES! Mind that big box, directed to St. Martin's Place, London, goes off by the 3.30

train. Lint and things. Now, DERSINGHAM, read out that fight. I said I wouldn't hear any more about the war, but it's awfully interesting.

Captain Dersingham. What'll it be when they begin to shell Paris? I wish you'd arrange for editions by each train.

Sir John. A good idea, and I will, too. JAMES, let nothing prevent that box going; take the dog-cart, if there's any difficulty. Now, DERSINGHAM—

Captain Dersingham. The Prussians wanted to storm some heights by Neidelmanhausen, or somewhere, no matter, and—stop, that's not interesting—where did I see—yes, (reads):—"The shells crashed into the wood, and as the trees went down, the enemy was revealed to our marksmen below, who picked them off in scores, and the killed and wounded came rolling down into the bright little river, which was soon choked up with bodies. We continued to rain shells, directed with beautiful precision, until a tremendous explosion occurred, and we instantly saw heads and limbs flying in the air, and—"

Sir John. } Well done! That was the time to go in and
Mr. Theydon. } give it 'em hot.

Captain Dersingham. So they did. "Up went our noble fellows; the bayonet came into play, and—"

[*The Ladies all walk away.*]

Lady Jane. There is not one of those men, my dears, who would not run under fire to save a wounded soldier, and yet how they gloat over those stories.

Mrs. Theydon. My opinion, LADY JANE, is that men are not accountable beings, so it doesn't matter what they do or say.

Miss Cookham. I have long been of that opinion also.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.



OME, all of you, and listen. *Mr. Punch*, begs leave to acknowledge (without thanks) 827 jokes, literary or pictorial, on the word "Sedan," in connection with the misfortunes of the ex-Emperor: 239 ditto on the "Cost of the War—a Napoleon" or "two Napoleons": 134 (in addition to 553 previously acknowledged) on "Napoleon having left Eugénie for Nancy": 1354 on the King's having "taken a Nap": 72 on "Metz and Steinmetz": and 36 on "Laon"—"lay on, *Mac-duff*." He gives notice that after the publication of this paragraph, the names and addresses of the Senders of any more *facetiae* on the above topics will be placed in the hands of the Police, and (as regards Parties who have had the amazing effrontery to request "guerdon" for their insipidities) of the Officers of the Mendicity Society.

PUNCH.

MORE RIGHTS FOR WOMEN.

THE following proposals of legislature on the Rights of Women will, it is understood, be discussed at the Social Science Congress as soon as it meets:—

1. The Establishment of a female Parliament, with a House of Ladies, for the purpose of making and revising all laws which concern women. The strong-minded woman by whom this subject will be introduced will not fail to suggest that in each of the Houses of the Women's Parliament there shall be a Gentleman's Gallery.

2. The immediate enactment of a statute which shall render women liable to serve on juries, so as to place them on an equality with men as to the privilege of being tried by their peers.

A JOKE FOR GARIBALDI.

It is whispered on "Change that the German success will probably be a Nice thing for Italy, with Savoy to Boot.

ORDINARY OCCURRENCES.

LORD GORMANDALE, on the 31st ult., gave a pleasant picnic in his Lordship's grounds, at Grubwood. By way of novelty, an ox was roasted whole.

A hen, belonging to MR. SPROUT, maltster, a short time ago, laid a single egg, of rather unusual magnitude. Yesterday, a brood of six chickens chipped the shell. Both the little birds and their mother are doing uncommonly well.

SIR FENCER BULLFINCH, out shooting on the first of September, at Bramshaw, fired, as he supposed, at a hare in cover, and shot a fox. Although the act was purely accidental, the misfortune of having been the author, even by inadvertence, of vulpicide so preyed on the Hon. Baronet's mind, that he took to his bed, and did not leave it till yesterday, having in the mean time, received from the members of the Horsey Hunt their unanimous condolence, and exoneration from all censure.

A black-and-tan mouse was killed on Tuesday last, by a small terrier of the same colour, at the flour-mill of MESSRS. HOPPER.

We have this week to record a somewhat singular case of treasure-trove. In sawing through the trunk of an elm-tree, the base of which was destined to form a chopping-block for the use of MR. BLUEBELL, butcher, of Bousfield, the workmen employed at MR. CHIFFES's timber-yard found their implement impeded by a hard substance, which turned out to be a halfpenny piece, of the reign of his Majesty, GEORGE THE THIRD, lodged in the centre of the tree. How it got there nobody knows.

A popular dance-tune received a droll illustration on Friday morning. A weasel, pursued by a poodle-dog, made for refuge to the shop of MR. GLOBES, pawnbroker, where it ascended the spout.

A Swan with two necks has appeared in the river at Stratford-on-Avon. Several persons have endeavoured to shoot it, but without effect.

The rhinoceros in MR. LYONS's menagerie last night presented the elephant with a fine foal. This is the first instance on record of a pachydermatous hybrid, which, should it fortunately survive, will doubtless prove no small attraction to zoologists.

Cries and Thiers.

"Numbers embraced each other, in the streets, weeping for joy."—*Telegram from Paris.*

O FRIENDS, don't "Blub" without a reason:

Let flags, not *mouchoirs*, be in sight—

Keep the weak Tears for fitter season,

Heed the brave Thiers who bids you fight.

Dear Old Soul!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM is much offended at an observation in one of the papers about the Serpentine mud. She read that though this had been removed to dry, more than a year had passed, and "the mess was not yet friable." She cannot express her disgust at the idea of frying such a thing.



A TYRANT.

Nurse. "I CAN'T PEEEL YOU ANY MORE SHRIMPS, MASTER ARTHUR. YOU'RE GETTING VERY TIRESOME; AND I DO WISH YOUR HOLIDAYS WAS OVER."

Master Arthur. "I TELL YOU WHAT, MARY, YOU DON'T HALF FAG FOR A CHAP! WHY, AT SCHOOL I CAN ALWAYS HAVE A FELLOW TO WAIT ON ME—LACE MY BOOTS, AND DO EVERYTHING I TELL HIM!"

A PROTEST AT BICESTER.

BICESTER has long been famous, on account of the extraordinary occurrence which has been commemorated by one of our poets:—

There was an old Tailor of Bicester,
He went out to walk with his sister,
When a bird called a Jay
Took the lady away,
Before the old gentleman missed her.

In this poem, one of the choicest of its class, is preserved the memory of a kindly, but careless individual of the sartorial persuasion, who good-naturedly took his relative for a walk, but omitted to pay her enough attention to prevent her falling a victim to ornithological cupidity. Some commentators think that the Cupidity refers to Cupid, and that the Jay was a gaily-attired chattering young officer, whose uniform and rattle fascinated the sister. But this interpretation savours of the teaching of a school already too potent, and we prefer to hold by the text.

All this, however, has nothing whatever to do with what we are going to say, except that we have to mention Bicester. We merely desired by means of our quotation to invite attention to a passage in a speech just delivered in the above town, by the Right Hon. JOSEPH HENLEY, whose sentiments—*malgré* his honest Toryism—are always sensible, healthy, and English. Said MR. HENLEY:—

"Gentlemen, it is no matter whether it is gospel or not to talk about it, but everybody here and everywhere talks and thinks about the War, and nothing but the War; and I am sure at the present moment, living as we do in an age when Europe boasts itself to be learned, scientific, civilised, and above all other professions to be Christian, it is a terrible thing to see, as we have done within these past two months, how the very matters that were contrived for the comfort of mankind have enabled nations to bring together suddenly immense masses of men, and employ the weapons which the skill of

nations has provided to slaughter those men in a manner that is hardly credible did we not know it was so."

There! People may observe, cynically, that it is of no use to say such things. Perhaps it is not of much use, but it is fit that protest against this infernal war should be incessant, and it has been well made in the above simple straightforward language of one of the truest of English gentlemen. It were well if officialism would condescend to say something of the same kind, in the name of this nation.

A NEW TERROR IN WAR.

We have no desire to dwell on painful matters, but a friend of ours sends us this (from the *Pall Mall Gazette*) begging that we will denounce it as the most brutal thing that has been said during the War:—

"When it was necessary to sign certain documents in connection with the capitulation, no generals could be found. The Prussian Commandant remarked, 'Gentlemen, I cannot do everything; your generals know the duties imposed on them by the situation, but your generals are always asleep. It appears to me that, under the circumstances, they might get up at six in the morning.'"

Our friend who, when energetic gets up at 11-30, wants us to preach a sermon on the cruelty which is taught men by war, but we content ourselves with leaving the tale in its nude and appalling shape.

The Pipe and the Needle-Gun.

THE consumption of cigars and other tobacco by the German army is enormous. What has the Anti-Tobacco Society to say to it? Considering what shots the Germans are with their arms of precision, one may observe that their fire is fully equal to their smoke.

EXIT IMPERATOR!

ANOTHER turn of Fortune's wheel,
That lifts so high, that lays so low;
Of Life's strange cards another deal,
Of Destiny's dark dice a throw:
But turn or deal or cast,
Methinks, the last!

Has he not lived his life? A life
None ever lived before he came.
There is a time to quit the strife,
To throw one's hand up in the game.
"*Jeu ne vaut pas chandelle*"—
He knows it well.

What if the candle's nigh burnt down,
Grows smoky, guttering, and dim?
Life's candle-end may cost a crown,
That end must still be saved by him.
A light thence has been lit—
He'd husband it.

That pale and sorrow-stricken lad,
Too soon baptised with tears and fire,
Why make his sad young life more sad?
Why so soon sever son and sire?
For love, though it be pain,
Let him remain.

Who knows? There may be time in store—
Short time most like, but calm and still;
To feed this mind with that life's lore,
And bend it to his well-schooled will.
Can he not teach, and muse,
And watch the news?

At least, he challenged Death in fight;
Death, that smote many, passed him by:
Coward? When was crowned head judged right?
There's choice outside of "fight" or "die."
Yes—he will live, and yield,
And void the field.

Perhaps he always knew, or thought,
That it would come to this at last,
Whene'er to test of blows were brought
Truth's marble and sham's plaster-cast.
He knew, the ware that sold,
Where 'twould not hold.

Does not the workman shape his tools,
Or choose the tools his work that fit?
While his task needed knaves and fools,
The knaves and fools were there for it.
But hard war put him out,
And them, no doubt.

Was he the monster HUGO sung?
All dead in him but lust and lie—
CARTOUCHE, his bandit troop among,
Who counts blood-gains in orgie sly,
Jove-Scapin, *Grand Monarque* MACAIRE,—
Was 't true or fair?

Caricature—how large so'er
The outline, masterly the hand;
Strong colour, yes: hate's hues may glare,
But truth's white light are weak to stand,
And this was not the man
Of HUGO's plan.

Mixed warp and woof in him, as all:
And in this miserable hour,
Soft thoughts come up to break his fall
So low, from such a height of power.
In Man and EMPEROR both
Some good found growth.

The bounds, perhaps, of false and true
In that dark mind were blurred and worn,
Maybe, the clear air he ne'er drew,
That comes up with Truth's radiant morn.
Right and wrong fought in him.
A battle dim.

But wrong not always conquered, more
Than right could always wrong defeat:
Fair face still to our land he wore,
Nor e'er foul blow proved fair face cheat.
The false man HUGO drew
To us was true.

But not for pity can we turn
To wish him up out of the dust;
France has done well aside to spurn,
The rotten stay she sinned to trust.
Whom the time's need proves weak,
Unloved, must break.

However good and ill might cross
And, blending, blur themselves in him,
To draw men round him was his loss,
Who were all dark when he had dim—
The most base most his friend:
And this the end!

But shall this pack that yelps and howls,
Jackal-like at his flying wheels,
Pays off base smiles with baser scowls,
And, as it slavered, snaps his heels—
Shall *they* the hand assail
That made them quail?

Let those in France that scorned his sun,
Lift mouths to hoot him into shade.
Not those whose swift steps vied to run,
With necks low for his footstool laid:
But those who would not bow,
Should buffet now!

If of mixed metal he was wrought,
France, that obeyed him, what is she?
After he struck, her votes he sought;
Twice to his yoke she bowed the knee.
But Paris held aloof—
Lo now, the Proof!

A bas! with whom, but with *L'Empereur*.
Vive! what? What but *la République*.
A day—an hour! *La joie fait peur*—
Shout, though it be with tongue in cheek!
What was up is pulled down—
Smash Bees and Crown!

Whirl, Paris, round from pole to pole;
Kiss, curse, laugh, cry, rave, dance and sing,
Forget the Prussians and their goal;
Give Revolution sweep and swing;
Up with Left! Down with Right!
To-morrow fight.

As yesterday so runs to-day—
Swift change, light mood, and whirling will;
Abiding never in one stay,
And still be-fooled, and trusting still;
While the foe at thy gate
Strikes swift and straight.

Robbery-Bobbery.

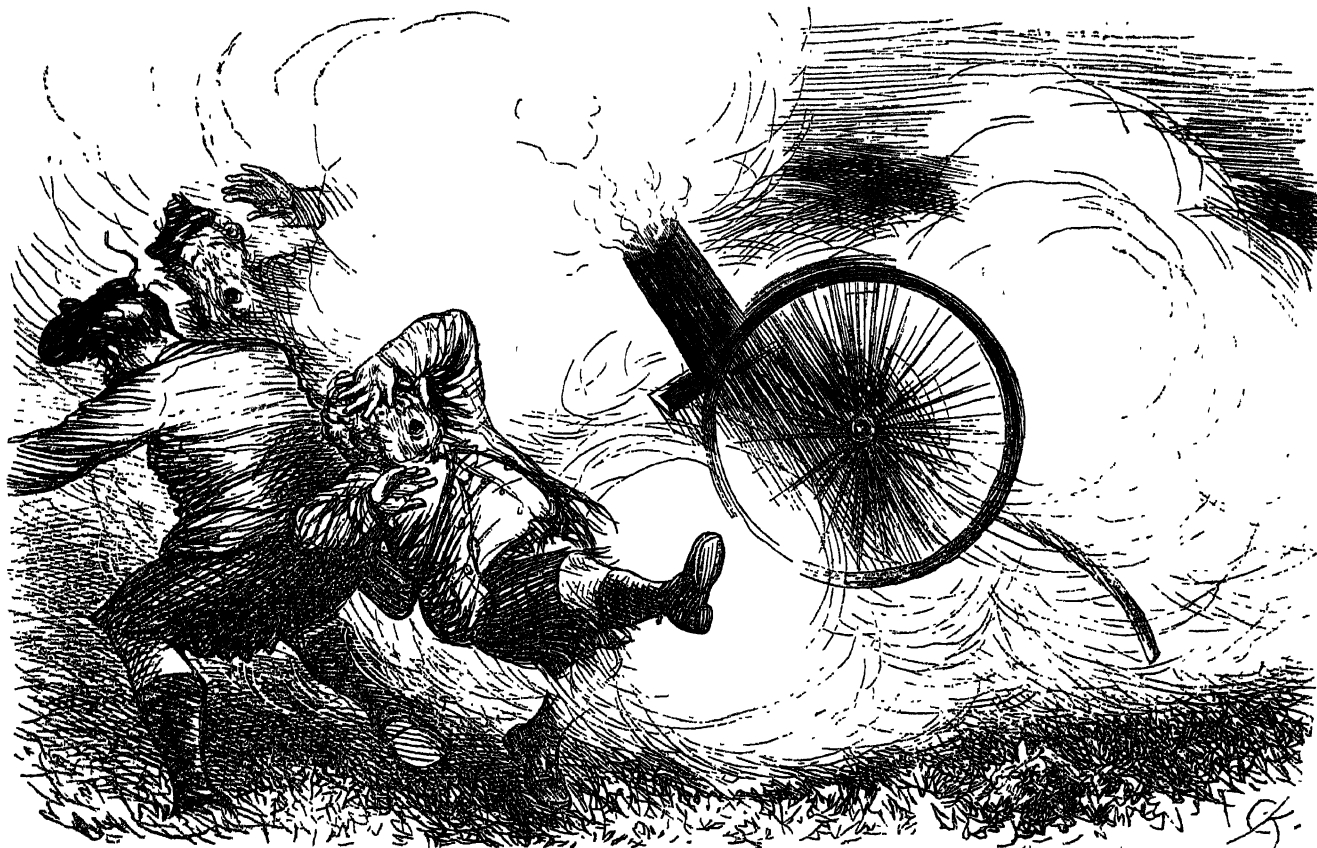
RASCALDOM finds time to invent new phrases for old rogueries. Putting water into the milk can, in lieu of more valuable liquid previously stolen, is now called "Bobbing the Milk." "It is the custom," muttered a milk-thief who came last week under the unfavourable notice of a Beak. Could not Bobby do something against Bobbing? We might give him a Lactometer, and bid him use it during his early lounge. If it revealed adulteration, let him avenge the milk-can by a dig in the bread-basket. This would be a good specimen of provisional Government.

Lying (not) like Truth.

To *Gaulois*, *Figaro*, what shame,
If they attenuate stroke of ill?
This is the rule that guides their game,
"French troops won't fly, and *canards* will."

MELANCHOLY.

THE year shows signs of burning itself out when we see the first ember—Sept-ember.



THE MOORS. No. 2.

BUT, OWING TO SOME MISTAKE, AFTER SEVERAL MISSES, ALL THE BARRELS GO OFF AT ONCE, AND SHE (THE MITRAILLEUSE) KICKS OUT RIGHT AND LEFT AND ALL ROUND (*General Contusions!*) AND FLIES INTO PIECES! THE DOGS WERE NEVER SEEN AFTERWARDS!

POETA NASCITUR.

SINCE the beginning of the war, (and that is less than a month—from Saarbruck to Sedan) *Mr. Punch* has received war-poems enough to make a new *Iliad*. He has sternly refused to publish any of these. But the genuine inspiration and exquisite diction of the following masterpiece, (its acrostic character introducing a playful element) seem to warrant him in publishing it, the rather that it is much better than the vast majority of the efforts of his volunteer Correspondents:—

THE WAR.
(An Acrostic.)

FROM beginning Prussia's held the sway,
Ruin's almost wholly met *l'Empereur* every way,
A las! what will the end of this great struggle be?
N o other Power can I think, make P, E, A, C, E,
C old and lifeless thousands, lie upon the Battle Plain,
E ngland! thou art neutral, and will I trust remain.

A noth a serious issue may appear,
N one can but hope, that *some* end is near,
D ear ones at home, have shed many a Tear!
P ride yourselves Britons, that our "Land of the free,"
R ejoices in Peace, and in Neutrality,
U nless she's obliged by an Usurpation,
S he will not altercate with any Nation,
S hout then with joy that Peace, Plenty, prevails,
I n lieu of Bloodshed with its horrid details,
A gain then rejoice, that we keep from those "Gales."

REMEMBER, THESE ARE NOT CONTRABAND OF WAR.—*Alms* for the Wounded. And remember No. 2, Saint Martin's Place, London. [An appropriate locality, by the bye, for it was St. Martin who tore his cloak in halves and gave half to a sick man.]

HOHENZOLLERNS AND HARD NAMES.

M. EDMOND ABOUT, in the *Soir*, calls the Germans "Teutonic vermin," and says that "France must sweep away the HOHENZOLLERNS and their feudal followers" by next New Year's Day. This talk is homogeneous with the caricature which represented the KING OF PRUSSIA's troops as mice marching upon a cheese; but if the Germans are mice, what are the people who sing "Rataplan" but other mice? We will not say "rats," for more reasons than one; an intention to pun might be imputed to us by some of our correspondents who send us puns of their own. How would M. ABOUT represent HOHENZOLLERNS if he were to draw them in the shape of vermin? Perhaps he would delineate the typical HOHENZOLLERN as a cockroach, or some extraordinary beetle. The "Teutonic vermin," however, would be more aptly depicted as hornets brought by M. ABOUT's countrymen themselves about their own ears.

CERTAINLY NOT.

NEVER before has *Mr. Punch* had to complain of his delightful and instructive *Contemporary, Notes and Queries*. But look here:—

"What is wanted is a dictionary which shall trace back every English word or group of words to the Earliest Radical in existence."

This is too bad. The Earliest Radical! DR. JOHNSON (not in his dictionary) has explained the Earliest Radicalism, which he called Whiggery. But we do not want our whole language traced to that source. Enough that a Frenchman has called it "diabolical."

"Rue with a Difference."

CAN it be true, as telegraphed, that the *Avenue de l'Empereur* is henceforth to be called the *Rue Victor Noir*? A bad omen! Suppose the "Black Victor"—the Prussian Eagle—should really fly into Paris that way!



FULL !

Inebriated Ostler (showing our Artist his Bed—the only one unoccupied in the hotel). “THISERE BE MOINE, AN’ TOTHERUM BE YOURN !”

“WHO KNOW HOW TO DIE.”

MR. PUNCH, who means to read his friend MR. CARLYLE’S *Thirty Volumes* every year (especially now that the *Thirty* will present themselves in a readable type, and with the author’s latest annotations), came last night upon the famous passage about the Hymn composed in 1792, for the Six Hundred of Marseilles “who knew how to die.” He—*Mr. Punch*—is tired of seeing it said that “History repeats itself,” though the fact be so. But as France is invaded, and by other than a Brunswick who was shaking himself (*s’ébranle*) at Coblenz, and who was subsequently saved the trouble of performing that act for himself, and as the Hymn has been a good deal heard of lately, *Mr. Punch* transcribes the celebrated Carlylean lines :—

“The Thought which works noiseless in this black browed mass, an inspired Tyrtæan Colonel, ROUGET DE LILLE, whom the earth still held in 1836, has translated into grim melody and rhythm : into his Hymn, or March of the Marseillaise, luckiest musical composition ever promulgated. The sound of which will make the blood tingle in men’s veins, and whole Armies and Assemblages will sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of Death, Despot, and Devil.”

The Hymn has again resounded all over France—and has even been profaned by theatrical singers who, with rouged faces and melodramatic gestures, shout or squall it at boxes, pit, and gallery. And many others have sung it very loudly who will probably sing very small when the hour of fighting comes. But the fierce Hymn, like JULIUS CÆSAR, is “mighty yet.” The only thing is that circumstances have changed, and that one of the three enemies whose hearts in ’92 burned to defy, exists not for France. And it is due to Frenchmen to say that they have never been much—perhaps never sufficiently afraid of the other two. But it is a noteworthy thing that eighty years—a revolution of SATURN—have brought round the old time again, and that the history of the present hour in France may be read in the splendid page of THOMAS CARLYLE.

HOW KING WILLIAM TAKES IT.

VICTOR HUGO is in Paris!!!! He has come back arm-in-arm with the Revolution!!!! *Le Roi s’amuse.*

GOOD BYE TO GLORY.

AIR—“*Marlbrooke.*”

It is the old, old story !
Athirst they were for glory,
Obtained by battle gory,
They therefore chose their Chief.
Now he has come to grief
They abuse him like a thief ;
Denounce him and disown him,
Dismiss him and dethrone him,
In effigy stab and stone him
In whom they had vain belief.

They are a noble nation,
(To quote an observation)
And now, by tribulation,
May they at last be schooled ;
Their martial passion cooled :
May they be wisely ruled,
Return to peaceful labours ;
With Chassepôts and with sabres
Ne’er more assail their neighbours,
And be no more befooled.

Untaught by their example
Of retribution ample,
Should bullies, fain to trample
An equal, climb his wall
Without a cause or call,
May those invaders fall !
Mere glory if fools pursue in
Fell war, reap they their due in
Fit ridicule and ruin :
Confound such numskulls all !

A Probable Papism.

WHAT will the POPE say when his temporal dominion is confined to the “*Leonine City* ?” Perhaps he will compare himself to DANIEL in the Lions’ Den.

OUR IGNOBLE INSULARITY.

WHEN Europe is satisfied, England is tranquil.

WORD-PAINTERS AT THE WARS.

OUR Own Correspondents at the seat of war, some of them, have got themselves into trouble, having been arrested because they were mistaken for spies. To secure them against any such misfortunes for the future, by rendering the nature of their mission obvious to all beholders, it might be advisable that they should wear some distinctive badge or costume. The representative of each newspaper could go about with the broadsheet of his particular journal affixed to his shoulders, or walk in a sort of tabard, formed by a couple of its billboards. This would be a near approach to a Press uniform ; perhaps rather a too near approach to a “foolscap uniform turned up with ink,” which would be unsuitable to the literary merit of gentlemen whose narratives, for the most part replete with facts of consequence, and devoid of trivial details, are as interesting and instructive as they are pithy and concise.

ADULTERATION AND OAKUM.

THE County Bench at Shrewsbury, the other day, fined five rogues, whom, unhappily, they had not the power to sentence to imprisonment and hard labour. Four of those rogues were beerhouse keepers, who had sold beer adulterated with salt in the proportion of from thirty to thirty-six grains to the gallon. The fifth rogue was a grocer, convicted of selling stuff called tea mixed with iron filings. In consequence of chemical decomposition—

All who did drink
His tea, drank ink—

a draught which does not cheer if it may be said to possess the negative recommendation of not inebriating. The salt beer sold by the other rogues must have had an effect greatly the reverse of cheering on those whom it inebriated, the rather that it inflamed instead of quenching their thirst. It is to be regretted that the wounded French and Germans cannot have the benefit of a substitute for lint, in the form of a very large quantity of oakum picked by those five rascals.

THE PROPER PLACE FOR HUNCHBACKS.—Humpstead.

THE BOOMPJE PAPERS.

AT AMSTERDAM—THE BOOMPJE MOTTO—THE NEW GUIDE—AN EXCITING PROSPECT.



"What's the reason," asks BUND, "of our being the only people here, eh?"

JÖMP shrugs his shoulders. It is, evidently, to his mind, too absurd to put such a question. The fact, he thinks, speaks for itself. However, he replies, "Vell—um—um—you are the only people 'ere—O yes; because—you see—um—um—" here he finishes thinking it out as usual, "you see,—*there is nobody else in de place.*"

MAULLIE delighted. Galleries of pictures. He spends his first day with JAN STEEN, REMBRANDT'S *Night Watch*, and VAN DER HELST'S *City Guard of Amsterdam*.

It seems to me, speaking inartistically, that one doesn't understand what portrait-painting is until these marvellous pictures have been studied.

"Why," says GOOCH, meditatively, "can't they paint groups of portraits now-a-days, this size?"

MAULLIE gives as the probable reason for there being so many grouped portraits, and so, comparatively, few "portraits of single gentlemen," that individually the Hollanders were not rich enough to have a picture every man of himself to himself, and so they clubbed together, "The artist," says MUNTLEY, "making a reduction on taking a quantity."

We all visit MR. SIX'S collection, and enthusiastically admire the pictures of Burgomaster and Burgomistress SIX, painted by REMBRANDT.

We drive about the town. The whole party, except MAULLIE, who prefers taking a sketch of the market-place from the carriage, visit the large church, *Nieuwe Kerk* (first cousin to Scotch Kirk, evidently), and on returning therefrom we find MAULLIE in a great state of excitement.

"Here! Hi!" he exclaims, vociferating and waving his umbrella and sketch-book.

"Good heavens!" says GOOCH, considerably scandalised, "he needn't do that. We shall have a crowd round us again." And dreading this, he hurries on towards the carriage.

"I say, you fellows!" cries MAULLIE, excitedly, "I've got the motto for the Boompje Club. Look up there!"

With his umbrella he points upwards, towards the other side of the open Place. At first we see nothing except the tall houses closely wedged in between one another, as if they'd come late to see a performance and there was only standing-room for them.

"Don't you see?" he asks. We do see, but, clearly, not what he wants us to fix upon. "That inscription—there!" he urges, prodding the umbrella upwards always in the same direction, as if he could touch the spot to which he is drawing our attention.

There are names of shopkeepers, of trades, of houses, all in large letters, and we, more or less incorrectly, read them. "Now," he cries, "the next one," and BUND reads aloud an inscription, high up over the second storey of one of the tallest houses, the letters of which are painted in a decided undeniable black on a white ground,

"DAM NO. 2."

"There!" says he, "isn't that the motto? Isn't the Boompje

principle to take precious good care of Number One, and let Number Two look out for himself?"

We know by this time that the meaning of "Dam No. 2" is nothing more than, for instance, "No. 2, Portland Place," or "No. 2, Fleet Street," but the look of the words in this aspect, and their sound when given in the true Boompje-ish manner, recommend them at once to us as the motto for the Boompje Club.

When we separate and return to England, each member will take this motto back to his own house, and "when in doubt," as directions for whist have it, he will then act on the above Christian sentiment, and be a happy and virtuous Boompje.

We won't see the Palace, but we pass through its hall in order to ascend a tower (MAULLIE will go up a tower wherever there is one), in order to see the bird's-eye view.

"Now," says BUND, on the second day, "as JÖMP never knows anything about any place, I have hired a regular Amsterdam Guide."

We applaud the Commander, and the Amsterdam Guide appears. He is a young man with a fresh complexion, and a Hebraic nose, dressed in a brown coat, bright check trousers, yellow waistcoat, blue tie, and a white wideawake, being the only living creature I ever remember to have seen in any way realising the coloured frontispieces of the Music-Hall songs. If the Amsterdam Guide had suddenly thrown himself into an attitude, and announced himself as having been christened "Champagne Charley" by his godfathers and godmothers, none of us would have been more than slightly astonished.

After the following conversation, which I will here recount, we come to the conclusion that he is JÖMP's nephew:—

Ourselves. Is there much to see in Amsterdam?

Guide. Plenty. Full.

Ourselves. What is there?

Guide. Vell (*uncommonly like JÖMP this*)—'ave you 'zeen de Canals?

As nobody could walk two steps outside any door in Amsterdam without seeing the canals, this question does appear somewhat pointless. We reply, naturally, that we have seen the canals.

Guide (who, to our astonishment, is rather taken aback by our answer, pauses, and then resumes). 'Ave you zeen de shoops (shops)?

Ourselves (somewhat impatiently). Yes, we've seen the shops.

Guide (looks round at the party, as if we were evidently going to be one too many for him). Vell, den, you 'ave zeen the quays?

Bund (snappishly). Yes, of course we have.

Gooch (aside). Comme il est bête! (*kindly translating.*) What an ass the fellow is!

JÖMP, in the background, watches the Guide with a patronising air, as much as to convey to us the idea that he could have done just as well as this Guide—"only you would have him!"

Guide. Ah! (*taking a new line*), den you must zee 'de tower. (*He is evidently prepared to hear us exclaim, rapturously, "Show us the tower!"*)

Maullie (shortly). We've seen the tower?

Guide (faintly). And de Palace?

Muntley. Right through the Palace to the tower.

[JÖMP smiles, and looks towards us, deprecating our engagement of this Guide.]

Guide (coming out with a trump card). You 'ave zeen de Bazaar?

Finton. No. We passed it yesterday.

Bund (quickly). And we don't want to.

Chorns. No. Hang the Bazaar!

Guide (staggered). De—de—Hôtel de Ville?

Bund. Seen it.

Guide (almost gasping). De New Church?

Maullie. Went all over it.

Guide (despairingly). De Jews' Synagogue?

Everybody. O yes! Yesterday in the Jews' Quarter.

Guide (tries to collect his thoughts, his memory fails him, he looks wildly round the room, then suddenly composing himself he shrugs his shoulders resignedly, and says) "Vell, den, you 'ave seen it all."

JÖMP, too, shrugs his shoulders and nods first at the Guide, then at us, as much as to say, "There, you see, I told you how it would be; better trust your own JÖMP."

We have engaged the Guide, at least we suddenly discover that JÖMP has engaged him, for the whole day. What are we to do with him for the twelve hours?

Gooch positively objects to walk about in company with a Dutch "Champagne Charley."

"Hang it," says he, "one can't go about with a sort of a 'Lion Comique.' Fancy, if we meet any one we know!"

MAULLIE wants to see a Private Collection. The Guide knows it, and offers to conduct MAULLIE thither. Offer accepted. We watch their departure. "Sure such a pair!" quotes GOOCH.

"And when they return," says BUND, who is settling down to Murray, "we'll go to the village of Broek. It's the thing to see. A wonderful place." And forthwith he reads an extract from Murray concerning all the marvels to be met with in this unique village.

We all wish MAULLIE would make haste and return, so that we might hurry off post haste to Broek, where there are model farms,

model dairies, model houses, model peasants, model roads, pleasure grounds, a mermaid, talking mechanical figures, temples, groves, and, generally speaking, it is a place where, apparently, wonders never cease.

"Hurrah for Broek!" we all cry, enthusiastically.

"Jomp," cries BUND; "isn't Broek well worth seeing?"

"Vell," returns JOMP, "O yes—um—um—it is vorth seeing—O yes!" Then he adds, with his usual profound regard for the truth, "I've never been dere."

A BABOO ON BEAUTY.



AS you are doubtless aware, my dearest *Punch*, the other night, at the Hanover Square Rooms, a farewell *soirée* was given to the BABOO CHUNDER SEN, who, having been going about here lecturing, is about to return to India. You must have been amused by reading a speech MR. SEN made, in which after having said that both men and women were liable to commit errors and make mistakes, he went on to say what I now copy out of a paper:—

"There was, for instance, the Girl of the Period. (*Laughter.*) He hoped that she would never make her appearance in India. There were two things he particularly objected to in the ladies' dresses he saw in England. These two things were their heads and their tails. (*Roars of laughter.*) With regard to the ladies' heads, the women of England and of European countries generally seemed to have, at first sight, much longer hair than the women of India. Why, then, the huge protuberance at the back of the head?"

So much for our heads; but MR. SEN omitted to mention his objection to our tails, by which I suppose he means our skirts; but he didn't say what he meant, which people not understanding naturally made them burst into roars of laughter. We are not mermaids, and have no more of a tail than a Baboo, nor so much as a Baboo. A train is the only sort of tail that any of us ever wear, and no sensible girl, unless her feet and ankles are exceptionally ugly, now goes about in long dresses, so as to be draggle-tailed, but she wears short, which do not sweep the street, and therefore, lasting all the longer, combine economy with elegance. On the latter point perhaps MR. SEN has his own opinions, which may be peculiar, and he can enjoy them if he likes.

As to our heads, it may be true that chignons are rather fantastic, and to use a man's word, grotesque; and to hide a good forehead with ragged hair may be as great a mistake almost, as it is to wear a dress too long; but how can one alter the fashions? She cannot help following them, whatever they are, so long as they last. It is quite true what my Uncle WINK says. We are under a necessity of doing so; we can no longer change what is worn at the time than a cab can change its colour. He admits it is no fault of ours. I have heard him say so—his words were these:—"The persistence of women in ridiculous or injurious modes of clothing does not prove that, as a shallow jester has observed, they are, like facts, stubborn things. To say it proceeds from a swinish obstinacy would be to use coarse language in making a mis-statement; its cause is simply a *vis inertiae* akin to that of inanimate matter." I like men who speak with consideration of women, as Uncle WINK does, and not satirical creatures like that disagreeable Baboo. I am sure the way in which you speak about us, my dearest *Punch*, is always most delightful to

Your ever sincerely enthusiastic admirer,

BELLA.

Old Saw Re-set.

"Does your mother know you're out?" would have more force if set thus—"Does your mother-in-law know you're out?"—A WICTIM.

THE "CAPTAIN" FOUNDERED

On Wednesday, September 7, 1870.

O TIDINGS, sad as true,
Of grief, BRITANNIA'S share,
The *Captain* and her crew
Gone down off Finisterre!
The finest ship we had,
The finest on the sea,
Which now, strong Ironclad,
Sweeps o'er thee!

'Twas but the other day
When we rejoiced, at length
That England had a stay
Found in that tower of strength,
That matchless turret-ship:
She crossed the salt sea foam,
Ne'er, from her trial-trip,
To come home.

Her consorts, where she rode,
Had marked her overnight.
Returning daybreak showed
No *Captain* to their sight.
A floating spar her tale
Related but too well.
The winds they had heard wail
Were her knell.

Some few survivors told
How, from the squall's side-blow,
Her prompt Chief, when she rolled,
Cried "Topsail sheets let go!"
In vain; before the blast
She toppled, overthrown,
Sank to the bottom, fast,
Like a stone.

Down with her to the deep
Went all the wealth she cost,
A loss which would be cheap
If that were all we lost.
But with her went the brave,
Heaven rest their gallant souls!
BURGOYNE beneath the wave;
COWPER COLES.

Her Architect went down,
With her his art had planned,
And he, of bright renown,
Who held her in command.
Wreck never yet so sore
This England did betide,
Such treasure ne'er before
Sea did hide.

There's iron enow to close,
The gap in England's wall.
What shall we do for those
Departed past recall?
Bereaved, we all deplore
Defenders of our coast;
But some, who miss them more,
Mourn them most.

To those we owe a debt,
The due of ample aid,
Which Britons should not let
Remain a day unpaid.
Their country now, at large,
Stands in their parents' stead:
Her bond she will discharge
To the dead.

From Our Post.

"'Tis the first fire of winter."—I can get no further, and so I stop with a coal on. (If you're inclined to faint away at this respectable joke, then revive yourself with a bottle of *eau de coal on!!!*)

EXPLAIN THIS TO YOUR MA' AND SISTERS.—The best 'Bus for a Man who ought to take more Exercise—*Pedi-bus*.



MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

HULLO! THE PRINCE IMPERIAL? NO, ONLY A TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH-BOY IN THE VICINITY OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE. THE POLITENESS OF THE NEWSPAPER ROWDIES IS UNBOUNDED!

A WORD TO THE WISE.

HOMER again! Who forgets the glorious conclusion of the *Odyssey*? ULYSSES, aged, wise, valiant, and supported by his son, the brave and good TELEMACHUS, is driven to make war upon those who in his absence, had invaded his home. His arms are blessed with conquest, and the chiefs who were his enemies have fallen. But their followers maintain the strife, instead of submitting, and the old King and the young Prince resolve on further vengeance. All goes down before them, and

"Before the Father and the conquering Son
Heaps rush on heaps, they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the sword, and now the javelin, fall
The hostile race, and death had swallowed all—"

But a higher agency interposes to prevent a needless carnage, and WISDOM, in the person of her Goddess MINERVA, comes down to check the victors, and to prevent their abusing their triumph.

"Descended from the Gods! ULYSSES, cease:
Offend not Jove: obey, and GIVE THE PEACE."

The hero of Divine Right, the Wise King, is too pious not to listen to such a warning, and having taken guarantee that his household shall not again be disturbed, he grants the peace.

Does Poetry as well as History repeat itself? Behold the Cartoon!

A Word of the Past.

ROUSSEAU said, when he shouted "Never!"
A thing with plaudits hailed as clever.
Italy goes to Rome, however.

Experientia Docet.

PARISIAN journalists continue to talk about "the gravity of these events," and the "gravity of the situation." Pity that experience should have been necessary to convince people of the gravity of a situation and events that have resulted from the mistake of regarding war, which has caused them, with levity.

GEMS FROM A FRENCH JOURNAL.

AMONG the multitude of extracts quoted from the French papers by our own, here is at last a passage which evinces human reason. It occurs in *Le Figaro* :—

"The *Figaro* was the first, or at least among the first, to tackle resolutely this double question—Is peace necessary? Is peace possible? To which we replied, yes. It shows no cowardice, but rather courage, to break away from the longing for vengeance and the heroic resolution to hold out which cause the heart of France to throb. The time of florid phraseology to the sound of the trumpet and the drum has ceased."

"O bravo, *Figaro*, bravo bravissimo!"

The reasoning *Figaro* adds :—

"Paris and the departments are no longer willing to intoxicate themselves with words, shouts, and trumpets."

It is very greatly to be hoped that this statement is as true as the observations preceding it are rational. And let us trust that, if France and Paris (especially Paris) have in truth been brought to their senses by military disasters incurred through vainglorious frivolity, the wisdom which they will have purchased by experience will not desert them when experience has discontinued its teaching. As soon as they are restored to prosperity—and the sooner the better—let them set to at dancing again with all their soul, and toe and heel, and teach Europe to dance as heretofore, that is to say, formerly, and not of late; for they latterly taught people to dance the *cancan*, and have been violently carried away from grace in the character of dancing-masters. But may we find that they have finally left off talking about *la gloire*, and will never again be heard shouting "*A Berlin!*" or "*A*" anywhere else, or singing "*Rataplan!*" Having thoroughly realised the consequences of breaking the peace, may they show that they have grown wiser than wantonly to break it again, and then be as merry as they have become wise; that is to say, much merrier than ever.

EUROPEAN POLICE QUESTION.—The French want peace; but into what sureties will they enter to keep it?



A WORD TO THE WISE.

“DESCENDED FROM THE GODS! ULYSSES, CEASE:
OFFEND NOT JOVE: OBEY, AND GIVE THE PEACE.”
SO PALLAS SPOKE.”—*Odyssey*, Book xxiv.

EXTRACTS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

(N.B. The Authorities will be kept till called for.)

AN acquaintance with Geology is much more common than is generally supposed: we all know chalk from cheese.

The melancholy to be traced in every portrait hitherto discovered of the CHEVALIER BAYARD, notably in the one by SALVATOR DEL PIOMBO, hanging in the Assize Court at Bodmin, had a romantic origin. He suffered a disappointment in early life when serving with the Saracens in the Azores. The lady was young, beautiful, accomplished, well born, and a capital housekeeper, with a profusion of fair hair, but poor; and BAYARD's great aunt, from whom he had considerable expectations, opposed the match so violently that he was compelled to return the Signora's likeness and letters, and never saw her again. In after years she married the Admirable CRICHTON (at Dumfries), and, strange vicissitude of fortune! one of their descendants died, at an advanced age, within the walls of Marylebone Workhouse, towards the end of the French Revolution.

The cromlechs which are scattered about the northern districts of the Isle of Ely in plentiful abundance, decisively confirm PAYNE KNIGHT's supposition, first put forth in the *Chirurgical Quarterly*, that the ancient Druids possessed many of the appliances of modern civilisation. There have been found in them tobacco-stoppers, toothpicks, half-emptied bottles of hair-dye, shoe-buckles, walking-sticks, double eyeglasses, and the insignia of the principal orders of Chivalry. A very considerable collection of these curious relics of a bygone age may be seen, during the winter months, in the gardens of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, on sending in your *carte de visite* to the Heads of Houses in Convocation.

The marriage customs of different nations are an interesting study to the political economist as well as to the disciple of COMTE. Our practice of throwing old slippers after the happy carriage and pair, is only an imitation of a usage long observed by the first settlers in Amsterdam, who flung bootjacks, made of some soft material, at the bridegroom the first thing in the morning, after a substantial breakfast at the principal hotel in the place.

HUMBOLDT knew of no race of people, however savage and swarthy, which did not keep up the custom of saluting the bridesmaids on the return of the wedding-party from church, except amongst the Mongols, who tattoo them, instead, with true lovers' knots and the monogram of the bride and groom interlaced, in red ink, at the chemist's.

There are full particulars of the speeches made at the wedding-breakfasts of five of the leading Roman Consuls, but, unfortunately, they are only to be found in the missing books of LIVY. We know, however, that HORACE was particularly happy on these occasions, and that the toast of "The Bridesmaids!" was almost always placed in his hands. The younger PLINY made a neat and appropriate reply, and pulled a cracker with CLOROTRA after resuming his seat amidst general applause.

The Pelagic ladies did not wear orange-blossom in their bonnets, but the common bindweed; and Stephanotis, which is now almost exclusively the emblem of widows, was seized by the police under the Merovingian dynasty.

The priests of Isis performed the marriage ceremony gratuitously on the second Tuesday in every month, at a quarter to eleven, in the vestry; the Norse women held it lucky for the best man to have the nail of one little finger less than the other; no Albanian girl ever thinks of being married unless the barometer is at "Set Fair;" and the dwellers in the heart of the Andes were the first to send "No Cards."

History affords no brighter example of devotion to duty under pecuniary difficulties than is presented in the story of the abdication of CHARLES THE FIFTH after the Battle of Lepanto, when he retired to the Monastery of St. Bernard, with only a fourpenny-piece in his pocket and one shirt collar. The dogs which accompanied him through the snow on that memorable night have, by their descendants, made the monastery celebrated in the periodical literature of all the nations of the West; and the exciting competition for the Emperor's collection of clocks and watches, when they were dispersed and sold by order of the executors at CHRISTIE'S, is still remembered by many of the oldest inhabitants of Little Britain.

CAGLIOSTRO, in consultation with DR. DEE, prescribed Jesuits' bark for CHARLES, but none was to be had nearer than Port Royal, and the heavy duty upon it at that day (this was before the Treaty of Commerce was signed at Verona) prevented its importation in sufficiently large quantities.

The Commerce of the Heptarchy rose to its greatest height under ETHELWOLF. The quarterly returns of the exports and imports are still preserved under three locks and keys in the Jerusalem Chamber, and show conclusively that our hardware had even then penetrated as far north as Lapland, and much farther south than the Balearic Isles.

Bangles and breadstuffs were what we principally received in exchange from the Western coast of Africa, but the supply of cocoa had hardly at that day begun to assume the enormous proportions to which it has since attained.

FAL-LALS AND FINE ART.



INDEED, dear *Punch*, except *Le Follet*, the *Queen*, and the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, and you, of course, as a rule I never read anything but the novels of the day. Newspapers I detest, unless when there is a trial or something else particularly interesting in them; but the accompanying slips were sent to me in a note by a satirical *Stupe*, as if they signified, but I only laugh at such ridiculous remarks. One of them is out of a lecture on Greek Art read to a Society the other day by MR. H. C. SELOUS, praising up those frightful statues you see at places like the British Museum and Crystal Palace, more than a hundred years old, some of them:—

"He concluded with some remarks on the great personal beauty of the Greek

form, which he contrasted with the present senseless shapes, so destructive of perfect form and motion—high heels and waspish waists, that Nature abhorred quite as much as a vacuum."

Senseless shapes, indeed; no shapes are as senseless as some observations, I think.

The other piece of nonsense is this:—

"'BEAUTY SPOTS.'—'It is a poor rule that won't work both ways.' Report says that many of the 'coloured ladies' of New York may be seen promenading Broadway on a fine afternoon with countenances ornamented with a patch of white court-plaster. If white faces can be made to see the absurdity of wearing black patches, some good will be accomplished."—*Lady's Own Paper*.

What a silly idea, when everybody knows that black patches set off a fair complexion, and make it look better, but white can only make black look so much the uglier. Of course one sees that it is very absurd to wear white patches on a black face, and any one capable of seeing that, with a grain of common sense must see that wearing black on a white face is just the reverse. I suppose those stupid artists, and lecturers, and writers about the fashions, which they don't understand, think they can persuade one that black is white.

As to the "adoration of the human form," and contrasting it with "the present senseless shapes," I am sure there is more sense in those shapes than there is in the heads of people who adore a marble Venus with no shape at all to speak of, and they don't hinder motion in the least, but on the contrary look nice, especially in dancing, and say what you like about high heels they are very much worn, and small waists too; so it's no use talking, for what is the reason why anything is pretty and becoming? Because it is generally considered so at the time, and there's an end of it. The same applies to chignons, and all the other fashions that are taken off and caricatured so by Sillies, which only keeps them up longer for the very reason because they aggravate and provoke men, especially those artists and authors who set themselves up for judges of dress when they had better mind their own business, they are so conceited.

I am sure if those horrid statues were dressed in the costume of the day, they would look much better, they need be, some of them—talk about the ballet and evening parties! Then those dreadful old antique things would be bearable to look at, and a sculpture gallery would have something like the attraction of MADAME TUSSEAU'S. And the fun of it would be, it would make all those professors and old fogies so cross.

Do, dearest *Punch*, recommend this to the Royal Academy, or whoever it is, and oblige

Ever yours fondly,

Wednesday.

NINA.

Exchange Heavy Against France.

FRANCE sends to England THIERS, a welcome lodger; England (that's BEALES) sends France (don't laugh) GEORGE ODGER!



COUSINLY AFFECTION.

Jim (who has taken his Cousin Jack-fishing for the first time). "Now, Tom, JUST PUT YOUR FINGER IN, AND LOOSEN THAT FOURTH HOOK."

WHERE IS THE GERMAN LOAFERS' BAND?

Vere ish de Sharman Loafersband?
In shquares und crescents do dey shtand,
Mit horn, und drumbet, und bassoon,
Und blay de harmony und tune?
Potstausend, no, it cannot pe;
De Deutschers' band not dere you 'll see.

Vere ish de Sharman Loafersband?
Near Biggadilly or de Shtrand?
Or troo Pelgravia do dey go,
Und sharm man's ear in Bimlico?
Der Teufel, no, it cannot pe;
Dey don't pervorm in Belgavie.

Vere ish de Sharman Loafersband?
By de zea-zide upon de sand?
To Margate do dey give delight?
To Prighton, or de Isle of Efeit?
No, no, by tam, it cannot pe;
No Sharman's band blay py de zea.

Vere ish de Sharman Loafersband?
Not anyveresh in English land.
De place vor dem not now is hier,
Vor all man drink das beste bier.
No no, poor loafers dough dey be,
Dey're gone to shtrike vor Sharmany.

Thanks, Mr. Dryden.

A FENIAN paper describing the reception of the French news by the American Fenians, says, "It was noble to behold the flashing eyes of exiled heroes as they scanned the telegram." Doubtless.

"Transported demigods stood round."

An Orthographical Error.

It is remarked that Cæsarism has a second time failed in France. This is a truth to speak, but a mistake to write. It is not Cæsarism which has come to grief in France, but Seizerism.

THE LOGIC OF DEMONSTRATION.

By customarily holding demonstrations, relative to the "question of the day, at present the War for instance, in Hyde Park, the working-men, or to speak more definitely the handicraftsmen, are at any rate setting an example to all other classes. If it were generally followed, the clergy, the lawyers, the members of the medical profession, the civil engineers, the Press, and all the other sections of which the community is made up, would each of them hold its particular meeting in Hyde Park. The men who work in special departments other than the vocation of manual labour have just as much reason to put themselves forward in the character of distinct political bodies as the latter. But the example set by the working-men is followed, and likely to be followed, by no other classes than the dangerous classes, which makes it a nuisance.

NEW BOOKS.

Siles and Sounds: a Treatise on Cod-fishing. By a Senior Angler.

Every Man his own Bootjack: by the Author of "*Easy Lessons on the Shoe Horn*" for beginners. Six tunes in each volume. Terms—Cash, and lots of it.

Con Amore: a Tale of Irish Life.

The Daughters of the Grecian Bend. By the Author of "*The Fathers of Greek Philosophy*."

Comestibles, perhaps?

HIS HOLINESS says that he has no objection to receive KING VICTOR's soldiers, provided they do not arrive *cum animo commorandi*. MRS. RAMSBOTRAM's nephew tried to explain, but the fixed idea of his good aunt is, that the POPE wants no visitors who mean to be Commorants—and she thinks he is quite right, and she hates that sort of droppers-in who only pay their devours to your combustibles.

THE UGLIEST SPOT IN EUROPE.—The Battle Plain.

OUR MILITARY UNDERSTANDING.

WE neutrals ought to learn some lessons from the War, even in such matters as equipment of our soldiers. Criticism specially has been directed to their foot-gear, which is declared to be immensely inferior to the French. The easy-fitting shoe and gaiter of their infantry weigh half as much as the thick, clumsy, galling boots we give our troops. Soldiers very quickly learn where the shoe pinches when they are on a march; and a bad boot very speedily deprives them of the power to put their best leg foremost. Troops may readily be crippled by the galling of their foot-gear, and a military movement may be brought in this way to a lame conclusion. The British soldier ought to have the very best of boots, in order to enable him to walk well into an enemy; and for this substantial reason we desire with all our heart and sole to see the British Army put upon a better footing.

LITTLE FINES FOR GREAT OFFENDERS.

HERE is a scrap of news which, with some slight variation, appears so very often that it might as well be stereotyped:—

"Sixty-four small tradesmen have been fined in all £77 15s., for possessing short weights and measures."

The fines here barely average above a pound a head, though many of these small tradesmen have doubtless been great rascals. The penalty of having but a sovereign to pay can hardly be a sovereign preventive of cheating. Perhaps, were larger fines imposed, we should hear of smaller numbers of these petty cheats appearing at the petty sessions.

Natives of Paris.

SO we have lived to see LOUIS NAPOLEON an ex-Emperor! The Parisians have been smashing his busts and pictures. They break their idol. Is not the same proceeding wont to be adopted under analogous circumstances by certain inhabitants of the West Coast of Africa?

A CARD-EXCHANGE WANTED.



THOUGHT may have occurred unto many a jaded Londoner, after suffering the social tortures of fashion's season, that life might be enjoyable if it were not for its civilities. For instance, just consider what amount of time and toil are annually wasted in paying morning calls, and in the like ridiculous performances, which to so many are a nuisance, and are of use

to nobody. As one reflects upon the precious leisure that one spends upon these profitless observances, one feels inclined to envy the Ojibeways or Hottentots, or other noble savages, who manage somehow to exist and to pursue their path in life, without the civilised necessity of carrying a card-case.

As a measure of relief, we should wish to aid the passing of a social Act of Parliament, for abolition of the usage of making calls in person, and substitution of an easier and less time-wasteful method of exchanging such civilities. People even now are bold enough in certain fashionable circles to make a morning call without descending from their carriages: merely handing in their card to the servant at the door, with an inquiry for the bodily well-being of the inmates. Nay, some folks do not even give themselves the trouble to do so much as this: but content themselves with sending round their footman with their card-case, and thus discharge by deputy their duty to society, with little inconvenience or sacrifice of time.

Further to facilitate this interchange of pasteboard, which is held to be equivalent to making morning calls, we would throw out the suggestion of a social Card-Exchange, or Central House of Call, where morning calls might be exchanged with even more celerity and ease than now is possible, even to those persons who avail themselves of proxies in the mode above described. Here the representatives of people owing morning visits might meet, say once a week, and thus be spared the needless work of walking here and there to leave a bit of pasteboard with my LADY NOODLE or my LORD TOM NODDY. As a still further economy, a clearing-house might be attached to the establishment, where, at the end of every season, all the cards therein distributed might be returned, like cheques, and then be sorted out in heaps, and re-delivered to their owners, to be anew made use of, when the recurrent season comes for making morning calls.

THE MODEL UNION OF ENGLAND.

SOUTHAMPTON is a place which has the rare credit of maintaining a workhouse whereof the arrangements are humane. Paupers temporarily received into that asylum, but having a settlement elsewhere, are said to greatly object to being removed. Knowing that much, nobody will be surprised to read the subjoined notice, recorded in the *Hampshire Independent*, under the head of "Cricket":—

"CRICKET.—*Southampton Union v. Beaulieu*.—Played on Saturday, on the ground of the latter, the Union winning on the first innings."

It is pleasant to think that there is one workhouse in England whereof the poor inmates not only enjoy charitable accommodation, but are also permitted to beguile their leisure with the manly game of cricket. All work and no play, in workhouses, is the general rule; but a gratifying exception to it is presented by Southampton, of course making JACK a bright boy instead of a dull one. The girls in the Southampton workhouse, doubtless, are indulged with recreation corresponding to that granted to the boys, and allowed to amuse themselves, at, and during, reasonable hours, by the healthful exercise of playing croquet, whose salutary effect keeps them out of the infirmary;

the liberality of the ratepayers thus repaying itself. What a totally different character from that which it bears would St. Pancras have, if in its Union economy it were to take pattern from Southampton!

"VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE!"

"*Vive, vive la République!*"—*Pardon!*
How do you reckon the life-rate
Of Eighty-Nine, or—*allons, donc!*—
Its murdered bantling, Forty-Eight?

Had but your Emperor won the Rhine,
La République had waited long:
'Twas not *her* frown that hurled him down,
But that his fated cards went wrong.

To make *La République* needs men:
France has some men: has she enow?
Has Italy? Spain? England? When
Will French wits weight to facts allow?

Nay, 'tis no sneer: a plain JOHN BULL,
Fact's stupid, solid ground I seek:
To talk and logic both he's dull—
But show me a *lice La République*?

The Union? Let her thank God's gifts
Of various blood and virgin land:
And answering her pulse-falls and lifts,
Her Federal States' elastic band.

Yet she so went to fisticuffs,
North against South for Sambo's chain,
Potomac's wave and Georgia's bluffs
Almost saw the Republic twain.

Switzerland! Let her thank her Alps,
Bare rocks, scant means, temptations small:
Or even from those snowy scalps
La République might fear a fall.

Nay, snow-bound, small, poor as she is,
But for the tourists' £ s. d.,
Besides her rifles, much I wis,
She owes to Europe's guarantee.

It is Geography makes both,
And manners more than minds of men:
I'll shout "*La République!*" not loath,
In time and place—but where, and when?

Needs sharp curb, stern hand, and strict law,
To discipline our restive souls,
Ere the Republic men can draw
'Twixt Right's and Duty's even poles.

But *you*, France, Paris, is it mind
Or morals, needs but ask yourselves,
That fits *you* round your brows to bind
The red cap? Put it on your shelves.

And take instead the fool's-cap down,
And all its bells a-gingling, so,
And kiss, shout, dance, smash N. and Crown,
And change your front before the foe.

Guess.

THERE be too Greek words, signifying respectively a "heart" and an "odour." Combined, they might indicate a Cordial Perfume. But what is the use of guessing, when we are to be told the grand secret, perhaps before these lines see the day?

Another.

FRANCE, appealing to *Neutrals* to help Paris. "O succour it!"

Artistic.

THERE is no truth in the rumour that a Royal Academician has lately bought a residence at Battle, near to Hastings, for the sake of being chronicled in the local guide-books as

"Battle's magnificently stern B.A."

OUT OF SEASON NOTE.—How seldom one sees a Cabman in spectacles. A Milkman with moustaches seems to me an anomaly.



"WHERE CAN THAT CONFOUNDED FELLOW HAVE GOT TO WITH THE LUNCH-BASKET?"

A TITULAR ON SPILLS.

Of course the Right Rev. Dr. Goss, Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool, is dissatisfied with the Education Act. Referring to that enactment in a pastoral which he has lately issued, the Right Reverend Doctor complains that where the Catholics have no schools, or not as many as they want, the Protestant version of the Bible may be read and commented on by the school-teacher; a provision which "places the Catholics of England in a position of peculiar hardship," and, adds his Right Reverence, "involves us in difficulties of which our fellow-citizens have little or no share." Little or no conception, his Right Reverence might have said, for the hardship consists in the obligation to contribute here and there to a rate for the education of children who do not belong to them, or whom they have not looked after, in some degree of religion other than their own; and the only difficulties wherein they can be involved will be summed in the difficulty of paying the rate. Dr. Goss signifies "the degradation and profanation to which" the Bible "will be exposed by being used as a class-book" in the following sensible and suggestive remarks:—

"In the hands of thoughtless children it cannot escape the common fate that awaits all used-up schoolbooks. Mahomedans reverently put aside every scrap of paper bearing the name of God; but parliamentary Christians are willing to expose it to the sorriest end, provided they can force it on an unwilling people."

Everybody must see at a glance how true it is that, in providing that the Protestant Bible shall be read by non-Catholic children, parliamentary Christians will, as Dr. Goss says, force a scrap of paper such as he mentions on an unwilling people. But if they thereby expose that scrap of



HERE HE IS, REMARKING, CONFIDENTIALLY, THAT "THAT GINGER-PEER IS ABOUT THE BEST HE EVER TASTED."

paper to the sorriest end, they also expose along with it much more paper, covered with what the Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool must consider most objectionable print; heretical translation. Few, if any, ecclesiastics of Dr. Goss's cloth would not rejoice to see every scrap of such printed paper burned, and Dr. Goss may console himself with the hope that all that paper will ultimately be used to light fires; an end for it which must be the sorriest he can contemplate.

Just a Little Fishy.

A MATHEMATICAL young lady, being asked to give a definition of an acute angle, described it to her governess as an angle for a husband, which was sharp enough to hook a hundred thousand pounder.

Two-Edged Device.

A FIRM of eminent Brewers advertise their beer by means of a pictorial device in the centre whereof is placed their trade-mark, in the shape of a hand turned towards the spectator.

This symbolises open-handedness and fair-dealing, and is no idle vaunt. But it would also suit the recreant BUNG, when, for the good bitter ale brewed by those gentlemen, he Palms off bitter bad beer.

The Bottle for Bores.

"METHINKS," said Bottom, "I have a great desire to a bottle of hay." Considering how Bottom was "translated" when he uttered that aspiration, and what sort of a bottle it was that he wanted, one can imagine a wish for the same bottle expressed by any honourable Member of Parliament who intends, next Session, to propose a Liquor Bill.



BEHIND TIME.

Ticket Collector. "THIS YOUR BOY, MUM? HE'S TOO BIG FOR A 'ALF TICKET!"
Mother (down upon him). "OH, IS HE? WELL, P'RAAPS HE IS NOW, MISTER;
 BUT HE WASN'T WHEN WE STARTED. THIS 'XCURSION'S EVER SO MANY HOURS
 BE'IND TIME, AN' HE'S A GROWIN' LAD! SO NOW!" [Exit in triumph.]

"THE MEANEST MAN OF MEN."

(Wordsworth, of Napoleon I.)

THE leading journal has been publishing a very interesting and well-timed reprint of certain passages from its articles written at other times, when Paris was, as she is now, "isolated from all the rest of the world." (Strange words to pen concerning the supposed capital of the universe.)

To one extract *Mr. Punch* begs leave to call the attention of all his readers. It is the announcement of the escape of the First NAPOLEON from the mild confinement in which he was placed by those who miraculously retained a belief that he could be trusted.

On the 11th March, 1815, the *Times* writes thus:—

"Early yesterday morning we received by express from Dover the important but lamentable intelligence of a civil war having been again kindled in France by that wretch BONAPARTE, whose life was so impolitically spared by the Allied Sovereigns. It now appears that the hypocritical villain, who at the time of his cowardly abdication affected an aversion to the shedding of blood in civil warfare, has been engaged during the whole time of his residence at Elba in carrying on secret and treasonable intrigues with the tools of his former crimes in France. At length, when his plots were ripe, he sailed from Elba with all his guards, on the night of the 28th ult., and landed near Fréjus, in France, on the 3rd inst."

The result was, as everybody knows, the horrible carnage of Waterloo, and the transportation of the "hypocritical villain" to an island where he was kept very safely until this world was relieved of one of the worst men who ever defaced it. His life was again spared by the Sovereigns, and this time it was well. For his later years were beneficial to mankind. They revealed the base nature of the man so completely that any admiration which his military genius had inspired was speedily forgotten in the revelations of his falseness and meanness. But of late years there has been some affectation of regilding the brazen image, and of worshipping the Brute Force of which he was the type. There-

MEDITATIONS ON THE EVE OF MICHAELMAS.

BY A MAN OF FEELING.

It is the hour when 'mid the trees
 Sighs fitfully the evening breeze:
 When, ceasing from their busy hum,
 Bees to their hive, well-laden, come:
 When frogs begin their nightly croak,
 And owls forsake the sheltering oak:
 When rooks that homeward wing their flight,
 Reluctant bid the worms good night:
 When spiders, as from sport they cease,
 Leave hapless flies to sleep in peace:
 When the bright glowworm's lamp is seen
 Illumining the village green:
 When beetles, blind as any bat,
 Bounce rudely 'gainst your nose or hat:
 When cats their nightly prow begin,
 And wandering organs cease their din:
 When cooks the evening meal prepare,
 And savoury viands scent the air:
 When with the odour greens produce
 Mingles the fragrance of roast goose:
 And men who sniff a pleasant smell
 Delight to hear the dinner-bell.

INFALLIBLE PUNSTERS.

"*Non Angli, sed Angeli*," said Infallibility in the person of GREGORY THE GREAT. Infallibility, by the mouth of PRO NONO, said nearly as good a thing the other day. According to a Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"He seems in good spirits, and distributes his cutting *bon-mots* as usual. When informed that even the French volunteers were recalled, he is reported to have said, 'Qu'est-ce que ça me fait? La France ne morde plus. Elle a perdu ses dents.' (Sedan)."

It is to be hoped that his *modus vivendi* as a Pontifical Lord Mayor of the Leonine City will suit his Holiness's convenience, but otherwise (with large endowment of the jocular faculty of which he is accustomed to make such brilliant displays as the pun above-quoted) there can be no doubt whatever about the one spot where the Holy Father should seek an asylum; and we can assure him of a cordial welcome and profitable employment in Fleet Street.

fore, we thank the *Times* for reproducing the honest and straightforward utterances which expressed the feeling of our fathers, in days when sentimentalism was not allowed to mingle in the rough business of the world, and when treachery was not condoned because it was successful. Treachery indeed is a mild word when we read in the same articles that NAPOLEON seized hundreds of English civilians who had visited France on the faith of peace being maintained, and that he kept them in his fortresses as "prisoners of war" for eleven years—an act dictated by spite alone, for it could have no influence on the campaigns.

"Napoleonic ideas" are not yet quite crushed out of France, though recent events have done much to that good end, and it is well that this British protest should be recollected. *Mr. Punch* has more than once had hard words used to him because he has always invited his readers to regard the First NAPOLEON in the light in which the *Times* regarded him in 1815, but the more that the life of the man is studied, the more righteous is the above judgment found to be. We have not too often the good fortune to agree with MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, but we may cordially endorse on the *Times* testimonial of '15 the Professor's verdict in '69; namely, that there is "hardly a baser name in history."

The Italian Capital.

THE reunion of Rome with Italy may give occasion for the remark respecting VICTOR-EMMANUEL, that success has at last crowned the venture of an enterprising capitalist. May the capital acquired by the Italian Kingdom conduce to an immense improvement in its financial affairs.

NOT LIKE THOSE FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

MRS. MALAPROP hopes she will never live to see the day when all the fine young men in this happy country will be turned into soldiers by a Subscription. She vows she will not distribute a sixpence towards it.

THE BOOMPJE PAPERS.

A VISIT TO THE CELEBRATED PLEASURE GARDENS OF THE MODEL VILLAGE OF BROEK.



DRIVE to Broek. Objects of interest, windmills, canals, ditches, flat country bearing a family resemblance to that cheerful swamp on either side of the line between Fenchurch Street and Tilbury, cattle, and peasants who touch their hats vaguely to anybody in a carriage. This touching custom does not aim at the traveller's pocket, for there are no vagrant beggars in Holland. In the Jew's quarter, on our coming out of the synagogue, we were assailed, it is true, by a noisy crowd of female mendicants (why not say womendicants?), all daughters of Israel, or rather grandmothers of Israel, to judge by their appearance,

who held out their palms and shrieked for largesse. JÖMP, who was frightened by this demonstration, threw coins among them (to be charged to BUND the paymaster in a future account), and climbed on to the box of the carriage as quickly as possible. This was the only instance of begging that we encountered during our sojourn in the Land of Boompje.

Our driver, with whom we could not argue in any language, had us completely in his power on the road to Broek. A flourish of his whip and a jerk of his hand towards a turning to the right indicated that he intended leaving the straight road in order to drive through a pair of open iron gates.

"What's he doing?" asks BUND.

JÖMP answers with his usual characteristic readiness and love of truth, "Vell—um—um—he is going through the gates."

"Where to?" inquires MAULLIE.

JÖMP looks about him from his perch of observation, and having thought the matter out replies, "Vell—um—um—I don't know," which, of course, is highly satisfactory.

It turns out, however, that we are being taken up to a Model Farm. "Useful thing," observes MAULLIE R. A., "for Artists." He makes a note to the effect. I believe that when he returns to England he will propose to the Governing Body of the Academy the institution of a Model Farm, or a Farm for Models, where Artists shall be able to call and make their own selection.

The Model Farmeresses are at the door of their cottage. Two of them. There are no Model Farmers visible. BUND informs us (on what authority we do not know, as there is nothing about it in *Murray*) that the Dutch are very fanciful about their cattle, and decorate the cows' tails on Sundays and holidays with bunches of ribands.

The elder Model Farmeress shows us her neat dairy, the milk-pans, milk-pails, and cheeses in various stages. It is all scrupulously clean and tidy. She explains to us, that is, we imagine she is explaining to us, the process by which milk is made into cheese, and we are much obliged to her. We are led into the cowhouse, but the cattle are in the fields, so we don't gather much from this inspection. She then shows us the family beds. These curiously illustrate the semi-canal life of the Dutch, for they are berths made up in cupboards in the wall. Perhaps the house itself has no foundations, but only a keel, so that in case of unexpected inundation, the entire farm would rise from its moorings, and sail about doing business with other farms and villages (similarly provided), just as if nothing had happened out of the ordinary course of events.

NOAH must have been a Dutchman; and if HAM hadn't gone as a colonist to Africa, VAN HAM would have been a peculiarly Dutch name.

After seeing Holland one prostrates oneself before that Grand Romantic Genius who could so far shake off the trammels of fact, as to conceive such an improbable character as the *Flying Dutchman*. The *Swimming Dutchman*, the *Diving Dutchman*, the *Floating Dutchman*, the *Sculling Dutchman*, the *Punting Dutchman*, all these would have occurred to the ordinary mind, but the *Flying Dutchman* is, so to speak, the result of such a flight of imagination as to command our admiration and excite our wonder.

The idea might have been suggested by the contemplation of the *Flying Fish*, which ought to be, if Nature were only consistent, a Dutch Herring.

Quitting the Models, we drive on to Broek. GOOCH is looking for-

ward anxiously to Broek, or "Brook," as it is pronounced. BUND quotes *Murray* about Broek. He says, "Such an accumulation of pavilions, arbours, summer-houses, pagodas, bridges, and temples—Gothic, Grecian, Chinese, and Rustic—are nowhere else to be seen."

"By Jove!" exclaim MUNTLEY and FINTON simultaneously. BUND tells us that here we shall see wooden figures moving by clockwork to a tune played by some invisible instrument. Here he pauses and sighs, for his thoughts are upon his violoncello at home, and he never ceases to regret that he did not bring it with him. He believes it would have enlivened us as we drove about, or, at all events, have kept us awake after dinner.

GOOCH has a proposal for him. It is that he might have his violoncello made portable: the handle to take in and out, the back to open, and the inside might serve as a portmanteau, "from which," says GOOCH, "you would only have to remove your stockings and things when you wanted to play."

The consideration of this novelty occupies us till we reach Broek. Our driver stops at an inn outside the village.

"Why doesn't he drive into the village?" asks GOOCH, who likes to make an imposing entry.

JÖMP explains, "He cannot drive into the village—um—um—because dere is no road."

BUND corroborates this from *Murray*.

We enter the village path, paved in the centre with tiles, like a back kitchen. There is a row of little houses on either side, not very unlike those meteorological toy-cottages, in which the little old-fashioned lady and gentleman never could live together under any circumstances, except perhaps something going wrong with the pivot on which their lives turned.

We are pounced upon by an elderly syren lady in a satin dress (a "Mature Syren," *Sat. Rev.*) who with various blandishments induces us, all more or less objecting, to enter her abode.

In her front parlour the Lowther Arcade, the penny bazaar of Oxford Street, Margate and Ramsgate shops, and those unique emporiums on Brighton pier have poured out their choicest treasures. Here are "trifles from Broek" in Dutch, pen-wipers inscribed "Broek," views of Broek (Shanklin, Isle of Wight, I believe, with Broek written under it) in glass paper weights; knives with wooden handles, on which is carved the magic name of Broek, as if it was that of a Sheffield cutler. Japanese stores innumerable, as if Broek had once been to Japan, and brought all these things away; or as if the Japanese had fled from Broek, leaving valuables at hap-hazard behind them. Then the old lady must needs show us her autograph-book and her photograph-book. The former contained the signature of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, who seems to have visited Broek, and "expressed himself much pleased," as the visitors' books have it.

We escape from the elderly show-woman (leaving JÖMP in her clutches) glad to get away from her at any price.

A troop of children follow us, most objectionable children, evidently jeering. MAULLIE injudiciously makes a face and shakes his umbrella at their ringleader, and from that moment we are mobbed by the children of the Model Village.

Where are the gardens so celebrated by *Murray*? JÖMP insists upon a turning to the left being the direct road. This induces us at once, and instinctively, to choose the right.

JÖMP takes his road: we ours. The children follow us.

We find ourselves in a dilapidated ragged garden, cut up into various narrow paths, full of weeds, bordered by straggling bushes, and exhibiting no signs of the gardener's care and attention for years past.

It depresses us. "This," says MAULLIE, "cannot be the garden."

"No," exclaims GOOCH, with an attempt at assurance (all Boompje!) "didn't you say," referring to BUND, "that there was a mermaid here, and many swans, and mechanical figures, and a lake?"

BUND had ventured upon this, relying upon *Murray*. We stop in the middle of a path. The children behind us jeer. We are losing our amiable tempers. An old crone comes towards us, bent with age. She can only laugh and chuckle, and jingle some keys she has in her hand. From her signs we gather that she is the Guardian of the Art Treasures. MAULLIE makes a sketch of her for his new picture, *The Lancashire Witches*. She only wants a broom to be the very thing: only if she had a broom we shouldn't see any more of her, as nothing could prevent her flying away on it to a "Sabbath" somewhere in the neighbourhood.

She is full of chuckles, evidently at the idea of any party of people being such fools as to waste their time in visiting Broek.

She takes us to the lake, points out the pavilion, where a wooden man, sometimes mechanical, is now lying on the ground with broken legs and arms, and the paint washed almost entirely off his face by the rain through the roof, and she points out the mermaid.

"That!" we all exclaim. Yes, there is no doubt of it. On the top of a ruined summer-house (everything is in ruins) is perched a little zinc or tin mermaid, about eight inches high, intended to serve as a weathercock, only (this being Broek) of course it is out of order, and won't move.

"Gentlemen," says MAULLIE, seriously, addressing us collectively,

"we have come all the way from England to Holland, have endured much, and have travelled night and day in order to see a broken weather-cock in the shape of a diminutive mermaid!"

The crone shows us two mechanical figures which *do* move on being wound up. The children follow us, and are delighted. It is a melancholy performance, and only the model children of Broek could find pleasure in such an entertainment.

The two mechanical figures look as if they'd been rejected by MADAME TUSSAUD's Committee of Selection for the Chamber of Horrors.

Finally, there is a cuckoo-clock, which the old woman is very proud of. In fact, imagine our Golden Square in autumn unswept, and strewn

with toys of children as at the seaside, Cremorne on a wet Sunday in October, Shoreham Gardens (including its lake) without tea and shrimps, waiters or visitors, people the place with a few old battered ships' figure-heads from the works by Vauxhall Bridge, throw in a tenth-hand rustic harbour or two from some suburban villa to be sold a bargain, and you will have some faint idea of the appalling desolation of the Pleasure Gardens of Broek.

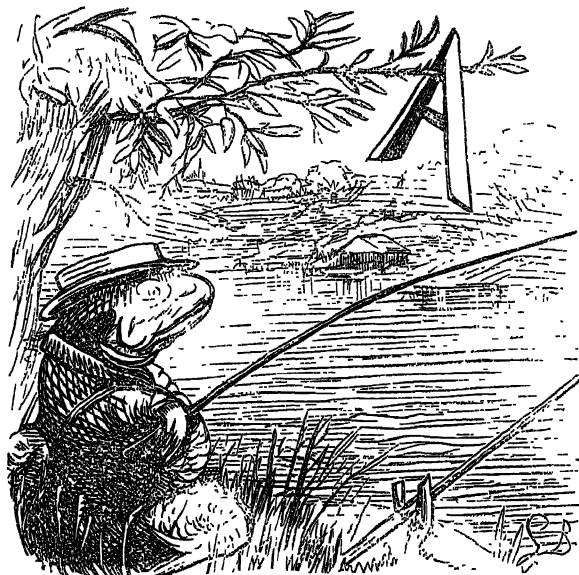
Broek, to be true to itself, and to save travellers time and money, should be spelt and pronounced "Broke."

The immortal advice once given by *Mr. Punch* to mankind with regard to those about to marry, may be well repeated here:—

Advice to those about to visit Broek:—Don't!

EXTRACTS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

(N.B. The Authorities will be kept till called for.)



STONISHING are the phenomena of sunny dreams, even to Members of the British Association! DR. PARR told LORD NELSON, a day or two before the Battle of the Nile, that he constantly dreamt he was chasing the Greek article up the backstairs of the Trafalgar at Greenwich; after a supper of stewed mushrooms and hot elder wine, well spiced, ALEXANDER CRUDEN was sure to go to sleep and dream of correcting interminable proof-sheets of *Bradshaw*; JOHN SON records in his diary, that on the night of Michaelmas Day, 1774, he dreamt he was entertaining

the young Princesses with Banbury cakes and Guinness's stout in the Tower, while BURKE amused the PRINCE OF WALES and his brothers by allowing them to ride round the room on his back; if his digestion was the least out of order, LORD STOWELL invariably imagined himself to be a porter, loading a railway carriage at Newcastle-upon-Tyne with heavy luggage in a snow-storm; once, when PETRARCH was staying with the Machiavellis from Saturday to Monday, he awoke the whole house, including the children, with a loud "Tally-ho!"—he fancied he was hunting with LEO THE TENTH's beagles in the Campagna; regularly as quarter-day came round, LUTHER used to dream he was a journeyman baker in the Victualling Yard, making French rolls for MADAME DE MAINTENON wearing a white satin apron fringed with silver bells; and, if CARDINAL WOLSEY took more than three glasses of sack negus before going to bed, he paid for his indiscretion by dreaming he was selling ANNE BOLLEW a pound of Oxford sausages on the Capstone at Ilfracombe, and that she got out of the shop before he found she had given him a bad half-crown.

The Lacedaemonians had no dreams, except in boisterous weather and at the Equinox, and the Albigenses only indulged in them every other year. Amongst the ancient Carthaginians it was considered lucky to dream of a gingham umbrella with a horn-handle in the spare bed-room; but most unfortunate, if a black setter ran down the gravel walk and met an old woman in a red cloak returning from the dentist's.

Dreams were not known earlier than the old red sandstone period, and to this day there is no mention of them in the cheap editions of Domesday Book.

"History repeats itself"—so writes CARDINAL RICHELIEU in a letter to CALVIN, and no one has thought it necessary to contradict him—indeed the extraordinary coincidence of a lunar rainbow having been seen on board ship, both after the Battle of the Frogs and Mice and the glorious Victory of "the First of June," appears to strengthen this axiom of the wily Minister of PETER THE GREAT. Again, the milkman went his rounds as usual the morning after the Battle of Waterloo, and the same phenomenon was observed by the reviewers, before the news of the fall of the Byzantine Empire had been circulated twenty-four hours in the coffee-houses of Stamboul. We know, too, by the testimony of intelligent bystanders, that it was a beautiful evening the night of the passing of the first Reform Bill, people walking about in Parliament Street without their hats, and the Milky Way unusually brilliant: the weather was equally auspicious when MONTGOMERY, accompanied by his black servant, made his first balloon ascent from the terraces at Versailles, in the presence of the King and the entire *Corps diplomatique*.

On the other hand, it ought to be noticed that although the potato disease followed the Great Plague, there was no similar epidemic in the vegetable districts of Ireland after the Municipal Corporations Bill received the Royal Assent.

Those were the palmy days of the British Drama, when every hand in the theatre was raised to applaud good actors and good acting.

The evening was calm and collected. The artisans had ceased their labours at the Breakwater. The last belated puffin had flown home to his nest on the Mew Stone. The boom of the gun from "Drake's Island" was corroborating the local Almanack in its assertion that the sun set at 6.40 p.m. The green sward of the Hoe at Plymouth was crowded with all the rank and file of the West, when tidings of the Spanish Armada having been sighted by the coastguard on the Cheviots were suddenly brought by a mounted horseman, in breathless haste, in a sealed packet, from the Warden of the Stannaries to DRAKE, and RALPH, and HAWKINS, and HUMPHREY GILBERT, and stout old FROBISHER, and JOHN KNOX, all intent on a game of bowls with the Corporation and resident Clergy. Without a quarter of an hour's hesitation, they flung down the implements of amusement, snatched up their rapiers, left the Port Admiral to pay the reckoning, hurried down the steps waving their pocket handkerchiefs, and crying "St. George for old England!" took to their galleons and their grog, and sailed away, amid tokens of universal respect, to achieve one of the most glorious enterprises enshrined in the glowing pages of HUME and SMOLLETT.

What a subject for a painter!

AN ANGLICAN APERY.

THE friends of "Father IGNATIUS" have surely abandoned him again. According to the *Times*:—

"The monastery founded by the Rev. MR. LYNE (Father IGNATIUS) is now in course of erection, and the exterior walls are already raised many feet in height. It is situated in a most remote spot at the top of the secluded vale of Ewilas, among spurs of the Brecknockshire 'Black Mountains,' at a place called Capel-y-fin—the 'Chapel of the Boundary' of three counties, Brecon, Hereford, and Monmouth."

The monk-house of Father IGNATIUS and his monks will not be within easy reach of visitors. It is not, however, nor would it, or any other such simious institution be, too far off if it were at Jericho. That consideration prevents us from complaining that the distance from Fleet Street to "the secluded vale of Ewilas" will be a long way to go and see "our poor relations."

Musical and Melancholy.

MAY a conductor who beats time to an "Op." of BACH or BEETHOVEN be reasonably regarded by the audience as an Op-timeist?

RYHMES FOR THE "RECORD."

HAS a vial been poured on the Seat of the Beast?
We know not. Things look very like it at least.

A FINAL REMARK.

"TIME hangs heavy on my hands," as the son said, when he became the possessor of his father's large old-fashioned silver watch.



BLIGHTED HOPES!

Extract of Letter from Laura to Lillie:—"I DECLARE, DEAR, I NEVER GAVE THE ABSURD CREATURE THE SLIGHTEST ENCOURAGEMENT. I DID SAY, ONE EVENING, I THOUGHT THE LITTLE SANDY COVES ABOUT WOBBLIESWICK WERE CHARMING, ESPECIALLY ONE. THE IDEA!—OF HIS THINKING I WAS ALLUDING TO HIM!"—&c., &c.

ITALY AT ROME.

KING HONESTMAN, lo, rival Powers fall out
And Italy and thou come by your own!
So much of good has evil brought about,
Vain, base, brute force by force yet greater strown,
The force of her who fain would rule alone
In Europe, nor an equal neighbour bear.
Her bayonets propped old feeble Priestcraft's throne.
She forced the yoke she scorned herself to bear
On Rome. That she could do. She did what she did dare.

She should have been content to domineer
And trample on the weak; but she needs must,
In arrogant intolerance of a peer,
Assail a stronger, underweighed. Her lust
Of glory has been humbled to the dust;
And JEZEBEL can queen it now no more.
In deadliest arms she put too fond a trust:
She now, henceforth must vanity give o'er
So far, content with rouge, as not to shriek for gore.

Her Chassepôts have worked wonders now at last,
Through faith o'erweening in their murderous fire.
Therefore thou owest them the Rome thou hast;
They have accomplished Italy's desire;
Their need her troops has forced her to retire.
They made the lackey's "Never!" a vain word.
The Eldest Daughter of a doting Sire,
Who Liberty made sick with hope deferred,
No longer can sustain a sway, effete, absurd.

VICTOR-EMMANUEL, thou hast gained the meed
Of patience and high courage; valour seen
On the red battle-field in gallant deed

Not only; but thy fortitude serene,
And conscience daring on itself to lean,
The couch of mortal danger did attest.
Thou wouldst let no priest's menace intervene
Between thee and thy country; self-possessed
And steadfast of resolve formed in a true man's breast.

Long mayst thou sit upon the Cæsars' throne,
What never Cæsar was though thou shalt be.
When Cæsars were, no liberty was known:
Thy subjects will be citizens as free
As Rome of old did Romans ever see.
The work which was by thy CAVOUR begun,
Which GARIBALDI bled to do for thee,
Which jealous France so long forebade, is done.
And thou art King in Rome, and Italy is one.

A BISHOP'S ROD.

News from Salmonia says, that, one day last week,
"The BISHOP OF ROCHESTER killed no fewer than six fine salmon."

Who will say that his Lordship is not a lineal (ha! ha!) successor of the Fishermen! We heartily rejoice to find an excellent hierarch enjoying himself so rationally; and when he is making his next distribution of fishes, he may remember that though 85, Fleet Street, is not exactly in his Lordship's diocese, *Mr. Punch* is above parochialism, and likes Salmon.

The Fortune of War.

The French private soldier is often told, for his encouragement, that he carries in his knapsack the *bâton* of a marshal. Nobody ever tells him that he is much more likely to be carrying a wooden leg.



ITALY IN ROME.

PAPA PIUS (to KING OF ITALY). "I MUST NEEDS SURRENDER THE *SWORD*, MY SON; BUT I KEEP THE *KEYS*!!"

COMPARATIVE ANTHROPOLOGY.



RULY "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." "Kin?" said SMELFUNGUS. "Shouldn't it be 'kick'?" SMELFUNGUS had been to the British Association's meeting, and there heard a lecture, of course worth hearing, from SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, "On the Social and Religious Condition of the Lower Races of Man." Among savages, said the accomplished lecturer:—

"The position of the women is very unfortunate. They are treated like slaves, or almost like domestic animals. Thus, in Australia, little real affection exists between husband and wife, and young men value a wife principally for her services as a slave; in fact, when asked why they are anxious to obtain wives, their usual reply is that they may get

wood, water, and food for them, and carry whatever property they possess."

Among the Lower Races of Men, such as the Australian savages, it is the rule that a man marries from selfish motives, and that little love is lost between husband and wife. Among the Higher Races of Men, such as the British Superior Classes is this same state of conjugal affairs very much the exception?

SIR JOHN continued, still referring to Australia:—

"The position of women in that country is wretched in the extreme. 'Few women,' says EYRE, 'will be found upon examination to be free from frightful scars upon the head,

or the marks of spear-wounds about the body. I have seen a young woman who, from the number of these marks, appeared to have been almost riddled with spear-wounds.'"

What is the principal difference between the condition of women in the wilds of Australia and that of wives in the London slums? May it not be said to be mainly commensurate with the difference between spears, and fists, or hob-nailed ankle-jacks? Are the fair sex at the Antipodes scarred with spear-wounds in a measure much greater than, in the land we tread, a considerable portion of them are disfigured by black eyes and bruises?

Lovers of their species can reflect upon SIR JOHN LUBBOCK's new illustrations of human brotherhood.

MILITARY HARVESTS.

WE find in a contemporary a fine big-sounding phrase about Prussia being "enriched by her late harvest of vast military successes." Well, there is clearly no denying that, as far as glory goes, Prussia has succeeded in gathering of late a most abundant crop of it. But harvests such as these are so expensive in the reaping that we doubt if any country can be said to be enriched by them. Military success is a good thing in its way, but it is possible to have too much of a good thing, and even such good things as a military triumph may be purchased at a price which it is ruinous to pay for them. However rich they may be, harvests such as these are tolerably certain to impoverish a country. The work of planting Corn, no doubt, is not so glorious as the work of planting Cannon; but however rich a crop of military successes may be gathered by a war, we may depend that a good crop of wheat must always prove more profitable.

A Truism of the Time.

PRUSSIA, says COUNT BERNSTORFF, wants us to observe towards her a "benevolent" neutrality. But a neutrality acknowledged to be benevolent by Prussia would be represented as a malevolent neutrality by France. It is too evident that neutrality can please neither.

OZOKERIT: A PLANT.

(From a Manuscript in a Collection, entitled "Fakements of ye Future," ascribed to DR. DEE.)

CERTAYN Chaundlers in London, having devysed a new Kind of Stuff, for to make Candles withal, dyd forthwith cast about also to devyse Means to puff ye same, to the End that they might sell ye most Candles they colde. Fyrst of all, therefore, they dyd give it a straunge Name. They cleped ytt Ozokerit, which, in ye Greek Tongue, signifieth somewhat smellynge like Wax. And this word, Ozokerit, they dyd cause to be published along with ye Puffes in ye Papers, and on ye Walles, and in ye Omnibuses and Railway Carriages, and alle Places where Posters and Puffs abound, insomuch that, wheresoever a Man colde goe, ye Word Ozokerit dyd stare hym in ye Face. This dyd they to the Intent that Ozokerit sholde be soe bruited about and noised abroad that all Menne (and Women) sholde marvell what ytt mote meane. And soe, indeed, ytt came to pass anon that everye Man sayd to his Neighbour, "Wist ye what Ozokerit is?" or "What ye deuyll is Ozokerit?" And soe ye Name, Ozokerit, being in everye Mouth, ye Chaundlers reckoned that, when the Candles sholde come out, all the World wolde straightway run and buy them, understanding they were ye Thing. Wherefore they kept on puffynge their Ozokerit for the space of III or IV Moneths. Ye biggest Foole alive may know that alle thys Puffynge of Ozokerit must needs have cost ye Puffers deare.

Now there dwelt at Knightesbridge a certayn Hatter, a cunninge Fellowe, who bethought him of a Dodge whereby to turne all thys Puffing of Ozokerit to hys own End. Soe that, whiles alle People were mervayling what Ozokerit sholde bee, but as yet none colde tell, what dydd he doe but putte vp in hys Shoppe-windowe a Scroll, whereon was written:—

OZOKERITS, at 14s. 6d.

Meaning hys Hattes. And soe he toke ye Benefit of alle ye Puffynge which ye Chaundlers had payed for, and cost hym Nothing.

The common Saying ys, "Mad as a Hatter," yet certes thys Hatter at any Rate had his Senses about hym. Albeit but a Hatter by Trade, he was able, ye see, to make a Boot. Yet peradventure some, albeit they judge him to haue bin a crafty Cove, wyll nathless account hym

also somewhat of a Noodel, yn that, whiles he had ye Wit to filch his Neighbours' Puff, knowing ytt was a Word not understood of ye People, at ye same Time ytt is to be feared he soe lacked Learning that he understoode not that Worde hymself.

PRISONERS OF THE JURY.

CIVILISATION in England is not at present disgraced by an atrocious war brought by Englishmen on themselves. We are not as other people are in that particular. No, but in the *Times* report of the Baby-Farming Case at the Central Criminal Court, there occurs the following passage, relative to the conclusion of the first day's proceedings:—

"At this stage, it being now half-past four o'clock, the trial was adjourned until this (Thursday) morning, at ten o'clock, and is likely to last two more days. Meanwhile the jury were taken to the Cannon Street Hotel to spend the night in charge of an usher of the Court."

The Juries' Amendment Act of last Session has not abolished the barbarism of which an additional instance, above recorded, has disgraced our age. There is no doubt a considerable class of persons disposed to laugh at sympathy with jurors subjected to the nuisance of incarceration and compulsory intrusion on one another's privacy all night, sometimes for several successive nights. All such are persons who, being exempt from service on juries, are in no fear of being forced to pig together in a manner which, if they themselves were so treated, would unspeakably disgust them. Of course, they will be ready with plenty of arguments to demonstrate the necessity of perpetuating a practice which inflicts no annoyance at all on themselves and very much on other people. Consistency will require them to go farther, and show the ill consequences that result from not locking jurors up, but letting them go home and go to bed, on protracted trials for misdemeanour; since a grave misdemeanour may incur a heavier sentence than what would be awarded to a light felony. And, once more be it said, lock up the jury, lock up the judge.

FACT, OF COURSE.—In some parts of England the water is so hard that skating on it is kept up all through the summer.



A TAME BIRD.

Grace (who has had an escort over the hill). "O HERE YOU ARE, AT LAST! WE'VE FOUND A CHARMING PLACE FOR LUNCHEON. SO JOLLY HERE AFTER LONDON, ISN'T IT?"

Kate (who has come alone). "WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT JOLLY! I LIKE EATING ON A CHAIR, AND IT'S VERY INCONVENIENT TO BE SO FAR FROM BOND STREET IN THE AFTERNOON!"

QUERIES GERMANE TO GERMS.

(To PROFESSOR HUXLEY.)

GERMS in the atmosphere, are there? Live germs? Let us agree upon definite terms.

Germs, animalcules which form, do you say,

In an infusion, for instance, of hay?

Germs, and not eggs, for if eggs, everywhere

Must infusoria lay eggs in the air.

Which is an notion at least as absurd

As to suppose eggs so laid by a bird.

Germs of live matter exceedingly small?

Live? But how more so than matter is all?

They'll not stand sulphuric acid and fire?

Rather more proof ought we not to require?

This appears all we can safely declare;

Germs are small particles floating in air.

AFFECTING INSTANCE OF GRATITUDE.

Not much that is delightful, in the way of news, has come from Paris lately. But, for one exquisite anecdote, thank the *Post*.—

"President ZANGLACOMI, the Judge who for his staunch imperialism was selected to plead at the High Court of Blois, the other day noticed the EMPEROR's bust yet remaining in Court, and said to the Usher, 'Take that away, or I shall go.'"

Overcome by his feelings! They did credit to his heart; and their expression was a prodigy of eloquent pathos. We never before met with anything equal to it; no, not in Ireland.

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE FOR NOTHING.—Use Freestone.

EUTHANASIA EXTRAORDINARY.

NOTICING the departure of the Happy Racing Grounds of "Poor old TOM WINTERINGHAM," host of the Spa Hotel, at Croft, near Darlington, "ARGUS" says, in the *Post*.—

"The cause of his death is said to have been the selling of his yearling filly, half-sister to Perth, at York, for 520 guineas; and it was said there that if Perth had won another race it would have killed the old man, as he was so excited about him."

Certainly if any man could choose the manner of his death, he would prefer to die of joy, as apparently died this veteran of the Turf, "poor old TOM WINTERINGHAM." "So good a death argues a well-spent life," we may say quoting the converse of the divine WILLIAMS. And that life, observe, was a particularly horsey one. This is remarkable; because, from the operation of some mysterious biological law, seemingly analogous to that of electrical induction, the positive nobleness of that noble animal the horse appears generally to induce an opposite condition upon those who have habitually much to do with it. As a rule, perhaps, there is no class of men amongst whom are to be found a greater number of rogues than among those who get their living by any means relative to horses; but to this rule MR. WINTERINGHAM, whose euthanasia was occasioned by the excess of happiness with which the sale of his filly for 520 guineas had transported him, presents an edifying exception. He evidently combined honesty with horse-worship. Peace to his manes; and, ARRY, mind how you pronounce that word, and don't make a fool of yourself in trying to be facetious.

Horsey.

COUNT BISMARCK is said to have declared that his great difficulty in entering into negotiations for the conclusion of peace is the absence of any stable Government to treat with him on the part of France. Has France no Jockey Club?

A FRENCH CHECK UPON TRADE CHEATS.

HONEST FRIEND PUNCH,

Who will deliver us from the adulterators? I looked in vain to Parliament, now I appeal in hope to *Punch*. Our bread, our cheese, our butter, our milk, our tea, our coffee, our beer, our wine, our spirits, are all noxiously adulterated; and when we fall ill, as 'tis no wonder that we do, adulterated medicines are prescribed for our relief. Ten years ago we wisely passed an Act to stop all this: and see what a contemporary says of this great effort of our Collective Wisdom:—

"It can only be put in operation by the voluntary resolution of Town Councils and other local bodies, generally entirely under the influence, if not entirely composed of the very persons against whose malpractices its provisions are directed. The penalties also which can be enforced under it, even if it should be put in operation, are so small and insignificant that they furnish no adequate motive to a dishonest tradesman to abstain from the commission of a moderately remunerative, far less of a highly lucrative, fraud. Moreover, it does not apply to drugs or 'articles usually taken or sold as medicines.'"

To set a thief to catch a thief may be an act of sapience, provided that the catcher have no sympathy with the person to be caught. But small tradesmen who unite in plundering the public are hardly the best punishers of their own misdeeds. I am a Briton to the backbone, but I cannot help opining that in France they manage these things better than we here do:—

"If the adulteration be with any material injurious to health, a fine of from 50 to 500 francs, together with an imprisonment of from three months to two years, may be imposed. A fine of from 16 to 25 francs and an imprisonment of from six to ten days, or either penalty, may be inflicted upon traders who, without legitimate excuse, shall have on their premises any adulterated substance; and if the adulteration be with any material injurious to health, the fine may be increased to 50 francs, and the imprisonment to fifteen days. In the event of a further conviction within five years of the first, the punishments are doubled. In all cases the particulars of the offence are publicly advertised at the expense of the offender."

I can recollect the time when English caricaturists depicted skinny Frenchmen and Englishmen rotund. The reverse of this is nowadays a trifle nearer to the truth, and perhaps adulteration is the reason of the change. At all events, I certainly should like to see the French system adopted here, and the thefts of cheating tradesmen advertised at their own cost. How delightful it would be to read announcements such as this:—

IF YOU WISH TO PURCHASE IMPURE TEA, and bad, unwholesome Coffee, go to **CHEAP AND NASTY**, adulterators wholesale, 64, Great Swindle Street. This firm has long been celebrated as the *worst* in the vicinity. N.B. Twice convicted and fined heavily within the last six months.

Or how would some of our small tradesmen like the look of this?—

DOWN AGAIN IN BREADSTUFFS! This is to give Notice that the name of **JUDAS SHORTWEIGHT**, Cheatside, was on Monday last put **DOWN AGAIN** in the Bow Street Court Police sheet. Being convicted for the third time of fraudulent adulteration with intent, &c., the culprit was condemned to fourteen months' imprisonment, and at the end of every month to be publicly well whipped.

Or, would it not rejoice your eyesight to see this?—

BEERDRINKERS BEWARE! Whereas **JAMES ARTFUL DODGER**, Publican, of Slimhouse, has been convicted of the crime of selling salt and water, mixed with treacle and *new vomica*, in lieu of wholesome beer, his licence is suspended for the term of **SEVEN YEARS**, during his confinement with hard labour in the gaol of Cold Bath Fields.

And what terribly wry faces would some chemists make at seeing an advertisement like this:—

NO MORE PILLS NOR ANY OTHER MEDICINE can be purchased for the present at the shop of **ABEL DRUGGER**, adulterating chemist, 31, Dead Swindle Street. This dishonest tradesman, having been convicted, for the second time, of exposing for sale adulterated drugs, has been condemned to forfeit his whole stock in trade, and publicly to swallow six-and-twenty doses of it, one a week in the next six months, in the pillory erected opposite his shop.

Beseeeching you to get this French notion adopted here, and wishing very heartily indeed that you *may* get it,

Believe me, Yours, in envy,

CAVENDO TUTUS.

Saw for the Anti-Tobacco Society.

Nx "quid" nimis is a proverb which allows of chewing tobacco in moderation. Still rather does it warrant moderate smoking.

AUTUMN LEAVES.—The leaves which people take of London at the close of every summer.

OUR NEED OF ARMED NEUTRALITY.

ATTN—"Guy Fawkes."

WHAT countless woes result from international hostility! Our military force we must increase; and our civility. The latter costs us nothing, would alone we could rely upon it, For then we should not groan under so much taxation—*lie upon it!*

O, O, O,

Sad bore, but necessary, O, O, O!

We don't desire to hurt a fly, much less to harm our brother man; We only want to hold our own, not that of any other man. 'Tis hard that we, whose policy is peace in simple purity, Are bloated armaments obliged to keep up for security.

O, O, O! &c.

In foreign strifes our aim is to maintain a strict neutrality, And 'twixt belligerents preserve complete impartiality. Meanwhile our neighbours gnash their teeth, and grin at us, and frown upon us.

And so we are obliged to arm for fear they should be down upon us. O, O, O! &c.

The soldier's life is *durance*, and the soldier's *lot* privation is, His death's an execution, and still worse his mutilation is. Yet men must for their country fight with *steadiness and bravery*, As soldiers lest a conqueror should make them serve in slavery.

O, O, O! &c.

To war for glory foreigners go, some content to die for it; Fight we that we may not be forced to fight when we would fly from it. As flying is not always quite as safe as 'tis inglorious, We must arm so that if we must fight we may be victorious.

O, O, O!

Sad bore, but necessary, O, O, O!

LIVING AND DYING:

MR. PUNCH,

How can any man of business put such an indefinite advertisement into the *Times* as this?—

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—ADVOWSON of a valuable RECTORY for SALE, situate in a charming part of the country, close to good town, producing a net income of £2000 a-year. Superior family residence, with suitable offices and grounds. The incumbent is aged 72. Sole charge, and house may be arranged for. Full particulars of Mr. — &c.

An incumbent of a rectory may be aged seventy-two, but if the rectory is a valuable one, he may live to be a great deal older. When a living yields £2000 a-year, its incumbent may continue to enjoy life in it till he is eighty-two, or even ninety-two; there is, at least, one existing dean who is past ninety-two. To let one know whether a living to be sold is worth inquiring after, the proprietor should advertise particulars respecting the incumbent's health. It would save me trouble if I were informed whether or no the clergyman of seventy-two above referred to is asthmatic or dropsical as well as aged, and I want to be furnished with a surgical report, on stethoscopic examination, of the state of his lungs and heart. To purchase a living in the dark as to those vital details is to buy a pig in a poke, viridity of which, if I were capable, you might justly call me an exceedingly simple **SIMON**. That is not what I call—

Yours truly,

S. T. P.

Juvenile Intelligence.

A LITTLE boy, hearing his Papa remark how unfortunate for trade it was that cotton could not grow in England, interposed by saying cleverly, "O yes, Papa, it can. I saw **AUNT ELINOR** last week with ever so much growing out of both her ears!"

FASHIONABLE DEPARTURE.

MRS. MAYNE CHANCE has gone to Yarmouth with her four unmarried daughters, tempted by the "great catches" she has heard are there. **MRS. M. C.** will be disappointed when she finds they are only herrings.

MOTTO FOR THE SKYE RAILWAY.

"*Sic itur ad astra.*"

A GOOD WISH.—May the Rhine, the "Region of the Vine," be henceforth free from Grape-shot!



AWKWARD.

Modest Old Gentleman (who has swum out to sea, and whose bathing-machine has, in the meanwhile, been walked off by mistake). "AH! PRAY EXCUSE ME, MADAM! MY BATHING-MACHINE, I THINK."

A REAL PUZZLE.

MR. PUNCH thought, and the world thought also, that he understood everything. But he frankly owns himself floored, so to speak, by the following advertisement in a paper devoted to the interests of those who wish to take or let lodgings:—

WANTED by TWO LADIES AND THEIR SON, Well Furnished Country Apartments, consisting of 2 Sitting and 3 Bed-rooms, in a nice Detached House, &c. There must be no other Lodgers, or Children in the House, and the distance not to exceed an hour's ride from London.

This is really one of the things that come under the rule laid down by MR. SOTHERN, as *Lord Dundreary*. If we only knew the apartments which this remarkable family intends to take, and if the distance does not exceed the ride mentioned, we would go to the expense of a return ticket, for the sake of enlightening the universe.

Great Want of Irrigation.

We have heard more than enough lately of that horrid implement of destruction, the *Mitrailleuse*. But couldn't some clever engineer devise an analogous engine for the peaceful purpose of throwing water? If a sufficient quantity of cold water were thrown on the crowds of fools who are in the habit of taking every possible occasion to "demonstrate" their rancorous disaffection in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square, it would always disperse them, and prevent them from creating further disgust, if not terror and alarm, in the minds of Her Majesty's subjects.

A REFLECTION ON THE NATION.

OUR teetotal friend WATERBORE protests against Britain being called a "right little island."

THE BEST MUSIC.—Overtures of Peace.

COMMOTION IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

THE result of the War
Has been happy, so far,
It has caused great rejoicing in *Ley-ces-tare-squar*.

All the Germans are glad
Of the triumphs they've had;
And the exiles of France the reverse are of sad.

For their soldiers' mishaps
Do not worry those chaps;
Since defeat has occasioned the Empire's collapse.

The Republic's restored;
At the Restaurant board
Its long life is proposed, and the bumper is poured.

And no longer they burn
Their debates to adjourn
To the land of their birth, whither all may return.

But they better, by far,
Had remain where they are,
And rejoice in the garlic of *Ley-ces-tare-squar*.

A Telegram from Taurus.

ACCORDING to one of REUTER's telegrams lately received:—

"Advices from Taurus, dated the 14th instant, state that raids are frequently made by the Turks upon the Persian villages near Khay."

Fancy advices from Taurus. We are not told that they came from Taurus the Mountain, so, in these days of unlimited electricity, some persons may imagine them to have been telegraphed from Taurus, the Sign of the Zodiac.

"FIGURE HEADS."—Good Arithmeticians.

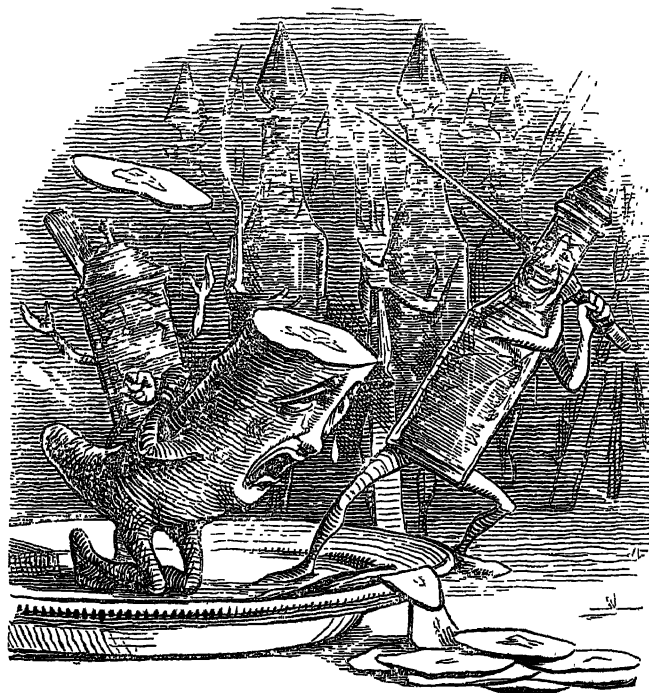


SEA-NYMPHS (AS THEY APPEARED TO THE DISTANT GAZE OF A NEAR-SIGHTED COCKNEY).

With undulating grace they rose and fell,
Rocked on the bosom of a languid swell,
That rolled in measured waves from sea to shore!

A jealous pang shot through me . . . I had not
Been discontented with my humble lot,
Nor wished myself a "languid swell" before!

JOHN CUCUMBER.



THERE came four Cooks out of the West,
Four Cooks both strong and high,
And they have sworn, though prone to rise,
JOHN CUCUMBER should lie.

They took a frame and caged him down,
Upon the forcing-bed,
Wherein, by artificial growth,
JOHN CUCUMBER they bred.

When cheerful Spring brought Salmon in,
At price per pound no small,
JOHN CUCUMBER rash people then
Consumed their fish withal.

The ripening suns of Summer came,
And he grew large and long,
And some did then express their fears
That he had done them wrong.

At sober Autumn's entrance mild,
Distempers did prevail,
Of such a sort that now they said
They knew he made them ail.

Abounding daily more and more,
Those cases did so rage,
Those four Cooks tried their cleverest plan
His crudeness to assuage.

They took a weapon thin and sharp,
And sliced him, sore to see,
Then dressed him with their highest art,
And skill in cookerie.

They seasoned him with salt, no lack,
They peppered him all o'er,
They vinegared his mangled form,
And oil thereon did pour.

They steeped him, on a china plate,
In liquor to the brim,
The way they served JOHN CUCUMBER
Drew down big tears from him.

They stirred and tossed him o'er and o'er,
Regardless of the woe
From his much weeping which appeared:
They turned him to and fro.

JOHN CUCUMBER was a rebel bold;
For all their enterprise
To render him quiescent food,
They saw he still would rise.

Him, therefore, not to work men woe,
Though losing pains thereby,
They lastly, as a worthless thing,
Did out of window shy.

So much for cold JOHN CUCUMBER,
Whom few insides can stand,
Of all *Cucurbitaceæ*,
The worst in merrie England.

THE PENAL ECONOMY OF THE FUTURE.

INDIA, or part of India, is blessed with a certain "Whipping Act" passed with a view to save the honest part of the community the expense of keeping rogues and thieves in gaol. In places, owing to prevalent effusion of the milk-and-water of human kindness on the brain, this salutary enactment has not been enforced with the rigour necessary to the attainment of its object. Therefore the Lieutenant Governor of the district comprising the gaols in the Dacca and Chittagong Divisions has, according to the *Bombay Gazette*, issued a minute, of which every Magistrate in the division is to be furnished with a copy. This masterly State Paper of the local Executive admonishes those to whom it is addressed that:—

"As the Whipping Act was passed by the Legislature avowedly for the purpose of relieving the gaols of overcrowding, the Lieutenant-Governor, without in any way wishing to interfere with the discretion of judicial officers, or to dictate to them the punishments they are to award, thinks that it is the duty of Magistrates to put aside any personal feeling they may entertain regarding the punishment of whipping, and use more freely in all proper cases the power the law places in their hands without reference to sentiment or prejudice."

It is to be hoped that unenlightened humanity will not prevent Indian Magistrates from accepting this very polite invitation to do their duty, and spare honest people taxation by not sparing rogues the cat-o'-nine-tails. Thereunto their minds may need some strengthening, which should be derived from the remainder of the Lieutenant-Governor's minute; a gem and model, in its way, of didactic remark:—

"The punishment of whipping, if properly administered, is a very severe and deterrent one, and its more frequent use, combined with a judicious resort to the punishment of fine, in lieu of simple imprisonment, would no doubt prevent the overcrowding of gaols, which is now so general throughout Bengal, and release Government from the difficulty and expense of providing additional prison accommodation."

Such, unquestionably, is the desirable effect which "the punishment of whipping" would produce in England also, no less than in India "if properly administered." That proviso is material, and should be remembered by the justices who preside over our prisons, and with whom it rests to make arrangements for the correction of garotters. If the punishment of whipping were thus always rendered "a very severe and deterrent one," economy suggests that "its more frequent use," legalised by extension to all manner of rogues, thieves, and other base criminals, would be at least a great advantage to the rate-payer. Whipping-cheer for convicts is much cheaper than a long course of even prison fare, which costs more than workhouse diet; and crime surely deserves a heavier punishment than poverty, instead of being rewarded with prison "accommodation." The chastisement which has diminished garotting would doubtless likewise diminish stealing and fraud: adulteration, for example, and the use of false weights and measures. Should any one of our playwrights shortly produce a drama, of which the plot hinges on felony, and a thief is the hero, perhaps he will have the good sense to append to it, by way of "tag" the admirable observations above-quoted on "the punishment of whipping."

End of Empire.

REMARKING on the present position of England in relation to Europe, the *Times* very justly says:—

"In our own case Empire has yielded to fusion, and all the various metals of which society is here composed are now in the furnace."

Let us be thankful, however, that England is not too hot to hold more than certain persons, and consider that, if Empire has here ended in fusion, it might, as it has elsewhere, have had a worse end. In a neighbouring nation Empire has ended in confusion.

EXTRACTS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

(N.B. *The Authorities will be kept till called for.*)

MICHAELMAS DAY! The recurrence of this monastic festival brings to the recollection of the student and the poulterer many curious customs connected with its observance which are still kept up in certain counties in England and Wales.

In the Channel Islands the inhabitants go to sleep for an hour in the middle of the day, and then walk through the principal streets in procession, the municipal authorities escorting to the Town Hall three geese, having their beaks and feet highly gilt, and wreaths of purple asters suspended round their necks. The bells ring a merry peal, and the Vestry Clerk, in wig and gown and a cocked hat, scatters twenty-nine new silver pennies among the crowd from the Church pinnacles. The geese are cooked the same afternoon with a stuffing peculiar to the country, consisting of bread crumbs, caraway seeds, and apple parings mixed together in unequal proportions, and flavoured with cowslip wine, and the birds are sent, through the churchwardens, to the three best looking widows not being in the receipt of parochial relief, who can prove they have money in the Post Office pillar-box.

On the Border, on this day, HERCULES SAMPSON'S benefaction, bequeathed by Will in the reign of EDWARD THE SEVENTH, is distributed by the Mayor and Corporation, in their official robes, to every poor child born within five miles of the parish stocks, who can repeat the names of the Kings of England in order from the Conquest, and say the Thirty-Nine Articles. The Benefaction consists of a small tureen of apple-sauce stuck with cloves, and a penny loaf sprinkled with powdered lump sugar, bearing the initials "H. S." in the centre in pink comfits, and is derived from the rent of a large meadow, known by the name of the Michaelmas goose pasture.

In the Fens, the day is observed as a general holiday, the shops are closed, the streets are swept, the fire engines parade the town, and every voter paying Income-Tax is entitled to a free pass in a balloon, to all the places of interest in the neighbourhood, with the option of returning any Wednesday after luncheon. The burgesses go about in their best clothes, carrying goose-quills behind the left ear, dyed in various colours, green preponderating, and, at night a bonfire is made of these in the Market Place, followed by a Ball and Supper in the Public Rooms, tickets one-and-a-penny-halfpenny, including cough lozenges.

Some persons carry punctuality to such an extent that it becomes a vice. People bringing little bills are flagrant instances of this.

No age, no country, no rank, no profession, no monthly magazine, no old county family, is without its well authenticated ghost story. The Stopperleigh-Whopperleigh one is, perhaps, not sufficiently known, and yet it has been handed down through successive generations of parish-clerks with material variations. Once a year, about the end of harvest, just before dawn on a windy morning, a dead cook, in a turban and flannel dressing-gown, traverses stealthily the principal corridors of the Castle, goes down the front staircase, muttering to herself *and somebody else*, and is distinctly heard to weep over the dripping in the back-kitchen. She then, after an interval of perfect silence, washes her hands at the sink, without moving a muscle or betraying her secret, and retraces her steps, by the way she came, to her own chamber, the door of which she closes with unnecessary violence. A subdued roll, like muffled drums, is heard for seven minutes, when it suddenly ceases at the sound of the stable-clock striking the hour. The family do not retire to rest on this night, and the superintendent of county police is accommodated with a bed in the butler's pantry. There is no clue to the story, but the thread of the narrative has never been broken, except once during LORD NORTH'S administration.

There is a tradition in the Trerarvon family that a white gull, with one wing broken, dashes against the blue bed-room window at 2 A.M. whenever the head of the family is about to contract a foolish marriage; but, strangely enough, the County History is silent as to the mysterious footmarks which invariably appear in the shrubbery, when the peaches are ripe on the South wall.

In the Wolds, the country people, to a man and a woman, firmly believe in the existence of the "Grey Lady," who rides straight through all the *locked* turnpike gates, at midnight on the last Saturday in the season (if the weather is stormy), dressed in a scarlet habit trimmed with black bombazine, and followed by a brindled dog, wearing a gold collar engraved with her initials, which always disappears before the servants are up in the morning. The lady blows a horn, and has no near relations.

The dull stain of blood on the floor of the billiard-room at "Gallantry Bower," the ancestral seat of the EARLS OF OTTERINGTON, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, has never been effaced by the most industrious housemaid, and bids fair to defy time and every known detergent. There is a dark story connected with it. Late one night, in

midwinter, when the snow lay thick on the ground, the humpbacked marker, who was the foster-brother of the fifteenth Earl (GILBERT "the gaunt"), fell into an angry altercation with a guest of venerable appearance who had only arrived that evening in a violent shower of rain, and dealt him a heavy blow, which proved fatal to his tinted spectacles, and left him with—a bloody nose. A false tooth was picked up the following day by the detective police, who were engaged to investigate the affair, but the stranger had disappeared in a return chaise, and the marker, after a short seclusion at Notting Hill Gate, resumed his official duties, but was never known to taste asparagus again.

PLEASANTRY OF IRISH PAPERS.

THE Fenian Irish newspapers, calling themselves national, affect to taunt the British Government with inconsistency in admitting the inefficiency of standing armies for national defence, and yet not letting the Irish people arm and defend themselves. Does the favourite colour of the Fenians tinge their vision so completely as to make them imagine that they see a lot of it in the eye of BRITANNIA? Because, of course, they mean what they imply. In all that sincerity which is so characteristic of a certain class of Irishmen, they intend it to be understood that they wish the Irish people were suffered to arm themselves with a view to self-defence against Continental, or perhaps American invasion—who knows? There was a memorable occasion:—

"When MALACHI wore the collar of gold
He won from the proud invader."

Our Fenian contemporaries would wish us assured that, in the event of the United Kingdom being at war, and a foreign inroad having been attempted on Ireland, they would be gratified by the spectacle of an Irish Volunteer wearing such another ornament as that exhibited by MALACHI, and wearing also the Victoria Cross.

The British Government, however, has a very excellent reason for not sanctioning any Volunteer movement in Ireland. There is not the least occasion for any such thing. No nation in all Europe will ever dream of invading that beautiful island with any view of annexing it, and undertaking the government of its inhabitants. But if the Irish were armed, circumstances might occur under which Ireland would be invaded with another object, not of course contemplated by Fenian journalists.

THE WAR AND THE VINE.

So near the wasteful battle plain,
What will become of the Champagne?
Good news from BOLLINGER'S at Ay
Will your anxiety allay.
The German warriors nought impede
The vintage, but protect and speed.
Bless the right valiant German troops!
They are from being nincompoops
A distance very much too far
The making of Champagne to mar.
No such teetotalers are they.
Ours might be mischievous at Ay,
But Germans reverence the vine—
Nor, bent to harm it, crossed the Rhine.

GLORY AND BOOTS.

IN this country at least it may be hoped that civilisation has not been thrown back by the War. That calamity appears not yet to have aroused vulgar admiration of conquerors. As yet we have seen no manifestations of the Snob's Hero Worship. Time was when a successful General was sure to have his name applied, in token of reverence for him, to some new form of clothing for the lower extremities. Such articles of apparel were called "Wellingtons" and "Bluchers" in other days; and even lately, when the EMPEROR, or EX-EMPEROR, of the French was in his glory, a certain kind of them was styled "Napoleons." But hitherto no son of St. Crispin has given any of the names of the Prussian Generals to the specialities of his stock-in-trade. In the shop-windows of that trade we have seen no tickets offering "Williams" or "Crown Princes," or "Von Moltkes," at so much a pair; nor have we, up to the present time, noticed any similar recommendation of "Bismarcks," meaning boots.

Quite Uncalled For.

At the singular cross examination through which civic politeness put MR. DAKIN, the Lord Mayor Elect, it was urged that a Mayor ought to be able to promote Exhibitions. The remark was superfluous, MR. DAKIN being a Spectacle-maker.



"NAE THAT FOU!"

Country Gentleman (who thought he'd got such a treasure of a new Gardener). "TUT, TUT, TUT! BLESS MY SOUL, SAUNDERS! HOW—WHAT'S ALL THIS! DISGRACEFULLY INTOXICATED AT THIS HOUR OF THE MORNING! AIN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?"

Saunders. "'SH-HAMED! (Hic.) NA, NA, 'M NAE SAE DRUNK AS THAT COMES T'! AH KEN VARRA WHEEL WHAT A'M ADOOT!"

WAR NEWS.

(From your Own Cockalorum.)

DEAREST COCKALORUM,

WITH all the news, and everybody preciously bustling, I've been nobody, the Hereditary Grand and the Crown Cockalorum all over the shop, and your light-hearted *Militaire* only a little Jack-in-the-cart. However, times is beginning to change, and your Own will be in the hunt again.

Did you get my letter last week? If you didn't, it was tucked up on the road, and its words of wisdom translated by some unfriendly grenadier. They're on to my letters to you like a mouse on cheese, and ain't dictionaries riz since they got hold of some o' this noble Marquis's correspondence, and tried their gentle hands at translations. Which it were.

You see they know I'm here, and they know that I'm a gay soldier, up to fortifications, and positions, strategies, and the whole bag of tricks. If I liked to let out the wheres and whyfurs I might put 'em in a hole. But that ain't this true Your Own's game. The Generous Gee has come to grief. The noble and illustrious Transcendancy, Count, or Baron, MOTOLKE, took a fancy to him. "Quiet?" says he. "Lamb-like, your Washup," says I. "Terms so much," says I, "and no reduction on taking a quantity." "Done!" says he. "Yours ever," says I, and in another moment the Heavy Veteran was squared. He comes back to ask, "Quiet in harness?" "Won't warrant him that," says I, for you see I'd collared the ready; "but I won't warrant him alive, for that matter," I added, just to encourage the performance. The Bold Baron puts him into a down-the-road Trap—a sort of Gig with the chill off,—and afore he'd gone half a mile, up go Gee's heels in the air, bang goes the splash-board, and away goes the Bold Baron over a ditch, through a hedge, and into the middle of next week. He wanted to call me out; but this gay and crafty Warrior put the whole affair before the Hereditary Grand, who dashed the Baron's buttons, and ordered him into toko for venturing his precious life in

such an unsportsmanlike caper. "Yours to command," says I to the Baron, as he walked out swearing like a Tom-cat on a water-butt. He just gave me a look, but I met his with a stern frown as showed him that in two twos I'd put his peepers up to the Early Closing movement if he dared shake his jolly old nut at me. This light-hearted Soldier is not to be trifled with; if trifled with he'll bustle 'em a bit. However, we met afterwards, and had a glass of stuff together. Am all on the slide now, greased wheels.

Just going to the front to have a squint at the troops. Regular tittup all round, &c. Why don't the Hurlingham swells send over pigeons here? I trust this to a cheerful dicky, and do a duplicate in cipher, per balloon. My cipher ain't that easy to read when done. All well at home? Did you spot the right thing for Newmarket? If so, let the pot boil over in this direction, for Your Own ain't that Rothschild he might be. All straight up here except little SINGAMARINGY, who's in bed with a cold, sucking Spanish liquorice. He took to his downy last night, and I prescribed a warmer for him. Adoo! adoo!

I've just been asked to go up in a balloon. "Which his name is yours truly," says the Dook. Bless, you, and love to all Cockalorums round the sparkling.

Yours, DYNGWELL.

An Unselfish Policy.

It is perhaps a mistake to suppose that the British Government could in no way depart from its policy of non-intervention in foreign affairs, so as to satisfy belligerent nations. If British interference were of such a nature that it obviously could not result in any consequence to this country but unmitigated disaster, then possibly they would not ascribe it to selfish motives, and might be satisfied.

A RIDDLE ON THE ROAD—Of what British subject does an Hotel Bill most commonly remind you? Of an Inn-do.



THE BATTLE OF THE AMAZONS.

GERMANIA. "TERMS? YES. AND FOR SECURITY YOU WILL GIVE ME THREE FORTRESSES."

FRANCE. "NEVER!"

GERMANIA. "SO? THEN I SHALL TAKE THEM."

POETIC TRADE INTELLIGENCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

HAVING little else to do just now, I read the papers a great deal, and by way of a relief from the horrors of the war, I delight in the perusal of our peaceful trade intelligence. I find it far more entertaining than political debates; and, indeed, my poet's eye, while it rolls in a fine phrenzy, is observant of the fact that the language used in Commerce is not imaginative merely, but remarkably poetic. Such phrases, for example, as "pig iron is buoyant," or "potatoes rather active," are surely to be traced to the imaginative faculty; and when I hear that "wool is drooping," or that "tallow is depressed," my heart is warmed by the poetic fire that sparkles in the words. How easy it would be to write a trade report in rhyme, and how decided an improvement would be caused by such a process, the following half dozen stanzas may perhaps suffice to show:—

Inspired by telegraphic skill,
Or tardier postal aid,
The bard his usual space may fill
With news of foreign trade.
No tale of sentimental love
His mission is to tell:
But to record how prices move,
Where merchants buy and sell.

First then of India he will speak:
Late imports there have shown,
That madapollams are less weak,
While mulls have firmer grown.
And since per candy shipped to us
A higher rate's received,
In Dhollerah less dolorous
The trade may be believed.

American advices state
Petroleum is firm;
While breadstuffs, that were dull of late,
More lively we may term.
In cotton Middling Upland's sought
At twenty-four 'tis true,
But Middling Bowed may still be bought
As low as twenty-two.

In Norway timber, deals and tar
Is done a brisker trade,
And Swedish pigs of iron are
More buoyant by a shade.
From Russia have the tidings come
That tallow is depressed,
But both in hides and hemp is some
Activity confessed.

Colonial markets have displayed
A slightly better tone;
Molasses an advance hath made,
And spice hath vigour shown.
Fine Coloury Plantation too
(Of Coffee now we speak)
More strength exhibits, but 'tis true
That rums are rather weak.

In China black-leaf Congou still
Is found in fair demand,
Enriching those who plant with skill
In that Celestial land.
Shanghai reports affirm in sooth
Rice hath to thirty ranged,
And, what seems an unpleasant truth,
Grey shirtings are unchanged.

Without reserving to myself the copyright of this poetical invention, which any trade reporters are at liberty to profit by, believe me,

Yours admiringly,

LONGFELLOW SCOTT SOUTHEY TENNYSON POPE JONES.

The European Example.

If the present war, with all its slaughter, and especially that which it has brought on the aggressors, be not followed by a lasting peace, its event will certainly prove the inefficacy of capital punishment.

A CAVALRY CHARGE.—The Hors(e) de Combat.

HINT TO HOTEL-KEEPERS.

MR. PUNCH,

THE Continent not being altogether pleasant, you have, probably, been spending your holidays and your hard-earned money in the hotels of your own country. I have, and am tolerably familiar with the charges for apartments, fire and lights, attendance, and baths, in the romantic district of England in which I have been travelling. My misgivings about the bill used somewhat to interfere with my enjoyment of the scenery, and I hope I shall not for some time to come see such anxious, expectant looks as the waiters, chambermaids, porters, and bootsees would assume on the morning of my departure, when they were in doubt whether I should be sordid enough to imagine they were sufficiently remunerated for their laborious services by the paltry amount entered in the bill. How relieved I always felt when the door of the conveyance that was to take me to the Station closed upon me, and I saw no more of my black-coated escort! (Boots I did reward, for his constitution was impaired by a box of my wife's which happened to be of unusual dimensions.)

But I have not taken up my pen, after consuming a pint of ordinary wine purveyed at an extraordinary price, to write to you on the old subject of hotel plagues and extortions. On the contrary, I am in the most friendly spirit going to make what may prove a very lucrative suggestion to all landlords, landladies, managers, and secretaries of English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh Hotels. They have, I will allow, shown infinite ingenuity in planning items and charges, and perhaps it may be thought that there is nothing left which could by any trick or device, short of the commission of the statutable offence of obtaining money under false pretences, be added to the bill. But I think I can propose something which will make that long document a little longer; I fancy I can give a valuable hint to host and hostess—one which ought to place me on the free list of every hotel in the kingdom for the rest of my life. The British innkeeper is clever, very clever, and ought with the most average management to die wealthy, but he is inferior to his foreign brother in one important respect: he is unmindful of his own interests, and neglects a large additional revenue in not making a charge for—Soap! Let him only do that and he will be complete.

Your obedient Servant,

The Fleece, Cockleport, LIONEL OGILVIE DORRINGTON DIBBS.
Michaelmas Day.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FRATERNITY.

THE *Birmingham Daily Gazette* relates how MESSRS. ODGER and TRANT, on their return home from their mission to the Parisian Republic, were arrested at Oissel, between Elbeuf and Rouen, in the belief that they were Prussian spies, by a multitude of French citizens, whom our Birmingham contemporary disrespectfully calls a "mob." According to that journal, they were searched, their passports, letters, and documents declared by "the excited mob" to be all forged, and they only escaped being lynched by the kind offices of a gentleman who seemed to have some power over the people. By this account a multitude of French citizens at Oissel behaved very nearly in the way wherein that bloated calumniator of the people, VIRGIL, describes the public, which he styles the ignoble vulgar, as being wont to conduct itself when, in a state of seditious excitement, it is addressed by a respectable man to whom it listens with cocked ears.

Having, however, been finally released,—

"MESSRS. ODGER and TRANT returned thanks to the officials for their kindness, and, after three cheers for the French Republic, proceeded on their journey."

Some base deceiver must have hoaxed the *Birmingham Daily Gazette* with the story of MM. ODGER and TRANT's arrest by their French brethren. The author of this fiction is probably some malignant constitutional monarchist, who thought it a good joke to represent mob-leaders as having been mobbed. Of course, no one who duly appreciates the patriotic demonstrations in Hyde Park can for a moment believe that instinctive fellow-feeling could allow a French multitude to mistake MM. TRANT and ODGER for Prussian spies. The only credible part of the tale referred to is its conclusion. Very likely ODGER and TRANT did give three cheers for the French Republic. Possibly they are prepared to give the same reasons for the establishment of an English one.

Practical Infallibility.

ULTRAMONTANE philosophers contend that the POPE has no right to renounce his temporal power unless all the Roman Catholic Bishops in the world agree to let him. They forget their own belief that those very Bishops in Council have just declared him to be the infallible judge of right and wrong.

A ROUGH WINE.—Rude-sheimer.



"LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE."

NEXT TO THE CHARMING SOCIETY, THE BEST OF THE DELIGHTFUL TRIPS ON OUR FRIEND'S YACHT IS, THAT YOU GET SUCH AN ADMIRABLE VIEW OF THE COAST SCENERY, AND YOU ACQUIRE SUCH AN EXCELLENT APPETITE FOR LUNCH.

BETTER DAYS.

SIR,

I BELONG to that body of gentlemen who are the real support of the Drama, and have appeared at different times and different places as a nobleman, a brigand (in the same piece), a guest, a policeman, a soldier, an attendant (with no particular official duty in the Castle except to bring a letter to the first walking gentleman, on a silver salver), a happy peasant, a rebellious peasant, a drinking peasant (with a line in a chorus), a guard, with a large head (and no extra pay for being half stifled), in a pantomime, not to mention a demon, and a man in a boat (not exactly a boatman, and I don't know what I was supposed to be doing), and, Sir, I am aware that we are ridiculed as *Supers*, a vulgar shortening for "supernumeraries." Sir, MR. CHATTERTON, who so ably manages Drury Lane, and gives a livelihood to many families belonging to noblemen, guards, pages, courtiers, &c., has nobly come forward in our defence, and in his advertisement he drops the name of *supers*, and calls us

AUXILIARIES.

The new piece, says he, is supported by the principals and "300 auxiliaries."

This, Sir, is the way to go to battle. Distinguished by such an honourable title, MR. F. B. C.'s corps of Auxiliaries will fight for him bravely, and be happy to stand up for him on each side of the stage (as I and my gallant companions in arms do every night) as Beefeaters, with now, Sir, as Christmas comes on, a chance of eating real beef with our female and infantine auxiliaries who perform in our private domestic drama. I don't write this myself, but get a friend to do it for me; but I am, Sir, Yours ever obediently.

A Satisfied Super, or, I should say,

AN 'APPY AUXILIARY.

P.S. Look out for me on the R. H. side of stage, facing audience. I am that beefeater. Ask MR. CHATTERTON to add to his kindness by giving me padding for my calves, as I regret to say unkind remarks

"SIC VOS NON VOBIS."

(BY A HAPPY PAPA.)

Why do I find myself in state of thrall,
Suddenly doomed to sing so very small,
Barred from my rooms, forced up backstairs to crawl
Though lord of all?

Why should this "*facilis descensus*," pray, be,
And I be treated like some senseless gaby?
Who's master in this house? Myself it may be—
I say the baby.

Why should my wife—man never had a sweeter—
Receive condolences, as though I beat her?
The servants audibly exclaim, "Poor creatur!"
I don't ill-treat her.

Who, while she draws upon my private purse,
Scowls on me, e'en as half inclined to curse—
Seeming resolved our stations to reverse?
The monthly nurse.

The very men who once came here to revel,
Suddenly, too, adopt a tone uncivil,
As though I'd fallen beneath my former level—
And say, "Poor devil!"

I've *not* grown poor, my means were never greater.
I'm *not* a bruiser, nor a woman-hater.
Yet every archin, turned into my baiter,
Shouts, "Hallo, Pater!"

They send me Valentines, rude, coarse, and dabby,
Which picture me in night-dress looking crabby,
Condemned to hush to sleep an infant flabby,
Or rock the baby.

That infant small—before I shall have whopped it,
Or from its natural provision stopped it,
Even from existence prematurely cropped it—
Who will "adopt" it?

FOWL AND FISH.—Naturalists tell us that the Jack Daw has been known to envy the John Dory his more genteel name.

have reached me from the stalls below relative to the meagre appearance of my understandings. I pity the gents who make these remarks, but still I am as Nature made me. Don't forget. Beefeater, R. H. side, in the scene where the nobles and courtiers are R. and L., and the ladies of the ballet do a dance.

HEADS AND TALES.

HERE is a theory which you may find time to think about when next you get your hair cut:—

"No feature seems so liable to change among whole nations, and to be so much a matter of chance in particular families, as the colour of the hair."

Granting hair to be a feature, we may in some degree admit the truth of these assertions; although, in persons who are not teetotallers, the nose is certainly a feature quite as liable to change its colour as the hair. But we doubt if it be true that in particular families the colour of the hair is "so much a matter of chance" as seems to be supposed. If we may believe the tales that have been told us, we should say that persons who are most particular, that is in the matter of their personal appearance, have purposely a recourse to anything but chance for effecting changes in the colour of their hair. One can hardly call it chance that takes a lady to a hairdresser, and there makes her the purchaser of certain dyes and washes, concocted for the object of imparting to her hair what she conceives to be a fashionable colour. Such purchases are made for the purpose of increasing her capillary attractions; but although a fashionable colour be obtained, we doubt if she could plead a colourable excuse for it.

New Reading.

A VETERAN French Statesman has lately been very energetic in visiting foreign Courts. TENNYSON'S *Tears*, idle *Tears*, might now with propriety run, *Thiers*, busy *Thiers*.

THE BOOMPJE PAPERS.

BRUSSELS.



UNTLEY, FINTON, and GOOCH in their glory. Here is a town, a Paris in miniature—cafés, gardens, promenades, theatres, *opéras bouffes*, and everything in holiday trim.

We arrive dusty and tired. We all disappear to our rooms in the hotel. We reappear transformed. GOOCH & Co. resplendent. BUND sedate and tidy, but his general effect marred by his *Murray* still in his hand, and *Bradshaw* (let, like the cat, out of the bag) protruding from a frock-coat-tail pocket. GOOCH remonstrates: dwells upon those blots as being a bad example to MAULLIE, who has not yet issued from his apartment. GOOCH & Co. hope anxiously that MAULLIE will have some regard to social require-

ments, and not inflict upon us his "tourist's complete suit of dittos" and white wide-awake. MAULLIE enters. Grand (and startling effect. Latest thing in summer clothing. Black frock coat, white waistcoat, brilliant trousers, polished boots, check necktie, snowy collars, flannel shirt apparent beneath ("Why *can't* he go the whole animal?" complains GOOCH, who is down upon the blot at once), disappearing behind his waistcoat and coat, (and turning up again at the wristbands. Taken altogether, MAULLIE is in go-to-meetin' costume, and is justly proud of the surprise which he has given us.

"Now," says GOOCH, "where is your hat?" Then MAULLIE produces a "gibus," and exclaims, "There!" triumphantly.

"Put it on," says GOOCH.

He puts it on, turning his profile, right side, towards us. Applause.

GOOCH cunningly walks round him, and stops, in horror, on the left. He has found out the weak point of the "gibus." MAULLIE's countenance falls. "Yes," he admits, "the spring is a little gone on one side, but I don't think it'll be noticed."

"Not noticed!" exclaims GOOCH, while MUNTLEY and FINTON laugh derisively.

"My dear fellow," continues the Count, "this is a *fête* day. There are two bands playing in the Gardens: *tout le monde et sa femme* will be there in the height of Parisian fashion. You can't escape remark."

MAULLIE thinks he can. He defends his hat. BUND, being impatient to go into the gardens, and hear the concert (he looks forward to something cheery on the violoncello), says, "O never mind his hat!—come along!"

GOOCH sacrifices himself for the reputation of the Club's first appearance in Brussels. He announces his intention of walking with MAULLIE, adopting an idea of MUNTLEY's (who knows something about theatrical effect), and keeping his companion with his bright side towards the audience (as it were), and his shady side towards himself.

The audience being seated in the gardens, this plan is found to answer; but MAULLIE, happening to get free for a few moments, takes the wrong side of GOOCH, who, momentarily oblivious of the change, is talking to MUNTLEY on his other arm, and at once becomes the cynosure of neighbouring eyes. "What a hat!" "Regard, my dear, that hat!" "How it is droll, that hat!" we cannot help hearing, and even MAULLIE is induced to recognise the fact that he is bearding Society to its very face. He joins BUND, who has found out a secluded restaurant in the gardens, and is joining himself.

After two hours' promenade, JÖMP appears at the gates with a gorgeous carriage.

"Is it," asks GOOCH, who likes to do everything in its proper season, "the right time for driving in the Bois?"

"O yes," replies JÖMP, "you can drive in the Bois—O yes!" as if, after mature reflection, he, personally, knew of no just cause or impediment to such a proceeding.

"But," persists GOOCH (for GOOCH & Co.), "is it the time when all the swells—all the swell equipages—drive out? Eh?"

"Dey all drive out," JÖMP returns. "O yes—um—um—dey all drive out now—um—um—as much as at any oder time."

Carried, for the hundredth time, JÖMP is an ass.

We drive into the new and unfinished Bois. It will be undoubtedly very beautiful—it is certainly very dusty. So dusty that after a time,

and in one part of the drive, we cannot see anything three yards a-head of us. All consequently in bad temper, except Secretary and GOOCH who happen to be seated with their backs to the horses. JÖMP smothered; BUND and MAULLIE as if they'd been left for months on a shelf without being touched. MUNTLEY and FINTON, in the rumble, grimy and using strong language, chiefly French, and very bad French too.

We encounter two carriages besides ours. This represents *Du Monde* out driving in the Bois.

GOOCH is very angry. "Confound it, JÖMP," he exclaims, "they don't drive out here at this time, you see."

"No," answers JÖMP, shrugging his shoulders, "um—um—dey do not."

"Perhaps," suggests MAULLIE, "we've come to the wrong place."

JÖMP has nothing to meet this with, except another shrug, as if acknowledging that this *may* be the case.

"Is there no other drive?" asks BUND of the Coachman.

"O yes, all round the town. Drive wherever Monsieur likes."

"Then," says BUND, resignedly, "drive all round the town." A simple means of coming upon the fashionable rendezvous at some point or another.

We determine (after our drive) to dine at the table d'hôte. GOOCH protests, but yields to majority. Places taken. Dinner at a comparatively early hour, to allow of going to theatre. GOOCH selects two theatres: one where there is a *Diablerie* piece announced, and another where *Le Petit Faust* is being done, the airs of which MUNTLEY and FINTON immediately commence to whistle or hum, more or less incorrectly. In view of an *opéra bouffe*, and a French *melodrame*, they are in high spirits.

BUND hears that there are concerts in the evening after the theatres, and foresees the chance of taking back some new solo pieces for his violoncello. MAULLIE visits photograph shops, and buys views.

JÖMP, at liberty, employs his time in a manner most useful to a courier. Being unacquainted with Brussels, he contrives to improve the occasion by standing in front of the hotel-door all day, doing nothing except joining in an occasional chat with the landlord.

"Why don't you go and see the town?" asks MAULLIE.

"O vell," answers JÖMP, smiling at the absurdity of such an idea. "Dere is nothing here—um—um—all towns is de same."

And so they are—to JÖMP.

SCORNEO AND HATED JOHN BULL.

WHAT fun it is to read the abuse which some foreigners are accustomed to heap upon us English because of our determination not to allow ourselves to be involved in war, if we can help it, by any sympathy felt, how sincerely soever, for them under calamities which they have brought upon themselves by their unreasoning passions! That abuse is peculiar. It is the language of contemptuous but bitter hatred, and exactly resembles that in which improvident blackguards in private life are in the habit of sneering at their prudent and upright relations and neighbours, who succeed, by the constant exercise of care, forethought, and persevering conscientiousness, in keeping out of difficulties which are continually befalling foolish rogues. Monkeys, indeed, do not speak, but there is a baboonish grotesqueness in vituperation which discloses an utter deficiency of moral sense.

A PUMP-RIDDEN PROVINCE.

IN one of the reports of the twaddle talked by the gentlemen of the platform at the Social Science Association occurs the title of a paper read by the REV. DAWSON BURNS, M.A., liquor law agitator, on "The Province of Local Option in respect to the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors." MR. BURNS is a member of the party of meddlers who want the Legislature to empower them to abolish the liquor-trade in every district wherein they can contrive, by their harangues and machinations, to command a majority in favour of priggish tyranny. If he and his associates ever succeed in their endeavour to deprive people of beer, we trust that their success will be limited to the Province of Local Option, wherever that may be, and that liberty to drink or not to drink whatsoever we please will remain unimpaired in every one of all the provinces of the United Kingdom.

Eh? M. Jules Favre?

HE, who refused such Armistyce
As hardly would be offered twice,
Took (though no fool) a fool's advice.

LUCKILY, A MISTAKE.

MRS. MALAPROP has a favourite comic actor. She was, therefore, in a sad way when she heard of "The Capture of TOOLE," and wondered why he would go to the theatre of war.



AWFUL WARNING.

Page (ominously: there had been some words in the kitchen that morning). "WHICH, 'M, COOK AS'ED ME TO 'AND THIS TO YOU, AND REQUESTS YOU 'LL LAY IT BEFORE MASTER THE FUST THING WHEN HE COMES 'OME!!"
[And Master was remarking only last night what an Artist she was! How cross he is going to be!]

The Post Card.

THIS new institution of the country was "inaugurated" on Saturday morning last by Mr. Punch himself, who, precisely at nine o'clock, posted with his own hand to a Favoured Correspondent one of the new missiles, inscribed

"We must speak by the Card."—SHAKESPEARE.

After this imposing ceremony, Mr. Punch returned to his office, and in a glass of Seltzer—not quite colourless—he drank to the healths of LORD HARTINGTON and MR. SCUDAMORE.

He now proceeds to give notice that he wishes to receive no communication whatsoever that is written upon a card; and further, that if any printed circular, or puff, so written, manage to come into his august hands, he will forthwith denounce the sender thereof, and his wares, in such a way as will effectually debar the pensive public from patronising the impertinent advertiser.

Nextly, he suggests that his young friends who desire to use the cards among themselves, but do not desire that all the world should understand the messages, had better devise a language for the purpose of concealing their ideas. He thinks that the exquisite Anglo-French, of which specimens have been given in his pages, would be an advantageous medium.

For instance. He supposes the case of a young gentleman who has been in trouble, and wishes his more respectable brother to intercede with their honoured parent for supplies, which denied, the supplicant must enlist.

"Le gouverneur est dans une cire tonnante, mais aucune matière. Allez appeler sur lui immédiatement, et dites lui que s'il ne fourchette pas en dehors, je veux être soufflé si je ne prends pas la pièce de 24 sous! Ainsi maintenant."

Or thus, when a more tender message is sent:—

"O rongcontry, rongcontry moi dong le swarry,
 Cong la fleur, la fleur ay sewer le pas droit."

THE POPE AND THE PIG.

(Romance by a Rural Bard.)

THE POPE one day went wander'n;
 He come to Tiber's flood,
 And there 'a stood a ponder'n,
 As 'twere a chaw'n the cud.
 He sid, while he was musun',
 By that famed river's side,
 A Pig his labour losun'
 By swimm'n agin the tide:

When straightways there was with un
 A Zaint, wi' gold-ring crown,
 And says, "I be Saint Swithun,
 No rain though I brings down.
 Thee look at that ere cratur.
 The will o' pigs is strong.
 Iought to know their natur',
 A Bishop 'mongst 'un long.

"Them things 'tis hard work drivun;
 Hark, dostn't hear un grunt?
 Agin the stream a striyun
 'Goo back,' 'a says, 'I wun't.'
 Now thee take warnun' by un,
 And don't thee do likewise.
 The current's force defyun',
 'Non possumus!' 'a cries.

"And so, to turn refusun',
 That stubborn hog there note
 Not only labour losun,
 But cutt'n of his own throat.
 Now, Prus, don't no longer
 Thee swim, like that are swine,
 Agin the stream that 's stronger,
 Or else thee 't soon cut thine."

And now, Saint Swithun's lesson
 The POPE ha' took to heart,
 'A wun't no longer, bless un!
 Perform a swinish part.
 With Italy united
 To jog together on,
 Now possumus, invited,
 'A says without the non.

THE CATS' PARADISE.—The Mew Stone.

A SCENE IN ST. PETER'S.

THE *Morning Post's* Own Correspondent at Rome saw the POPE the other day passing up the nave to St. Peter's. He says:—

"I heard some of the lower orders among the congregation cry out as the POPE passed, '*Santo padre! non ci lasciarate, starete con noi!*' (Holy Father! you will not leave us, you will stay with us.) To which his Holiness replied, '*Non abbiate timore, figli, che non vi lascio mai.*' (Fear not, my children, I will never leave you.)"

The foregoing colloquy between the POPE and his sympathising subjects ought to be preserved in the original language. To be sure we have often enough heard something like it in Italian operas; but, for the sake of historical accuracy, it is desirable that the exact words should be recorded in order that they may be introduced into the libretto of an *opera seria* hereafter to be composed by some competent master on the subject of the Italian acquisition of Rome. As it was, one cannot help imagining that the people in St. Peter's addressed the POPE in a chorus, and that his Holiness replied to them in an air, or at least in recitative.

To Correspondents.

MR. PUNCH begs leave to say that he receives numerous communications (supposed, by the authors, to be of a jocular sort) which he is asked to insert on the ground that the guerdon he may bestow in return will be sent to the Sick and Wounded Fund. Having shown his own feelings in regard to that Fund by a Cartoon which set the nation thinking of its duty to the unfortunate French and Germans, he is entitled to remember his own duty towards English-reading people. He has no intention of making them Sick, or of Wounding their feelings, by the insertion of bad jokes forwarded by Check in the mask of Charity.



THE UNCO' GUID.

Scrupulous Waiter. "A WHAT? A SANGWITCH! NA, NA! I'LL GIE YE BREED AN' CHEESE, AN' AS MUCH WHUSKEY AS YE CAN DRINK; BUT, TAE MAK' SANGWIDGES ON THE SAUBERETH DAY!"—

THE PROPHETIC DOCTOR.

(Not CUMMING but MANNING.)

In a recently reported Sermon by DR. MANNING, instituting a comparison, not at all after the manner of PLUTARCH, between VICTOR-EMMANUEL and PONTIUS PILATE, occurs the statement that:—

"Forty-five Pontiffs had either been driven out of Rome, or had never set their feet in it."

But nevertheless, quoth the Titular:—

"Despite all these disasters, the Church has ever been victorious, and would be so again and again, and history told them that no one who had ever laid hands upon her prospered."

No one? How about one HENRY THE EIGHTH, of England, and said HENRY's kingdom? Or did HENRY not prosper, nor his kingdom neither, or did he not, indeed, when he dissolved the monasteries, lay hands upon DR. MANNING'S Church? Or shall we say that bluff KING HAL, and hitherto comparatively prosperous England, constitute the exception which proves a rule, the rule having been exemplified by the fate of the ancient Roman Empire, the Byzantine Empire, the Goths and Vandals, the Lombards, the Normans, the German Empire, and NAPOLEON THE FIRST; they all having warred against the Holy See and the Sovereign Pontiff, and each having "been punished for the sacrilege"? Are we to suppose that when DR. MANNING said that, he spoke from acquaintance with the world's moral government, or that he is bold enough to declare from the pulpit, as a truth, that which he does not know to be true? At any rate when he added, "and so it would be in this case," his prescience may be safely credited with correspondence to his veracity.

An Italian journalist, some few years ago, drew up and published a list of Personages and Powers, and Governments whom the POPE had solemnly blessed, and of whom every one had subsequently come to grief. These cases were cited as curious coincidences with reference

PARALLELS FROM A PULPIT.

(To a Titular Prelate.)

VICTOR-EMMANUEL to compare
With PONTIUS PILATE washing hands,
Much in analogy you dare:
That is a bold one, as it stands.

AS KING to PROCURATOR, so
Is POPE to—WHOM? O devotee!
Some length in parallels you go,
And figures by the Rule of Three.

What shall repay unmeasured zeal,
And homage which no limit knows,
Which kneels, and with a will does kneel?
Perhaps the Scarlet Hat and Hose.

They are not what they were of yore;
Outrageous preachment hence may spring:
That Hat and Hose will be no more
The livery of a Priestly King.

Schooling for the City.

A DEPUTATION the other day waited on the LORD MAYOR, to solicit his Lordship's assistance in making arrangements for the promotion of "Technical Education" in the City of London. Now the City of London is peculiarly famed for the pursuit of good living in respect of fare: but its banquets have the character of being rather sumptuous and substantial than refined. The "Technical Education" which philanthropists wish to promote in the land of Gog and Magog may be conjectured to mean instruction in practical Gastronomy.

CONVENIENT MEMORIES.

"No Frenchman," says the *Times*' Correspondent, "will allow that in the *plébiscite* he voted *Oui*." Alas, the ex-EMPEROR must be reminded of the famous song,

"O where and O where is my little *oui* vote?"

AN OPEN QUESTION.—On a Post Card.

to the Italian superstition that his dear old Holiness is a *gettatore*, so that his blessings have the effect of curses. VICTOR-EMMANUEL, though an Italian, is not superstitious, or he might now be in some fear lest peradventure the Holy Father should bless him, as he blessed the ex-KING OF NAPLES, the ex-QUEEN OF SPAIN, and other dethroned sovereigns. There they are after their blessing, whether in consequence of it or not, dethroned. If the KING OF ITALY regarded omens, he could have reason to say to the POPE, "Don't bless me, Holy Father, whatever you do!" But how much or little soever the POPE's anathema, on the one hand, or his benediction on the other, may be worth, thus much must certainly be conceded to DR. MANNING. Whosoever shall lay hands, though with the lightest touch, upon the Holy See, in the least particular of its temporalities even, will inevitably incur the doom which awaits everybody who pricks his little finger; as one schoolboy tells another, he will be sure to die after it.

Puzzle for Painstakers.

A NEW Book, named *The Mystery of Pain*, Treats of a subject reason can't explain;
But, though the mystery remain in doubt,
The fact is but too certainly made out.
A stomach-ache 'tis pain enough to rue:
Rack not your brains and get a headache too.

Utterances.

(BY OUR OWN SPEAKER.)

PARLIAMENTARY QUESTION AND ANSWER.—When a question is put in the course of debate, you may ever afterwards take it as *Hansard*.

WHY is lighting a cigar a second time much the same as declining to accept one from a friend?—Because you *refuse* it.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



We have not had an Evening from Home for some considerable time, so we looked about for an entertainment which should afford us some real amusement. We selected the Holborn on the first night of a new piece, being led thereto by the promise of fun held out to us in the announcement that the said drama, entitled *The Odds*, was from the pen of that well-known humorist, MR. SEFTON PARRY, the highly respected Manager of the Holborn Theatre.

This, in itself being an exquisite joke by way of

preface or introduction, we determined upon paying our money and taking our choice of seats; which plan we carried out literally, for having paid our money we chose somebody else's seat, and sat in it the whole evening. We will now proceed to give the "action" on the stage, and, where necessary, in the auditorium, according to our custom made and provided, merely premising that having, since this memorable night, lost our play-bill, we are obliged to trust in a great measure to our very excellent memory for names of *dramatis persone* and regular order of scenes, matters, however, of very small moment, as neatness of construction, and happy nomenclature, are with MR. SEFTON PARRY less an object than plenty of big-drum and pantomime bustle.

The piece was called (and so was the author, by the way, this being all part of the joke)

THE ODDS,

OR, WHAT THEY WEAR AND WHAT THEY COST.

*** We won't swear to the accuracy of the second title (in fact we rather think, in the absence of our play-bill, that this wasn't it), but it would serve as a humorous reference to the costumes of the Military and two or three of the Civilians. By the way, we must bear in mind that the piece is styled "A Military and Sporting Drama."

ACT I.

Buzz of excitement in the Auditorium, not allayed, but perhaps rather increased by the Curtain rising and discovering—

SCENE 1.—HON. TOM SNIFFLES'S Chambers.

N.B. Name of Gentleman entirely from memory, not warranted correct; but our impression is that it was SNIFFLES; if not, he looked it every bit, and it ought to have been.

Buzz of excitement in Auditorium. Characters, (SNIFFLES, and a Young Lady as a tiger) on stage, inaudible. Pantomime for five minutes, without the big heads.

Sniiffles (walks about, then scowls upwards at the gallery, with the air of a man who is picking out his man above, in order to nod to him). That Bill.

[Several persons in stalls turn round, and also look up towards the gallery. No BILL taking notice of SNIFFLES'S address, they resume their attitudes, and attend once more to SNIFFLES.

**Enter a Chevalier (d'industrie, to judge by the flashiness of his "exterior," which is evidently modelled on that of "the swell" in the pantomime) who fusses about like the Conventional stage Frenchman of farce-life, making mistakes in broken English, and helping to perpetuate all the absurd old traditions of the character. He gets all "his laughs," and exit, pleased.*

Enter a ponderous Young Man in a flaxen wig and a moustache, looking uncommonly like a pleasant young German, fresh from taking air and exercise on a Trombone. He is supposed to be a heavy dragoon: there is no doubt whatever about his heaviness at all events, whatever we may think of the chances against his being a soldier. How-

ever, as this is a military drama, why, hang it, you must have some military in it.

Captain Pudding (we forget his name, but this will convey the idea). The bill is forged. (SNIFFLES, that wicked SNIFFLES, laughs.) What will my father say? Because I've never forged very much, and they're unaccustomed to this sort of thing at home. (SNIFFLES, that double-dyed scoundrel SNIFFLES, laughs.) I'm going to ride Flying-Scud-in-the-Box at our steeple-chases, and he must win. I'm the only fellow who can ride that horse.

[After giving out this artful hint of what the plot is going to be, exit CAPTAIN PUDDING.

Sniiffles. (This infernal scoundrel, Sniiffles!) I see. He mustn't ride Flying-Scud-in-the-Box. I've bet against him. I'll have him arrested, and I'll meet (scowling upwards at gallery once more) that Bill.

[Exit this tremendous swindler SNIFFLES.

Person in Stalls (a little deaf). What's this about a bill, eh?

Friend (who has followed the plot closely up to this point). Don't know.

SCENE 2.—Somewhere about Canterbury, Probably a well-known locality, only as we asked several people, and they didn't recognise it, it probably wasn't.

Enter "The Military and Sporting" elements of the Drama. Three Officers in undress.

Volunteer (in stalls eager for information). What are those fellows?

Regular (his Friend). Aw—'pon my soul—(puzzled)—well, I don't exactly know. Spurs?—yaas—straps? No—ah! they can't be cavalry. And, ah—shirt-collars?—yes—shirt-collars, only worn in Navy. Forage cap? hum: 'spose it's meant for officer's forage cap. Let's see (sums up) spurs, no straps, and stick-up collars—O—of course—Horse Marines. (Verdict accepted. Horse Marines certainly. As Miss BISHOP plays one of them, we ought perhaps to distinguish between the Horse Marine, masculine, and the Horse Merino, feminine. N.B. Miss BISHOP played exceedingly well.)

Here followed a Scene of little pleasantries between the Horse Marines aforesaid and a leading Barmaid from MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND'S. N.B. The name of this firm either mentioned, or written, comes into nearly every scene. It might be called a Military Sporting and Refreshment-rooming Drama. Nothing particular in the scene.

SCENE 3.—Home of the PUDDINGS. FATHER PUDDING at tea. MISS LAVINIA (an old maid by the kind permission of various furces) talking. TILLY PRICE, the heroine and a sort of a relation (we suppose) to the PUDDINGS, working.

*** Understand, PUDDING is not the name, but the old gentleman here is the father of CAPTAIN PUDDING.

Enter Horse Marines, two English and one Irish, and the Horse Merino.

Enter CAPTAIN PUDDING, with that incorrigible ruffian SNIFFLES.

Enter also the French Chevalier, probably after the spoons.

Tilly (to Captain Pudding, whom she loves). You'll win on Flying-Scud-in-the-Box.

Captain Pudding. Yes. (Sentimentally.) I took her out this morning and showed her the brook. She arched her pretty back, wagged her silken tail, pawed her ears in her old playful style, shook her right fetlock joint knowingly at me, and while the thrush in her foot sang its morning carol, I felt certain that Flying-Scud-in-the-Box must win.

Sniiffles (aside—this treacherous Sniiffles). Fool!

Maid (to Captain Pudding). A telegram, Sir, by post.

Captain Pudding (speaking through soft music). I must go. (The Marines, and everyone present, strike attitudes all round the tea-table.)

Father Pudding (maudlin after the twentieth cup). My boy—why—what—(Drinks somebody else's tea without sugar and faints).

Sniiffles (scowling as before at the gallery—cruel and artful Sniiffles). That Bill!

[End of Act.

ACT II.

General rule, until we come to THE situation seems to be, "when the dialogue gets tedious, hustle the Frenchman." When there's no Frenchman and no dialogue, play the big drum, hard.

Military Life in Barracks. Colonel over tea and shrimps previous to riding a Steeple-Chace. Officers in fancy costumes as jockeys. All hustle the French gentleman.

THE SCENE.—The Race Course of a very serpentine character, and extending apparently over two or three distant Counties.

Canterbury Pilgrims out for a holiday, walking up and down in a very confined space, and evidently either utter strangers to one another, or they have all quarrelled and won't speak. This becoming a little flat, they bring on the Frenchman and hustle him. Having thus introduced a little life into the Scene, on we go again. Of course there is no one to ride Flying-Scud-in-the-Box.

Sniiffles (this ungenerous and subtle black-leg!). Hundred to one against his starting.

Tilly. Done! (Brayvo, TILLY.)

Sniffles (this ungentlemanly jeering rascal). Who's to ride him?
The Horse Merino (pluckily). I will.

[*SNIFFLES* shuts up and tears his hat. Enter the Military. MAJOR O'GARDEN enters in a white silk hat turned up with green. There being no attendants from Colney Hatch present, he is allowed to proceed to the Grand Stand. The horses are led in: the cabs being probably outside.

THE RACE.—Cardboard Steeplechasers somewhere in the next County appear and move somehow. Then nearer. Then Cardboard Horses jump the brook, one clever Cob doing it forwards and backwards without once altering the tension of his stride. This feat alone would secure the success of any Sporting Drama.

The Finish is perhaps a little tame, owing to the Real Horses being unable to get beyond a walk from the sidescenes, but somebody (name not down in the card) wins, and then MISS BISHOP appears on horseback from a totally different course, and claims the victory. Place aux dames!

ACT III.

Exterior of Canterbury Railway Station. Everybody going by train and bringing luggage, which is too large to be taken inside the Station. Pantomime rallies. Rushes—doors slamming—Frenchman hustled. Music gradually getting wilder and wilder, hurry, hurry (softly) drum, drum creeping up quietly with a whack or two in prospect, just to encourage the performance.

Now then, going to change the scene. Excitement in auditorium, for we know that that atrocious villain *SNIFFLES* has taken a ticket by the same train as *TILLY PRICE* is going by, and she's got a bag of money with her for poor CAPTAIN PUDDING in custody in London. Drum, fiddle, hurry, bang, bang, gradually louder, getting the steam up, like the Ethiopian serenaders used to do in their Railway Chorus.

[Gas down—awful moment—Fiddle-iddle-iddle—hurry—hurry. Fiddlers in fits, playing without lights or music—bang, bang, bang. Boy let loose on to two drums at once—whack—hurry, hurry. Hooray! Here we are—here's the

EXPRESS NIGHT TRAIN,

Standing quite still, with its wheels turning madly, all managed, we believe, through the mechanical artfulness of that unutterable monster *SNIFFLES*.

[Bang, whack, crack, hurry, hurry—liddle-iddle-iddle on the drums and fiddles, to make believe the train is really moving. *SNIFFLES* and *TILLY* stepping out on the step of the carriage. Something wrong. Horse Merino out of next compartment walks out quietly, knocks *SNIFFLES*, that bold bad man, into the middle of next week. Characters stand in attitude on the door-step, as stoker pokes the engine-fire, and Scene closes.

ACT IV.

TILLY puts the kettle on in the home of the *PUDDINGS*, and everybody (some twenty people all dropped in by accident) is asked to tea by hospitable old *PUDDING*.

Tag!

Miss *Tilly*. I have bet the Manager three pair of gloves to one that this piece will succeed. (Ergo the Manager has bet against its success. Well, he knows best.) It is for you (to audience) to decide. Shall I win my bet?

Audience (evasively). Hooray!

[End.

A JUVENILE OFFENDER.

Mamma (log.) Our little TOMMY is a very forward child for his age—only six. He reads everything that comes in his way; this morning he had got hold of the *Times*, and was reading the telegrams out loud, when he came to one from Tien-Tsin in China, saying:—

"Viceroy Ma is dead."

"Viceroy Ma?" said TOMMY, "isn't that a mistake? It ought to be Viceroy Pa." Really that boy's intelligence is above his years; you wouldn't think it; we only hope it will please goodness for him to live; but everybody almost says he's too clever; but it is a great comfort to think that clever boys usually turn out stupid men.

On a Plagiarist.

"No genius he!" cries critic DICK,
 "A mere scribbling mechanism."

"Neater

"To put it, say (we know his trick),
 "That he's a regular Repeater."

HANDYBOOK FOR CARD POST.

You are a domestic economist, anxious to save time, trouble, expense, and temper. You do not want to send a telegram whenever there is a question to be put or an answer to be given; and you would be glad not to have to look into your letter-case for paper, or your desk for an envelope (perhaps, inadequately adhesive), and to be spared the disclosure that you have not a single stamp left, that there is not one to be found anywhere in the house, and that the last minute for posting at the pillar-box is rapidly approaching. It may be, also, that you are at times perplexed as to the proper formula to be used in addressing an occasional correspondent—whether it should be "Dear Sir" or "My Dear Sir," "Yours truly" or "Yours faithfully," and for some minutes after your letter has been despatched, are a prey to the distressing thought that you have been too familiar with SLATTERMORE.

There is an end to all these trials and worries. It has come in the welcome shape of a POST CARD. But you raise an objection to these "Letters Patent," as *Punch* has well termed them. You do not like the notion of the messenger who takes your card to the post, the clerks, sorters, stampers, and other officials through whose hands it must pass in the Offices, the postman who drops it into your box, and the curious domestic who takes it out of that convenient receptacle, knowing what you have written. There is a ready mode of baffling the natural inquisitiveness of all these classes of persons, who, it is notorious, have little or nothing to do, and must be delighted to while away the time in reading notices of alterations in the family dinner hour, disappointments at the circulating library, mortifications at the fishmonger's, and dismay at the exorbitant price of feathered game. Adopt a cipher, the key to which is only known to yourself and your correspondent—you can easily arrange this beforehand; and then, under cover of some nonsensical, commonplace, or mysterious sentence, you may, without fear of detection, convey to the wife of your bosom, the object of your affections, or the solicitor to your family, the inmost thought of your soul.

We subjoin a few specimen notes in cipher, which have received the approval of the Postmaster-General:—

1. From a newly-married man to his wife, from whom he has been parted an hour and three-quarters, and whom he will see again in the course of the afternoon:—"Dirty Esquimaux and roving Eastern Sheiks taste pemmican every Thursday."

2. From a young lady in the country to her cousin in London, announcing a most important event:—"FANNY's roses excel DICK's. Hardy asters seem plentiful. Read OLIVER's pamphlet on seedlings—excellently done. Will EDGAR and RUTH ELLEN excuse no green-gages, as grandmamma expects DAN?"

Key to the cipher of 1 and 2—the first letter of each word forms the message.

3. From a gentleman to the lady to whom he is engaged: their last meeting was as far back as yesterday evening, and they will not see each other again until seven o'clock to-night:—"Mem. Daily papers show strange ignorance, but I shall go. Thin grog. Let no parcels escape vigilance. Not cough lozenge, please."

Key—the last letter of each word.

4. From a lady at the seaside to the gentleman she is determined to marry. Her friends disapprove of the match, and are afraid she will elope:—"Clovally seems lovely. Will ARTHUR think CLARA's hat exceedingly droll? Blackberries unusually tempting. Cousins of MINNIE's expected."

Key—the first three letters of the first word, the first two of the second, the first and last of the third, and the first of each of the remaining ones.

5. From a nervous and eccentric patient, who does not wish the servants to know all her symptoms and remedies, to her doctor, who happens to be at a distance:—"Opportunely, Cantabs climbed up Hillsborough attitudinising capitally, others visibly compelling animals. Owls chase bats at Esher. Cheap candles all allow: gin adherents do." The doctor's answer (in the same style):—"Obstinate errors baffle one. Oddly, dynasties fall. Onwards education! Away, languor! Attack Devonshire cream."

Key—the second letter of each word.

6. From a jockey at Newmarket to a trainer in town:—"Bring Saddle and we'll change Tinker's kruper. Old Zach is ofended he understud about Al's lite van been engaged."

Key—the first letter of every other word.

7. From a client in difficulties to his money-lender:—"Nac uoy tel em evah rehtona derdnuh?"

Key too abstruse for explanation.

Our Rover.

"THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION OF MINERS."—A new London Club I suppose, a sort of Junior, to be a member of which it is, before all things, necessary to be a younger son.



LUNCHEON BY THE SEA.

"HERE! QUICK! SOMEBODY LEND ME A SPADE! THERE'S BEEN A SMALL WHIRLWIND, AND ALL THE BLANC-MANGE IS BURIED IN THE SAND!"

GHOSTS AT VERSAILLES.

ALL blest large Charity conceives the Dead,
Though in the flesh some played a demon's part,
Angels, by craze or circumstance misled;
TROPMANN himself, perhaps, a Saint at heart.

THE FOURTEENTH LOUIS, and NAPOLEON FIRST,
May have been Loves incarnate, but purblind;
Thence was the world with their well-meaning cursed:
Two would-be benefactors of mankind.

Therefore, if Ghosts, from their celestial sphere,
The drama can of earthly life survey,
That Pair, with joy serene, their sight now clear,
Viewed Strasburg won on that September day;

The same as when, from Allemania reft
Was Strasburg, nigh two hundred years ago;
The day of restitution as of theft:
It pleased those Shades to see things ordered so.

Glad, at Versailles, the sometime pompous King,
Purged of his pomp, beneath his Image stand
Saw Prussia's Chief; heard his own Palace ring
With German shouts for conquering Fatherland.

And he, that other, who on Earth had spread
Slaughter and cruel havoc far and wide,
Smiled down approvingly from overhead,
With mild benevolence and chastened pride.

Complacently the great rebuke they viewed
Of their extinct ambition, in the halls
Sacred to MOLOCH, fiend with gore imbrued,
Whose pictured orgies decorate the walls.

"To all the glories of vainglorious France
Behold an end; the fitting end," they said.
In good and truth so greatly can advance
The spirits, purified, of bad kings dead.

A TOLERABLE TIARAFUL.

AFTER all, the condition of his Holiness of Rome is not at all unenviable. According to a telegram from the eternal and also temporal City:—

"SIGNOR SELLA has sent to the POPE fifty thousand crowns, the amount of the Papal Civil List for the present month."

Thus, if the Holy Father has lost one crown to VICTOR-EMMANUEL he is consoled with fifty thousand crowns by SIGNOR SELLA. The telegram which informs us of SELLA's munificence in sending him those crowns, rather superfluously adds:—

"The POPE has accepted the money."

Trust him. Trust Infallibility.

Thunder and Lightning.

WHY does dear M. VICTOR HUGO, of whom one would never willingly speak otherwise than respectfully, write such intolerable fustian as that which he has lately addressed to his countrymen? How he must despise them, if he thinks that they relish it. However, we cannot be grave with him. Here he has been bidding the Germans come on, for "Paris awaits you, the Lightning in her hand." Why, the very women in the capital supply the retort. They say that the German soldier wears a "lightning conductor" on his helmet. So the lightning will not avail, and really we don't think much even of M. HUGO's thunder. Let him *not* roar again.

FOOD FOR THE IMAGINATION.—Fancy Bread.



VERSAILLES, OCT. 5, 1870.

"The Royal Head-Quarters were transferred here to-day."—*Telegram.*

GHOST OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH (to Ghost of NAPOLEON THE FIRST). "IS THIS THE END OF 'ALL THE GLORIES?'"

THE BOOMPJE PAPERS.

(Concluded.)

REASONS FOR THE BREAKING UP—JÖMP'S DESTINY—THE LAND OF FATE—THE FUTURE MARTYR—THE BUMPER AT PARTING—BOOMPJE FINISH.



HE musical BUND has received letters from London. He is in a great state of agitation. He is very sorry, but he *must* be off. They (who?) can't do without him. (Boompje!)

It appears that he has received an invitation from a quartette party in town; and he is to bring his own violoncello. Two violins, a piano, and a violoncello. The dinner is to come first, and afterwards the four are going to play Somebody's Something in G. MAULLIE says he should like to hear the tuning and screwing up.

BUND replies that the screwing will be probably done in the dining-room. But this is only his way of turning off the banter good-humouredly, as if ever man was in earnest and bent on playing something, no matter what, in G, BUND is that man. He resolves to get the music in Brussels, and study it. JÖMP having had a day with the Landlord, is expected for once to know something about Brussels.

BUND asks him, "Do you know if there are any good music-shops?"

"O yes," JÖMP, the intelligent, replies without the slightest hesitation, as if he'd been born among them. "O yes"—then, as usual, his sprightliness vanishes, and he begins to appear almost sorry he'd spoken, "Yes—um—um—dere are"—he admits it now as a probability—"dere are music-shops."

His tone implies that though there *are* music-shops, yet, he should say, they wouldn't sell you anything except ham sandwiches, or, in fact, everything except music.

"They ought to be first-rate music-shops," observes MAULLIE, "in this place."

JÖMP rubs his head slowly, thinking this out, then shrugs his shoulders, and puts his hands behind him, resembling in this attitude himself (JÖMP) in winter at a fireplace, or himself again (JÖMP) in some celebrated impersonation of the first NAPOLEON deliberating. So far he *does* resemble the Great Emperor, he *does* deliberate. There the likeness ends.

"Well!" exclaims BUND, impatiently, to whom, now, minutes are crotchets, "Where are these music-shops?"

"Vell," answers JÖMP, deprecating the commander's impetuosity, "Vell—um—um—dese music-shops—um—um—*dey are 'ere*."

"Go and ask somebody to tell you," says BUND, testily. Exit JÖMP, in tears. The Landlord enters, and gives BUND the required information. BUND goes all over Brussels, and can only find Somebody in F. They're out of Anyone in G. So the Commander busies himself with Bradshaw, to find out the shortest and most convenient route back to his beloved Violoncello.

MAULLIE, R.A., has had his letters forwarded. WATERGLASS, the eminent dealer, wishes to see him at once: an enormous commission. We suppose it to be to paint the Norfolk giant in a series, with perspective background, and giants of various ages in the gardens. However, he must go, and as for GOOCH, and MUNTLEY, and PINTON, finding that if they stop at Brussels they will be alone in their glory, and as, with the departure of BUND, the office of paymaster and commander is in abeyance, it does not take them long to decide on a course of action which will not precipitate the temporary separation of the Club members, a painful necessity which we agree to leave until we are once more upon the shores of Perfidious Albion.

"One Boompje bumper at parting" is GOOCH's proposal, speaking for himself, &c. Carried, *nem. con.* And the proposition being duly developed, takes the form of a dinner, and the presentation of the Boompje livery, which he has worn so long and with so much credit to himself, to the immortal and amiable JÖMP.

We are astonished at finding that JÖMP is most anxious to get back to London as quickly as possible. On being questioned he is somewhat reserved, but, as hitherto, so now, veracity itself.

"You want to get back quickly, eh?" asks BUND.

"Vell—um—um—yes—I should like to get back—um—yes,"—after considering whether there is any other better form of expression, he settles in his mind that there is not, and adds, "Yes—quickly—O yes."

"Why?" asks MAULLIE.

"Vell," JÖMP returns, very slowly, and rubbing his head, letting his eyes wander all over us, the walls, the looking-glasses, and the carpet pattern, as if the reason he was going to give us was written somewhere among these articles, like a revelation,—"vell—um—um,"—fails to discover it in the carpet, and tries the right-hand window pane over BUND's head,—"vell—um—um—I wish to go because,"—another failure, he tries up the left wall as far as the cornice, where he is stopped by some ornamentation, which drives him to the looking-glass on the opposite side,—"because—vell—it is nothing,"—here he smiles to himself rather bashfully, and we begin to think that he is going to tell us of his fixed intention of getting married,—"vell—only because,"—the furniture failing him entirely, he settles on BUND's watch-chain, and brings himself to bay as it were,—"I want to go—um—um—because—I do not wish to stay here."

"Is there no other reason?" asks GOOCH, inquisitorially.

"Vell—um—um," JÖMP admits there is.

"What is it?"

"Vell—um. I vill tell you"—JÖMP begins in a tone of most abject apology, "I ave taken a—um—um—I ave taken a Otel."

"A what?" we all exclaim.

He is as frightened as if we'd all suddenly forbidden the banns of that imaginary marriage we had fixed on him.

"A Otel," he resumes. "O yes, I ave him. Vy not?" Then, warming with the subject, he continues, "Dere is mosh more money to be made as that, dan as Courier, O yes, mosh. It is in a good place."

"Where?" we inquire.

"Vell," he pauses and looks round at us, to see how we'll receive the intelligence; "Um—um—um—it is in London."

He names London as if the idea of starting a Hotel in such a place was entirely novel and original, and calculated to make an unheard-of fortune from its so taking the people by surprise. He had evidently looked forward to people saying, "Hallo! here's a hotel! Why it's JÖMP's Hotel. Dear me, let's go in and sleep there, and dine there, and, in fact, live there. All, every one; let us desert London and live in JÖMP's Hotel."

We cannot discourage him, as he has taken the premises.

"A great place," he explains, "Make dee—two—tree—four—an twenty or tirty *Billiard Tables*."

"How many beds?" was our natural question.

"O dere will be beds—O yes—plenty of beds. Enough for every one to sleep most comfortable."

Now what JÖMP means by this is not to us distinctly clear: but it does seem that up till now sleeping accommodation has been a consideration of secondary importance by the side of Billiard Tables. Unless those who couldn't get beds, were to be accommodated with pillows and sheets on the billiard tables.

He goes on, evidently pleased, to give us particulars. "Vell den—dere is varm and cold water always turn on—O yes—den dere is a large Organ dat play several tunes—"

"Good gracious!" exclaims MAULLIE, "what's the use of an Organ to a hotel?"

"Vell," JÖMP returns, "he is no use, no. But I bought him at a sale. He plays," he adds, with pride, to show that he's not been taken in, "O yes, he plays."

"Any other curiosity in your hotel?" asks GOOCH.

"Vell, no," answers JÖMP, innocently. "But you must come dere von day. I shall be delighted if all de gentlemen vill come."

"If it's conveniently situated," cried BUND, "we might have a weekly Boompje dinner at your hotel, JÖMP."

He is radiant. He would be glad, he would give us a dinner—O yes, we should dine.

"Where is it?" asks MAULLIE, pleased, as we all are, at the idea. "If it's in the neighbourhood of the Clubs, or about that part, it will suit us down to the ground."

"Vell," JÖMP considers, "vell—um—um—it is not near de parks—no—vell it is—no," as if he were mentally calculating its exact distance in inches from the Marble Arch or Wellington statue,—"vell—no—it is not near de Clubs—no—but you can get dere—O yes—you can get dere."

This possibility is, we think, almost a necessity to the success of the hotel. However, where is it?

"Vell, it is—um—um—it is in *Smithfield*!"

"Is it!" exclaims BUND; "then, JÖMP, you've made a martyr of yourself; your friends will roast you, and, 'pon my life, you deserve it. What on earth—" but BUND is so annoyed with him that we are

obliged to come to JöMP's rescue, and start suppositions that he (JöMP) had some good grounds for thinking he should get business in Smithfield, in preference to any other place.

"O yes," replies JöMP, brightening up, as if anything like a tangible reason for taking this Hotel in Smithfield had never occurred to him before, as perhaps it hadn't—"It is a good place for a Otel. Dere are a number of—" "Farmers and Gentlemen Farmers from the Country on business," suggests GOOCH.

"No—um—um—No." JöMP rejects this source of wealth, and we wonder on what vein, unknown to us, he is going to rely. "No—dere are a number of Swiss Clockmakers living about dat part, and—um—um—I tink dey vill come."

JöMP's notion, fully developed, is that these Swiss Clockmakers, *firstly*, "must eat; vell—dey come to my Otel." In vain we point out to him that they'll probably continue to dine, as they are doing now, and have done for years, at home. He meets this objection by saying, "Ah vell—but ven dere is a Otel, dey vill come." *Secondly*, that the hot and cold water always on will be a great inducement to them; *thirdly*, that, their work over, they will be delighted to recreate themselves with billiards. Again, we point out that, being chiefly, in all probability, family men, they will prefer to do as they have done for years, the chances are, and stop at home.

"Ah," says JöMP, "but ven dere is a Otel and twenty, tirty, billiard tables, dey vill come."

We advise him to get rid of his speculation to anyone who will buy it, but he thinks we are wrong, and we hope he is right.

He says he must get back to manage it as, "it vill vant me to be always dere," he tells us.

The above explanation of JöMP's views stood in lieu of a speech from him at our dinner, where he waited on us, for not, let us hope, the last time.

BUND from the chair made a neat and appropriate speech. He expressed his pleasure at having been, conjointly with the present company (MUNTLEY and FINTON excepted, and welcomed as Junior Members) the founder of the Great Boompje Club, whose existence would be synonymous henceforth with that of Science and Art. They would all of them dine with him that day fortnight in town, and book it. "Messieurs," concluded our courteous and hospitable Commander and Paymaster (who has never yet sent in the bill, and never will) "Messieurs, au plaisir! Gentlemen, let us stand up and drink the Motto of the Club, which emphatically and concisely expresses our sentiments towards Number Two, and, at the same time, a long farewell to the Land of Boompje. Hip! Hip! Hooray! One, two, three,

'BOOMP-JE!'"



BRILLIANT IDEA.

Maid. "O JAMES! I'VE GONE AND FORGOT MY LADY'S EVENING HAIR! LEFT IT, ALL PLAITED AND READY ON THE TOILET-TABLE!"

James. "WELL! LET'S SEE. THERE'S LOTS O' LADIES A STOPPIN' WHERE WE'RE GOING. PERHAPS YOU'LL BE ABLE TO BORROW SOME, AND WE'LL TELEGRAPH FOR THE OTHER."

A Thought for the "Tablet."

Christianos ad leonem! That cry of the ancient heathen is the maxim adopted by their modern successors in limiting the POPE and his Government to the Leonine City.

"WE DEMAND HIS HEAD."

THE Paris jewellers are doing no business. On this an American friend (who is not very well up in French—or, indeed, English) remarks, "Orfèvre ain't no count in time of War-fever-y."

Poesy on the Penny Press.

(Suggested by the News-Boards.)

As I run I read the news,
Buy the Paper—if I choose.

A CARDINAL ERROR.

JUST NOW MRS. MALAPROP is greatly interested about Rome, and hopes the dear old POPE is still under petticoat government, and does as his AUNTIE NELLIE wishes.

A FEW NOTES ON SOCIAL SCIENCE.



PHILOSOPHY at Liverpool was a great success. People have been hearing so much about War that they are glad to meet where bellicose topics are excluded, just as in the year of the first Great Exhibition, the fact that at a dinner nobody had mentioned the Show (yet that was far better than its successor the Shop) it was held *primâ facie* evidence that the banquet had been a pleasant one.

But the next meeting but one will be the remarkable meeting. It is to be held at Brighton. Yea, at the place of which was writ far back in the dark ages,

"And thou, Brighthelmstone, where no Cits annoy,
(All bound to Margate, by the Margate Hoy)

Where, should some eager Creditor advance,

Lies the light skiff, for ever-bailing France."

There is no Brighthelmstone, or town of him of the Bright Helmet—who was he, we wonder?—there is no Margate Hoy (though happily there was one in the days of SYDNEY SMITH and certain Methodists) and there is no imprisonment for debt, so the ever ready bail of France is not needed. But there is a Brighton, (whereat, wrote the aforesaid S. S.—no connection of W. HUNTINGDON—"the deboshed London bathers no longer hear the sound of French cannon") and the Cits go there in shoals, and make night-trains hideous with stockjobbers' slang, and where you will most likely meet your creditor, and hold affable discourse with him on the Painted Ladies and other butterflies that adorn the Parade. Yes, there is Brighton, once hallowed by the presence of King TURVEDROR, but in that good King's own palace, in the very chamber made vocal by CAPTAIN MORRIS, now singeth the Music-Hall star, bidding you paddle your own canoe, and act upon the square. Thither are the philosophers to go next year but one, provided the letters of lodgings will be reasonable, and not charge men of science, who are not invariably men of money, much more for a week at Brighton than they pay as a quarter's rent in London. *Punch* augurs great things from this Brighton Congress. If its evening sittings could be held on the very pretty West Pier, gay with variegated lamps, and the excellent band would play between the speeches—or even during them—profit and pleasure would be charmingly combined, and the Marine Section could have its specimens fresh out of the water. We do not see that this arrangement would materially interfere with the flirtations for the promotion whereof the pier was so evidently and craftily contrived—

"For Science never was designed
To make our Spooning less."

Some of the Liverpool discussions have been exceedingly edifying. But with the edifying portion *Mr. Punch* has nothing to do—he reserves the priests of science too much to make jest of their discourses, even when they are proxy. He remembers GEORGE HERBERT, of Bemerton, on sermons.

"When all wants sense
Heaven takes a text, and preaches—Patience."

But there were many deliverances at Liverpool which only a Fool, with a large F, would have desired to avoid or abbreviate. Peruse them, Scholastics, in the *Athenæum*, and be wiser. Then shall you have earned the right to note these lighter things.

A paper was read on "Mothæmoglobin." This is the instinct, or disease, which induces Moths to burn themselves in the Globes of lamps. No very effectual way of preventing this was indicated, but keeping them out of the room by shutting the windows might do something.

A gentleman had unfortunately lost his paper of "Remarks on the Heart of a Chinese Dog containing Hæmatozoa," but he gave a pleasant Notice respecting the Embryonal Development of the Hæmatozoon Bilharsia, which was listened to with great delight and satisfaction. There is a rule against encores, which might have been relaxed in the present instance.

The "British Confereæ" were described. They may be seen at all watering-places. These Cone-Bearers wear a soft hat, tapering to the

top, and it was held by the meeting to be a great improvement on the Billicock, sung about in *King Lear*—"Billicock sat on Billicock's Hill" &c. It is not to the discredit of the many-sided Swan of Avon that the hat he praised was not for all ages, but only for a time.

"Indications of a Pagan Race" were stated to exist in Scotland. The meeting at once admitted that these were highly probable, and several members testified to awful superstition in that country. One speaker said that a Scotchwoman had refused to subscribe to the Sick and Wounded Fund because of "that Popish symbol"—the Red Cross, on the collector's book.

There was read an excellent paper on the "Relations to one another of the Fins of Fishes." What the fins relate to one another was not mentioned, but a member thought it might help the discussion if he mentioned that at dinner he never gave turbot fins to his relations, if they were poor. It becoming clear that he had dined, he was assisted to impart any further facts to the Nymphs of the Mersey.

In the Moon-Section it was mentioned that *Plato* is found to be habitually covered with a great number of spots. This seemed easily accounted for. He is very difficult to read, and when a student lays down his pipe to turn to the lexicon, baccy will often escape. Bitter beer, too, contains colouring matter.

The lamentable, or at least regrettable fact was stated that the perihelia of certain comets crowd very much about the solar apex. It is so evidently the fault of the sun's motion in space, that the Congress decided on making a representation to that eminent body, in order that the unseemly crowding may cease. He is to be respectfully reminded that he is not the Great Bear.

In the Biological Section a paper was read proving that "in certain persons over-study has a tendency to produce insanity." It was admitted, however, that the number of these persons was small, infinitesimal, in fact compared to the number of those in whom under-study had already developed something like idiocy; but this discussion was reserved for the Brighton meeting, when illustration will be supplied by the fashionable young fellows plentiful in that locality.

In the Money Section a very remarkable proposal was made. A gentleman "advocated the use of one-pound notes, to prevent the wear and tear of coins." We live and learn. We never tore a sovereign, but have often torn a one-pound note, when the dirty, flimsy, evil-smelling rag was presented, as change, by a Scotch inn-keeper, N.B. We always kept the pieces.

The same gentleman contended that a golden sovereign was only a token. SIR JOHN LUBBOOK (we must name him) justly and indignantly declared that it was more than a token. Before we can decide the controversy, we desire more information, and any number of sovereigns which SIR J. L. will cause to be forwarded to us from Lombard Street, we will first accept as tokens of his esteem, and we will then submit to crucial tests for the establishment of their complementary value.

Having thus brought his remarks to the £ s. d. point, which is the be-all and the end-all of all subluxary matters, *Mr. Punch* concludes with his congratulations to the Philosophers of Liverpool, a locality which they have now discovered to derive its name from certain Blue Ducks, which once abounded there. They are still represented, by sundry darlings who attend and adorn Social Science Meetings.

A COMPLAINT.

DEEREST MISTER PUNCH,

As a lover of truth and justiss I do hope as you will put this in your next Cumprussian. Here is a nadvertsmunt wich I anserd:—

A YOUNG LADY WANTED, immediately, as COMPANION, of a good appearance, from 25 to 30 years of age. Must not object to travel, writing and speaking French perfectly (without accent), and English if possible. A German or English lady preferred. Please answer in French, enclosing carte de visite and the necessary references, to B. J.

I do not say mutch for my English, not being a nattiv, but I do know French, and so I wrote:—

"CHER J. B.,

"JER swee ontrer dangtangs and trongt tangs of age. Je n'objecty par poor to travvil avick vous. Jer can ecrivey frangscais parfatement oui. Jer incluse carte-de-visite, as mentionny par vous.

"Yours, &c."

And I were refused!! Make this kanone all over the inkling glob, is the cry of your afflikted

MISS MIEGS.

What would Have Been very Appropriate.

THE name of the Postmaster-General, under whose administration we have all within the last few days been accommodated with a new, cheap, and convenient mode of postal communication, happens to be HARTINGTON, and not, as might naturally be supposed—CARDWELL.



A PASTORAL REBUKE.

First Pedestrian (they've lost their way). "LOOK HERE. THIS MUST BE THE EAST, MUSTN'T IT? THERE'S THE CHANCEL WINDOW-- THAT'S ALWAYS EAST; THEN THE SOUTH MUST BE--"

High-Church Priest ("turning up" suddenly out of the Vestry). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, GENTLEMEN, BUT I CAN'T ALLOW MY CHURCH TO BE USED FOR A SECULAR PURPOSE. YOU'LL FIND AN UNCONSECRATED WEATHERCOCK ON THE BARN YONDER!"

WAR NEWS.

The Shop. (No date.)

"CAPTAIN," says the Hereditary Grand, as beany as the noble Gee himself.

"Sir to you again, Sir, arter that," replies this Light-hearted Soldier down on him like nuts.

"What's your opinion by now of the Prooshian Army?" says Hereditary Grand to me in the Gardens of Versailles, leaning on the toe of the Fourteenth party of the name of LOUVE; a statue larger than life, and twice as unnatural. Which he were. (Your Own's the infant for description, picturesque groves and downy sunsets. Call on him, and he'll answer. Trust this gay Militaire. What he don't know he don't write, and then turn round and say he was "only putendin'." Not me, GEORGE.)

"Well, Hereditary," responds this Child of the Regiment, "if you ask this Noble Marquis's opinion, he'd say that the Prooshian Army, as a lot, A 1 and this side up, are all there when the bell rings."

I believe he was much charmed with my reply. I was myself, it being the whole bag of tricks in a pill-box.

"But," says this honest Militaire, "don't you make no beautiful error, Hereditary Grand, for the Cockalorums of my own native land are up to all moves on the triangle and cymbals, and if every man isn't in a red coat with a sabre by his side, it's because they're born soldiers, and practice would only spoil the material."

The Hereditary looked serious, and turned to talk to the Grand Duke of Seidlitz-powders, effervescing old cove is old Seidlitz (which is what this Light-hearted calls him, only putendin', you know, and all in play), but if a Militaire, far from the scenes of his early chirrup, isn't to swagger a bit, where are you? Knocked into a basket, for they'll play Aunt Sally with a feeble native if he ain't that straight on end he might be. But this solitary Warrior of the Whiteskins (with his own portable india-rubber tub and sponge to match, all there) looks towards you, and

says, says he, "Look here," says the Dook, "Which it are," says the Duchess, "my gay Volunteers and Amateur Cockalorums generally, look-a-here and mind this, or this feeble infant knows a party or two as won't be a hundred miles away if you ain't polished up and ready to receive some hereditary cavalry sharp end out. Mark, cock! if you want to pick your chicken's bone neat, practise it, or you'll make a jolly mess of it, my gay Voluntary and Militaire. Are you all there? No."

Parades, uniforms, backwards and forwards, and here we are again. Not me, GEORGE. No, much obliged for kind inquiries, and how was you to-morrow? Not round Tattenham, my noble sportsmen, game, but collared and licked, with stuff to last out twenty worse that beat you. Now where are we? Training, my Light-hearted Volunteers. Your Own Thorough Soldier knows it, and he looks towards you on his own native land, and he says, Look out, your noble Washup, I'm a comin! What's your little game at present? All this Gay Skirmisher's eye and MARTINI's rifle. You *comprenez*? Owi, says the Dook, with his little book. Tell the Willing Voluntary to get out of his all-over-the-shop style, or else one of these mornings his hair'll curl the wrong way. Time called, and no one at home. Bless the PRINCE OF WALES. Mind, on the scoop and all over the shop now and then on a bonfire night; all's well; pass, friend; and good night. But on the march, no scoop; on the scoop, no march. Twiggez-vous? Don't jeer at a Light-hearted Soldier when he puts you on the straight tip. "Gently," says the Dook. "Pull up," says the Duchess. Which it were.

So no more at present

From Your Own Gay Militaire,
DYNWELL.

G. & A.

"WHAT mania has seized on France?" asks an indignant contemporary. *Punch* replies, "ALLEMANIA."



UNVARNISHED TRUTH.

Wife (No. 3). "NOW, ON YOUR WORD AND HONOUR, DEAR, DID NOT YOU LIKE YOUR TWO FORMER WIVES BETTER THAN YOU DO ME?"

Husband. "CERTAINLY NOT, MY LOVE. THE PRESENT'S ALWAYS THE BEST!"

HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

MR. PUNCH,

A WELL-KNOWN quarter of Her Majesty's possessions, not a hundred miles from the Bay of Dublin, will be in a blaze, a ferment, an uproar, or whatever else you like to print as expressive of popular excitement, when some news, which is now delighting the inhabitants of an old-established and not altogether worn-out country, gets into papers which are certainly not remiss in making the most of national slights and grievances, real or imaginary, and into conversation which bears a high character for brogue and blarney—news relating to a young and Royal lady, who has a triad of charming names in "LOUISE CAROLINE ALBERTA," and a gentleman who was "educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, has sat in the Liberal interest for Argyllshire, and was formerly Captain in the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers," and is now the luckiest young fellow in the Queen's dominions.

The PRINCESS LOUISE is engaged to be married to—a Scotchman! Another slight for poor old Ireland, another link riveted on to those galling fetters which England is ever forging for oppressed Erin, another buffet for down-trodden and vapulated Hibernia, another bitter pill for the green, grieved isle!

Will there not be meetings, processions, speeches, petitions, flags, banners, torches, tar-barrels, national tunes, and stout shillelachs? Will there not be an increase of the tide of emigration and the stream of whiskey? Will there not be a revival of the burning desire for a National Parliament in Dublin, and a renewal of the clamorous agitation for a divorce from this tyrannical country? If not, then potatoes have no eyes, and buttermilk is not good for the complexion, and Irish bacon will never again hiss in English frying-pans; unless—and nothing but the value which I set on the suggestion I am now about to make, would have induced me to leave a very comfortable easy chair for my writing-desk—Her Majesty's advisers immediately issue a proclamation, or an order in Council, or a Gazette Extraordinary, or a latest telegram, or whatever may be the most weighty and impressive document available in the Parliamentary vacation, reminding the people

COMYCKE CLASSICKS.

PHAËTHON, or ye Fast Young Grecian Gentleman: his rapid Career and Awful End.

[Being a Specimen of the mode in which the divine Myths of the Classical Æons may be adapted to the use of the least educated.]

A FAST young man was Phaëthon.
Quoth he, "It's humbug hollow
That fuss the *genus homo* makes
About my Pa, Apollo.

"Call him a whip!" he said, with scorn,
And accents contumelious,
Because he just drives up and down
The sky them prads of Helios.

"I'd tool 'em just as well myself;
Nay more, I'll bet a fiver,
I'd make the folks on earth confess
That I'm the better driver."

And so he filled Olympus full
With such-like bumptious fibbins—
"Till Don Apollo riled and said,
"Here, hang it, take the ribbins."

&c., &c., &c.

NOT A FRIEND IN EUROPE!

"YAH! Whom do you expect to help you when you have to fight for your Indian Empire, or go to war in defence of Turkey?"

Dear foreigners, then, do you think it possible that such degenerate, ignoble, spiritless creatures as we have come to be shall ever, under any circumstances whatever, fight on any account, if we can preserve peace by submission or surrender?

And what amount of verdure, Gentlemen, do you discern in the eye of JOHN BULL to make you imagine him capable of expecting any assistance, even in return for the utmost he could afford, from any of you, if he were to get involved in any war whatsoever, except the assistance which you would be sure to render, those of you who might fear, for your own sakes, that he wouldn't be able to do without it?

of Ireland that there is still a Princess left, and binding themselves and their successors to employ every constitutional means to secure the happiness, in years to come, of some good and young and handsome Irish Duke or Marquis by a Royal alliance, and a Royal Wedding within the walls of St. Patrick's, to abound in Irish laces, and Limerick gloves, and K. P.'s, and poplins, and shamrocks, and the best of wishes, and the best of omens for a bright and prosperous future.

Let them do this and they will allay the storm, quell the tempest, pour oil on the troubled waters, calm the ruffled sea, quench the rising flames, extinguish the torch of discord, sweeten the cup of adversity, and spread universal content and satisfaction from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, from the mountains of Wicklow to the echoes on the Lakes of Killarney. I remain, Reverend Sir, yours respectfully,

JOSEPH WILLIAM PEACOCKEY.

SISTERS OF THE SCALPEL.

O DEAR Mr. Punch! In reading the *Morning Post* what do you think? I met with this shocking paragram, don't you call it? from the *British Medical Journal*:—

"DISSECTION FOR LADIES.—Six ladies are, we understand, now busy dissecting a female subject in DR. HANDSIDER'S Practical Anatomy Room."

Milliners may cut the body up, and *Le Follet*, the other day, described it as open in front; but for women to pick one another to pieces in a *Practical Anatomy Room* is too dreadful. Ugh! Ever your affectionate,

ROSA.

POLITICS OF THE PAVEMENT.

Decent Man. Torchlight meeting! Why torchlight?
Demonstrative Cad. Anything for a flare-up.

COMFORTABLE THEATRES.



MY DEAR PUNCH,

Now that Paris has become the theatre of war, we hear that every other theatre in Paris has been shut. Paris without plays is as wondrous to imagine as a workhouse without work: and it is difficult to guess if the effects of this theatrical bereavement will in Paris or in London be the more acutely felt. For how can our poor managers get on without French pieces? And there will be no French pieces to be brought out till the peace. If there be no open theatres there can be no new French plays; and if there be no new French plays there can be no translations of them, and what on earth are British managers to do in this sad case? A modern French piece, well supplied with the indelicacies of the season, has been played as a sure card to win a virtuous British audience; and what sort of an audience can be won without such cards?

Suppose, now, that a manager conceived the happy thought of attending just a little to the comfort of the public, and thereby atoning for the loss of French attractions on his stage. It seems a wild idea to think of any comfort in a theatre: still the notion may be realised with vastly little trouble, and might be found productive of considerable gain. Let men have room to stretch their legs, and not be forced to stretch their necks if they want to see the stage. Let them sit no longer cramped and crammed together, and let them not be worried by boxkeepers and coatkeepers, all clamorous for fees. No longer let a man who pays five shillings for a stall be charged a shilling more for having it reserved for him, and another shilling still for being shown into his seat. What would you say, I wonder, when purchasing a beefsteak or a pair of gloves, if the shopman were to ask you for a shilling for himself?

Moreover, let the audience have playbills given gratis, and let the music of the band be a trifle more subdued, and not obtrusive upon ears which have quite enough to do to listen to the play. Half our orchestras appear now to consider it their duty to deafen half their audience before the play begins: and, throughout the *entr'actes*, instead of playing softly to tempt people to talk, they kick up such a row that nobody can hear a word of what is said.

Workhouse reform has been pretty loudly called for, and playhouse reform may likewise be thought needless. Little nuisances like those which I have gently hinted at may often prove great hindrances to keep folks from the play. In spite of them, good authorship and acting will doubtless prove attractive; but in competing with the pot-house or its equivalent the music-hall, there must be increased attention to the comfort of the playhouse.

Wishing managers the wisdom to profit by my hints, believe me,

Yours in all serenity,

Saturday.

SOLOMON SOLOMON SMITH.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Various Reports.—It was whispered in well-informed circles (long before the truth was known) that the PRINCESS LOUISE was to be married to a Bishop. This, of course, is soon cleared up; it was the mention of *Lorne* that led to the mistake.

Again.—It was said that a great Croquet Match was on the *tapis* at Balmoral, in which PRINCESS LOUISE was to take a prominent party. This arose from the fact of there being a *Lorne Party* constantly at the Highland Royal Residence.

Anecdote.—The PRINCESS LOUISE is remarkable for her studious habits and her neat wit. Knowing *David Copperfield* by heart, Her Royal Highness lately asked Mr. P. *ch* (who shall be nameless in these columns), "Why the Marquis was likely to propose for her hand?"

Mr. P. *ch*, of course, gave it up.

"Because," said her Gracious Goodness, "he is like Mrs. GUMMIDGE."

The Right Hon. Mr. P. *ch* laughed, but being evidently expected to pursue the subject further, submitted to H.R.H. The Princess that he (Mr. P.) did not exactly see why the Marquis resembles Mrs. GUMMIDGE.

"Because," answered the dear PRINCESS, "he is Lorne and Lorne." Whereupon, hearing her Mamma call, she left the right hon. gentleman to himself and his note-book.

Notice to Correspondents.

Already the anticipated storm has begun. *Mr. Punch* has received forty-nine letters enclosing witticisms, the "point" of which is that his respected and beloved Princess is

"All For-Lorn."

He hereby gives notice that, as a loyal subject of the Reigning House, and as an indignant member of the Republic of Literature, he not only rejects all such rubbish, but designs a dire revenge on all persons who shall presume to send such impertinence. Respect this.

PENAL REFORM DEMONSTRATION.

GEORGIA, U.S., is a State which has gone very far a-head on the path of progress in penal science, if its criminal law altogether is as adequate to the correction of offenders as that part of it designed to check the adulteration of food and drink. In a paper, treating of legislation on that subject, read at the Social Science Congress by MR. PHILLIPS BEVAN, it was stated that:—

"In Georgia every brewer, distiller, grocer, merchant, or other person selling pernicious or adulterated food and drink, and also all accessories after the fact, are liable to a fine up to one thousand dollars, imprisonment up to six months, whipping up to thirty-nine lashes, and to work in a chain gang up to twelve months."

This interesting information appears to have escaped the notice of the Land and Labour League. The adulteration of food and drink is a crime by which the working-classes suffer especially. It is the British Working-Man, and the British Working-Woman, with their families, who, more than any other people, are cheated whilst they are poisoned by the fraudulent grocer and publican. The example of a principal State in the Model Republic should commend itself to organisers and leaders of Republican demonstrations. Perhaps MM. ODGER, LUGRAFF, BRADLAUGH, and the other Chiefs of the above-named Association, will presently get up a Penal Reform Demonstration over the Water, meeting the Land and Labour Leaguers at the Obelisk by the Surrey Theatre, and thence marching at the head of them, with bands of music playing and banners flying, to Downing Street there to visit MR. GLADSTONE, and order him as soon as possible to bring before Parliament a Bill for subjecting dishonest shopkeepers, convicted of adulteration of provisions and liquors, to the chastisement of whipping. Should the PREMIER object that the lash is a degrading infliction, they may reply that, to nullify that objection, the pillory might be revived and superadded to the cat-o'-nine tails, because the punishment of the pillory, at any rate, is an elevating one. By making a demonstration in demand of a measure particularly desirable for the working-classes, M. ODGER and his associates would be minding their own business.

Neutrality in a Nutshell.

Bernstorff. It is very unfriendly of you to export arms to France during this War.

Granville. Wasn't it very unfriendly of you, during the Crimean War, to export arms to Russia?

Bernstorff. O, but that's no reason why you shouldn't do as you'd be done by!

DIAMONDS OF THE CAPE.—Intelligent Policemen.

ONLY TWO LEGS TO STAND ON.



In the *Home News* for India we read—

"An East-Indian is exhibiting a 'wonderful' horse at Madras, which has only the two hind legs. The animal is said to be about four years old."

This paragraph somehow came to the notice of one of the animals that have just distinguished themselves by losing the Cesarewitch. The great trouble the ambitious creature occasioned by its desire to show that it could manage as well with two legs as four, has been happily depicted by our artist. Nothing could be happier, in fact, except the face of the jockey.

NEW MUSIC.

We hear of some delightful novelties in music, which a very little puffing will doubtless render popular. First, we notice a new ballad called "*The Timepiece by the Thames*," which clearly owes its origin to "*The Watch by the Rhine*," a song that now is being "sung by fifty million Germans." Further pendants to this melody are

likewise said to be in active preparation; and this, considering its popularity perhaps is not surprising. One of these, adapted for the French, we hear will be entitled "*L'Horloge par la Seine*," in which the striking of a clock will produce what the advertisements will probably describe as "an effect truly striking." The other, written for a Music Hall, is intended to delight the connoisseurs who revel in the slang which there is prevalent. Composed as a companion to the songs above described, and intended to be sung after the famous "*Roman Fall*," it will be welcomed by the title of "*The Ticker by the Tiber*."

A NICE CARGO!

The *Times* says:—

"Our Malta correspondent, writing from Valetta, informs us that 'news has been received here of the expected arrival of a batch of two hundred Jesuits from Rome, who together with one hundred and fifty already here, will make a rather formidable collection of these politico-clerical gentlemen!'"

What a charming place Malta will be to live in! The peace and happiness of the families living in that fortunate island, its political tranquillity, and the comfort of the resident clergy must now be permanently ensured by this welcome addition to its society. Yet some people seem never to know when they are well off, and to grumble even at the good things provided for them, for we read on, "This invasion is looked on with little favour by the Maltese clergy." We wish the *Times'* Correspondent had added a word or two more, and told us how it was regarded by the Maltese laity.

Music and the Drama.

It may have been remarked by some of our elder readers that the London Street Music-Bands are neither so numerous nor so good as they were a few years ago. That is probably because the musicians who used to play in the streets must now be engaged at the daily multiplying theatres.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires whether the Germans will care so much for the Watch on the Rhine now that they have got the great Strasburg Clock.

EXTRACTS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

(N.B. The Authorities will be kept till called for.)

THE circulation of the new and handy Post Cards leads the mind to many serious reflections on postal communication, as carried on at different times and in various countries in the World's history. The following particulars relating to this deeply interesting subject have been collected at great expense and not without some personal risk, from rare books and unheard-of codices and manuscripts existing in our public libraries, principally in those attached to the Levantine Monasteries. They would serve as an excellent foundation for contributions to magazines and reviews, lectures at literary and scientific institutions, and conversation at the dinner-table or in the railway carriage: heads of families and preceptors of youth, country audiences and parties of not less than four, two children being counted as one, may rely on the authenticity of the statements here adduced, the police having received strict orders not to interfere.

Earlier than the Siege of Troy we have no trustworthy information as to the regulations for Book Post; nor do we know, for a certainty, at what crisis in the nation's history the privilege of franking was first allowed, but scattered notices in the works of our best historians and writers on the *Belles Lettres* point to a date anterior to the one generally assigned by instinct.

It has only within the last few weeks been settled that the Savings Banks of the Nile were not in connection with the Chief Office; and the plausible theories built on some curious remains of mediæval brick-work, discovered by the Dilettanti Society on the coast of Arabia Petrea, have completely crumbled away beneath the searching gaze of modern scientific investigation.

Some of our learned Societies would do well to offer a reward—a medal, or a premium of books, or copies of their quarterly publications—for the best essay on the long disputed questions whether the rural postmen in the Italian Republics wore uniform or not, and how far they were allowed to receive boxes at Christmas; and if the writers branched out into a comprehensive survey of the exciting circumstances attending the early struggles of the impressed stamp for existence, the cause of truth would be materially benefited at little or no expense to the persons principally implicated.

We know the names of the Athenian Archons, the Spartan Ephors, the Roman Consuls, the Italian Gonfalonieri, the Dutch Doges, the Venetian Stadtholders, the Tibetan Grand Llamas, the Egyptian Soothsayers, the Norse Vikings, the Provosts of Eton, the Masters of the Ceremonies at the Bath Pump Rooms, and the Lord Mayors of the City of London; but history and tradition are alike silent as to the first occupants of the post of Postmaster-General, when it was created on the revival of letters in the Great Western Empire.

Their Majesties' mails have been carried in sundry odd fashions since the day when LEANDER swam across the Hellespont with a valentine in his mouth for HERO; since the evening when MARC ANTONY sent a trusty retainer, with a sweet message scraped on tablets of wax, to CLEOPATRA dressing for a dinner-party. They have been borne across sandy deserts by sure-footed mules, they have been carried up steep mountain passes on the humps of docile dromedaries; India's haughty elephant and Wales's hardy pony have travelled with them many a weary mile through jungle and morass, over common and village green; full-breasted pigeons, and inflated balloons, have passed swiftly through the buoyant air with important despatches; the dogs of St. Bernard, have been met on a dark winter's evening with the monastery post-bag tied round their faithful necks with a piece of blue satin ribbon; and even the ferocious alligator has been trained to convey the hurried scrawl of the poor Nubian to his wife and family, sitting under a palm-tree in distressed circumstances.

Not many years before the close of the last century the Post Office at Margate was a bathing machine, at Leeds a cellar, at Ipswich a disused gig-house; and the romantic caves on the Yorkshire coast, when not required for smuggling purposes, served as the depository of many generations of village correspondence, before pillar-boxes came into general use.

Statistics, as a strict rule, should be abandoned to learned bodies, blue books and hardworking buttermen, but it may interest a large proportion of the respectable inhabitants to learn that if all the letters which pass through St. Martin's-le-Grand, on any given day in the year, could be placed in a row, end to end, they would reach from Wells to Wigan and back again, within a few yards.

Similarly the newspapers would completely fill up the Suez Canal, if it could be drained dry; and it should be strongly impressed on the minds of the young and innocent that if the postage stamps, used by Great Britain and her dependencies in the course of twelve months, were heaped up together, they would form an enormous pile exactly corresponding to the Great Pyramid in weight and dimensions.

(N.B. In consequence of the length to which these details, bearing on one of the most important questions of the day, have extended, we are compelled to postpone the communication of many other interesting extracts.)



THE PORTRAIT.

Charwoman (who has been sitting to the young ladies). "O DEAR, MISS LAURA! WHY YOU 'VE ONLY DRAWED ME WITH ONE EYE! MISS ROSA'S GIVE ME MY REG'LAR NUMBER!"

DANGEROUS DOCTRINE.

("The Brotherhood of Christian Doctrine has been forbidden to teach."—*French Telegram.*)

To teach forbidden, Brotherhood
Of Christian Doctrine? It may be
Because you teach misunderstood
Doctrine of Christianity.
Men have taught that, before JOE SMITH
Preached Mormon liberty to wife;
Some heretics, together with
Saints who burned heretics alive.

What, now, perhaps, from standard faith
You fain would people lead away,
By teaching that the Volume saith,
In morals, what it seems to say.
Peace not for War, Love not for Hate,
Not Evil overcome with Good,
For Vengeance, Lowliness for State,
And Glory, not, O Brotherhood!

Perhaps "The just is scarce secure,"
By you explained, doth not imply
That all your soldiers are cocksure
Of bliss, in battle if they die.
Perhaps the simple you-deceive
By saying to them, "Do not bend
Plain precepts, nor alone believe
That which you cannot comprehend."

Thus if you taught, and men did heed
Your teaching for this world unfit,
To silence you there might be need;
But they would mind it not a whit.

No fear they'd list to you, and learn
The golden rule, so called. Not they!
Deaf ears the Faithful still would turn—
You might be left to say your say.

A SERIOUS PUBLICATION.

A PUBLISHER announces a new work, apparently serious, under a remarkable title:—

"GRANNY'S CHAPTERS ON SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS: Creation to the Death of Moses."

Is the author of this volume a clergyman named GRANNY, then? No, indeed; only the preface to it is the composition of a reverend Divine: the Book itself is advertised as written "by Lady MARY ROSS." We are to understand, therefore, that GRANNY means Grandmother. It is something new for a biblical commentator to come out avowedly in the character of an old woman. We hope Lady MARY ROSS will be found to have so acquitted herself therein, especially by her manner of dealing, for example, with astronomy and geology in relation to a portion of her subject-matter, as to delight Convocation, astonish COLenso, and make philosophers see that they must not pretend to instruct their Grandmother in a method of eating eggs.

The Tongue-tied Postmen.

ARE the Letter-carriers forbidden by the Post-office Regulations from combining to express their gratitude for considerate treatment at the hands of Government? No deputation of postmen, that we know of, has yet waited on the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON to return thanks through him officially to the truly liberal statesmen who (of course) have raised their wages in due proportion to the additional work imposed on them by the new regulations for the postal accommodation of the Public at large.



A QUARTER OF A MILLION.

GERMANIA. "NEUTRALITY, INDEED! YOU OUGHT TO HAVE HELPED *ME*!"

FRANCE. "NON, NON!—IT IS *ME* YOU SHOULD HAVE HELPED!"

BRITANNIA. "I AM DOING MY BEST TO HELP YOU BOTH."

WAR NEWS.

(From your Own Cockalorum.)

I WRITE to say that this won't do, your noble 'Washup, which it won't. That gay young BISMARCK has been sending to several papers, German and English, to say that *Your Own's Account of the Meeting between himself* (meaning this Light-hearted Soldier) *and the Hereditary about that noble Gee* (which subsequently astonished the mighty Baron, as told in these Voracious Memoirs) *was all a Simple Invention, and never did take place at all!!* It didn't; O no, never, of course not, p'raps not, O no, which it weren't, and I'm another. O, of course. P'raps this truthful Militaire doesn't know the Hereditary Grand, O no, of course not! P'raps he doesn't sup with him, and smoke pipes with him, and lend him—but O no we never mention it—and perhaps this Lighthearted Gallant doesn't have no end of talky-talkies with all the Hereditaries and Transparencies and Grand Dooks and six-foot nothings in jack-boots all over the shop. O, of course not. O no! Go it, BISMARCK! Go it, my gay Politician!

And p'raps this Dashing Young White Cockader didn't buy a performing Gee to ring bells, fire pistols, and put the whole art of war into a nutshell. O no! And p'raps this high-mettled Gee wasn't the envy of all the Prooshian Officers from Hereditary Cockalorums, Dooks of Seidlitz Powders, and Little SINGMARINGX downwards. Of course not.

And what's the Real Truth. Your Light-hearted will give it you, and no extra charge.

That wary round-the-corner Politician, that Artful Quirassier, that Sagacious Prime Chancellor, *was down on the noble Gee HIMSELF!*

This Gay Cockalorum was up to the whole bag of tricks, and was in the stable: consequently Your Own knew the little game, and was up to the little move. Of course the Chickaleary Chancellor couldn't bid himself for the Gee, but he gets that brave BARON MOTOLKE to do it for him. Bless your buttons, I'm there. And this gay speculator asked his price and got it: which it were.

Now, then, did I false report? Not me, GEORGE.

But you, Sir, You—O, how could you be down on Your Own Truthful TOMMY?

And then write to this Light-hearted Soldier to know "*what he meant by it?*"

Sir, your conduct has walked into me like a hot knife into butter. On receiving your letter, which *did not contain the due amount of stuff*, this Broken-hearted Warrior leant on his sword and wiped away a trickler.

Mister, Sir, I appeal. This Gay Light-hearted Yours Ever Truly appeals to the entire Prooshian Army, to the whole Civilised Biling of Europe, against his enemies. As for HERR BOUNCER BISMARCK, he'll have a line from this Unsullied Brave which will call him to the Tented Field, and if this Scientific Warrior don't shake his door-mat, and double up his Prooshian Perambulator, never trust the word of a British Officer again.

VILLUM is at Versailles. VILLUM has just sent for this Light-hearted Correspondent, to ask him about things in general.

Your Own attracts notice. All the people, as this Militaire walks along the street, say "Goy! what a feller!"

VILLUM and the Hereditary Grand met me in the Gardens. This noble Marquis don't kootoo, and they know it.

"VILLUM," says Your Own, after the first how-was-you-to-morrows were over, and the Staff was sent off, "how about that blooming young BISMARCK?"

"Captain," says KING VILLUM, "we're all tiled here."

The Hereditary gave the sign, and we went hands round in the regular free-and-accepted grasp.

What passed between us after this can't be told to a fourth party, being, you'll please to observe, strictly Masonic, and no admittance except on business.

We separated late, this Silent Mason and the Hereditary putting VILLUM the Victor into his virtuous downy. It was as much as we could do to prevent him from telegraphing to Her Royal Majesty, "All right. Cockalorums on the scoop. 'Nother battle," and then he was for adding something pious from a hymn that he'd learnt in his early childhood, which he sang in several different tunes, bringing it out as a chorus to this Elevated Soldier's "Won't go home till morning"—which we didn't.

BISMARCK was not in the hunt, you perceive, but in consequence of his conduct to this Gay Soldier, he has put himself in the cart.

Your Own is all over the shop, and tittup's the word.

B. has promised to send contradictions to all the German papers, and this Gallant Soldier is himself again, and all there when the bell rings as usual.

Yours ever, Your Own, DYNWELL.

P.S. Post the Stuff, my Cockalorum. Think of the Cheque which cheers but doesn't inebriate.—D.

NEW AND OLD LEADING.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER has recently delivered an inaugural address to the Church Congress at Southampton with his accustomed eloquence. The *Morning Post*, in a leader, quotes and comments on a specimen of the Lord Bishop's discourse:—

"When the awakening intellect first looks back upon the dull, lifeless, irreciprocative torpor in which it has hitherto lain entranced, the revulsion of a natural indignation against the past is not without its perils," and "at such a crisis, unless there be some guide capable of leading for a time the half-recovered consciousness which discerns dimly the true relations between itself and the objects around it, 'seeing men as trees walking,' it is but too probable that it will fall into some strange, and it may be fatal confusions. 'This leading by the hand is the Church's true office,' and in order to its effective discharge, DR. WILBERFORCE contends that she needs that readiness which is bred of Conference."

Conference or confidence? Conference labours every year even as the mountain did; but does she bring forth so much? You may, indeed, call Conference Mother Conference, just as you would call Goody Two-shoes Mother Two-shoes, Mrs. Two-shoes being past the age of possible maternity. Who has ever seen the name of Conference among the Births, and who could have expected to hear Readiness mentioned as a child which Conference had given birth to?

But never mind. "This leading by the hand is the Church's true office." Hear, hear! Every earnest inquirer will be glad to know that BISHOP WILBERFORCE says that. To be led by the hand—how much more satisfactory it is than to be led by the nose!

THE BENEFITS OF A BOMBARDMENT.

SUPPOSING London were bombarded, would the Tower, which is its only fortress, soon capitulate? or would the Governor of that citadel take a leaf, say, from the book of the Governor of Strasburg, and let the city be destroyed before he would surrender? How should we relish hearing that the Strand was being shelled, or that Regent Street was being reduced to utter ruins? Imagine one's dismay if the Bank were laid in ashes, or if one heard of the complete annihilation of the *Punch* office! In some respects, however, we could bow with resignation to the fate of a bombardment. We could bear, without complaint, to hear that Temple Bar had been levelled with the dust; and, providing that the pictures had all been moved elsewhere, we should hardly drop a tear on hearing of the demolition of the National Gallery. A well-directed fire on certain back-slums we could mention, where thieves do mostly congregate, would scarcely be regarded as a profitless calamity: and if all the barrel-organs in London were destroyed by the bombs of the besiegers, the loss might by some few of us not wholly be lamented. Supposing half our public statues should be blown to bits, we trust the public sorrow would not be inconsolable: the one at Hyde Park Corner would afford a mark conspicuous at a good long range, and few lovers of the fine arts would regret its demolition. Were Holywell Street set fire to by a shower of red-hot shot, we hope that we should learn to bear the loss resignedly: and were a shell or two to burst bang in the midst of Leicester Square, the desolation there occasioned would hardly be more hideous than what we see at present.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE TRIED.

THE Mussulmans strong drink eschew,
So likewise does your mild Hindoo.
With wine, beer, spirits, they dispense,
And practice total abstinence.

Consider how that system works
Among the Brahmins and the Turks,
And, if we were the same to try,
Should we be much improved thereby?

Physic in the French Army.

A NEWSPAPER Correspondent at the Prussian head-quarters, referring to the French cavalry, says:—

"At Sedan a magnificent charge was made by the MARQUIS GALLAPOT, at the head of his chasseurs."

French pharmacy appears to be enabled to boast of a nobleman and a hero.

Grammar of Assent.

THE result of the Roman *Plebiscitum* may be thus summarised. It was "Yes, yes," instead of "No, no." (*Subaudi Pro.*) But if it had been "No, no," what then? All one. Two negatives are equal to an affirmative.



"GAME" IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Captain Jinks. "BIRDS PLENTIFUL, I HOPE, DONALD?"

Donald. "TOUSANS, SIR—IN TOUSANS."

Captain J. "ANY ZEBRAS?"

Donald (anxious to please). "IS'T ZEBRAS? THEY'RE IN TOUSANS, TOO."

Captain J. "AND GORILLAS, NO DOUBT?"

Donald. "WHEEL, NOO AN' THEN WE SEE ANE OR TWA—JUST LIKE YERSEL."

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

GETTING well into the middle of telling a good story, and then utterly forgetting just the very point of it.

Going more than twenty miles some fine morning to be married, and remembering when at the church that you have left the ring behind you.

Remembering an hour too late the appointment that you made to meet your rich and highly promising old uncle, who hates to be kept waiting even for five minutes.

Forgetting quite the name of MR. OILEY, your new rector, and addressing him in company by the name of MR. BAWLER, whom you afterwards remember as a dissenting preacher.

Returning from a "call" party about three o'clock, A.M., and suddenly remembering that you have left your latch-key behind you on the dressing-table.

Remembering that you forgot to take that bill up yesterday, and recollecting how your credit suffered when a similar accident occurred a year ago.

After wasting a fine appetite at home upon hashed mutton, remembering that you have been invited to a banquet at a hospitable house, where nine times out of ten you feast on real turtle.

Getting through successfully the first verse of a song, and then completely forgetting the remainder.

Having just posted an urgent begging letter to a friend, suddenly bethinking you that you have spelt his name wrong, and feeling pretty sure that this is likely to offend him.

Recollecting, on your way home after supping at your club, that you promised to return and have an early dinner, and escort your wife and your wife's mother to the play.

Remembering, too, the row they made the last time you forgot them, and the rather costly visits to Regent Street and Bond Street, which you had to pay by way of expiation.

Going fifty miles from home for a day's snipe-shooting, and when half way there remembering that you have left your gun behind you, and have quite forgotten to pack up any shooting boots.

Just as you are knocking at seven o'clock precisely at your friend JONES's door in Kensington, recollecting that you were to dine with your friend SMITH, at Clapham.

To the Marines.

A New Paper to be devoted entirely to Naval and Marine affairs is about to appear. It will be published by the Hydraulic Press.

THE RESULTS OF INTERVENTION.

(Imagined.)

We are abused right and left for not having interfered on one side and on the other.

Suppose we had interfered, then, on the side of France, and suppose we had interfered on the side of Prussia.

First suppose we had interfered on the side of France. What then? The British Fleet would have helped the French Fleet in doing so much harm to Germany as the French Fleet has done. It would have helped the French Fleet to do nothing.

The British Army might have gone to the Rhine, where it would have shared the fate of the French.

Our newspapers would at this moment be all moralising on our forgetfulness of the couplet telling what happens to

"Those who in quarrels interpose."

Our principal families would all be in mourning; to the emolument of the advertising MESSRS. MAGPIE, and other drapers.

We should be in for Heaven knows what multiple of the Income-Tax; perhaps for a fractional increase of the tea and sugar-duties.

We should have made an eternal enemy of Germany.

We should have deserved the gratitude of France.

France and Germany would have made peace over our heads, and then what mutual arrangements they chose, not minding us, if not combined against us.

Now suppose we had interfered on the side of Prussia.

We might, to be sure, have stopped the war; and the French nation would now be crying "To London!" But, if the war had gone on:

Our Military Contingent would have been a drop in a sanguinary ocean.

Our Navy would have fought the French. We should have sent some of their iron-clads to the bottom, and they would have sent some of ours, to no purpose whatever as regards influence on the War.

We should be in for both a heavier Income-Tax even, and a heavier Butcher's Bill than we should have incurred by interfering for France.

France, having recovered from defeat, afraid to assail Germany again, would immediately try to regain her lost "prestige" at our expense. She would have Waterloo to avenge, and Paris besides. She would invade us, or try to, instantly; and serve us right.

In the meanwhile our Prussian friends would laugh at us, and leave us, as they did in the Crimean War, to fight our own battles.

If we had interfered on either side, we should be much worse off than we are.

Coriolanus Crusty.

I HATE agitation;
I loathe demonstration;

I scorn the sensation

A Spouter creates by a platform oration,

With denunciation,

And vituperation,

And gesticulation,

And visage that shines with profuse perspiration.

HORACE IN SPAIN.

DIGNUS VINDICE NODUS. "AMA-DEUS intersit."

FREEMEN CALLING FOR FIREARMS.



THE Council of that influential association, the Land and Labour League, has issued an important address to the Peoples of Germany, France, Spain and Italy, which will probably be read by some of those whom it concerns with the respect and attention due to the common sense of its substance, and the unadorned eloquence of its style. It concludes with the following quiet appeal to its authors' fellow countrymen:—

"Brothers at home! be earnest, careful, watchful! Call for the arms of freemen, and use them when freedom calls."

The arms of freemen at present consist in part only of the weapons which they ought to be armed with. As yet no breach-loaders have been issued to the Volunteers. Their call for the arms of freemen, namely, the

most effective arms that are to be had, remains unanswered. The rest of the Land and Labour League's "Brothers at home," are still less likely to have any such call attended to. Said Brothers may call for sword and rifle, which, however, will probably not come at their command, unless they themselves order and pay for them, paying also 20s. a-year each for gun-licence. Government will probably hesitate to comply with the call for arms which are to be used when freedom calls, by any other persons than the Volunteers, Militiamen, and other forces who will then be called out.

LAST FROM A PARISIAN.

MR. PUNCH extracts the following from a Jersey paper. He has every sympathy with the advertiser, and hopes that she may obtain much patronage, but he thinks that perhaps the terrors of the Siege of Paris may for the moment have disturbed her habitual exactness in composition. But why did not her reverend friend kindly look to her advertisement?

A PARISIAN PROTESTANT LADY, just escaped from the besieged city, of long experience and great success as a teacher, is forming FRENCH CLASSES for YOUNG LADIES of both sexes, and is also willing to give private lessons at the residence of pupils. M^{me}. B. is strongly recommended by the Rev. —, and may be seen at his house.

THE PROGRESS OF WARFARE.

THE army in France seems to be going up. It is not improbable that we may soon hear of "the nations' airy armies grappling in the central blue—" at least we read in the *Times* of something which appears to be preliminary to the fulfilment of the poetical prediction just quoted. The remarkable statement to which we refer is as follows:—

"Balloons are daily sent off from Paris, and are carried by the prevailing easterly winds to the provinces which are unoccupied by the Germans. They are followed by light cavalry as long as they continue in sight."

Light cavalry, of course: heavy dragoons might find a difficulty in trolling through the air, their drill not being as yet adapted to such a strange element.

THE BEST "ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT."—The PRINCESS LOUISE'S engagement.

LOGIC BY A LIQUOR-LEGISLATOR.

THE Gentlemen of the Platform, whose dictatorial self-conceit and loquacity seek vent in the eloquence of aggressive teetotalism, at last find it necessary to try and prove that "the Permissive Bill," which would enable a majority to prevent a minority from buying what they want to drink, is "consistent with Civil Liberty." The "United Kingdom Alliance" has published a speech, delivered, some months ago at Exeter Hall, by DR. BREWER, M.P., in support of that not quite self-evident proposition. What an argument for a BREWER!

Whether or not the speech of BREWER was worthy of his name, it had one undeniable merit; that of brevity. DR. BREWER put the question at issue, quite clearly, in few words:—

"The United Kingdom Alliance, say our enemies, starts with this avowed intention, to prevent their fellow men from getting what they want, or at any rate, where they want it, and they say this is intolerable to liberty, without which no action is either good or bad, for the valued file of all men's virtues consists in choice and discrimination. I believe I have never heard the opposition to this association put more concisely, more tersely, or more vigorously than this, and, inasmuch as it is the objection which met me in the lobby of the House of Commons, and which came from the most highly gifted of our antagonists, I think it worth while that we should look at the proposition in something like a 'grammatical' spirit. (*Hear, hear.*)"

All this is excellent sense, except the word "grammatical," which, however, inverted commas apparently denote to be meant to mean something. It is not, of course, a misprint for "pragmatical."

DR. BREWER confutes the most highly gifted of the United Kingdom Alliance's antagonists thus:—

"First of all let us take the subject and then the predicate. I would ask, then, who and what is the United Kingdom Alliance? Is it composed of a body of men who have conquered the country at the point of the sword, and are dictating to the subjugated race conditions or laws which may probably be good and virtuous, but which are nevertheless objectionable and offensive to liberty? Now, the whole argument, and all argument cognate with it, must fall to the ground unless this, or something like this, can be established."

DR. BREWER takes "the subject" and "the predicate," and then he takes something else. He takes a point for granted. After "subject" and "predicate" comes "*petitio principii*" in the logic of DR. BREWER.

Civil liberty cannot be infringed upon by any body of men but a conquering army.

That, or "something like" that, is DR. BREWER's assumption. The Ecumenical Council will never beat it.

There can be no such thing as the tyranny of a majority. That is to say, of a merely numerical majority regarded in "something like a grammatical spirit," with DR. BREWER.

Therefore, the majority of Englishmen did not infringe liberty when they imposed political disabilities on Dissenters. A majority has as much right to shut up a meeting-house as a public-house. Will the REV. DAWSON BURNS accept these consequences?

DR. BREWER leaves no room for doubt as to what he means by liberty. Speaking of the physical force which he and his associates want permission to command, he says:—

"As I say, the whole force is based on moral force, and all we ask is the liberty of a citizen to act for himself, and that a large majority shall control the minority, without which there is no rule or government whatever. (*Cheers.*) That principle is the essence of liberty."

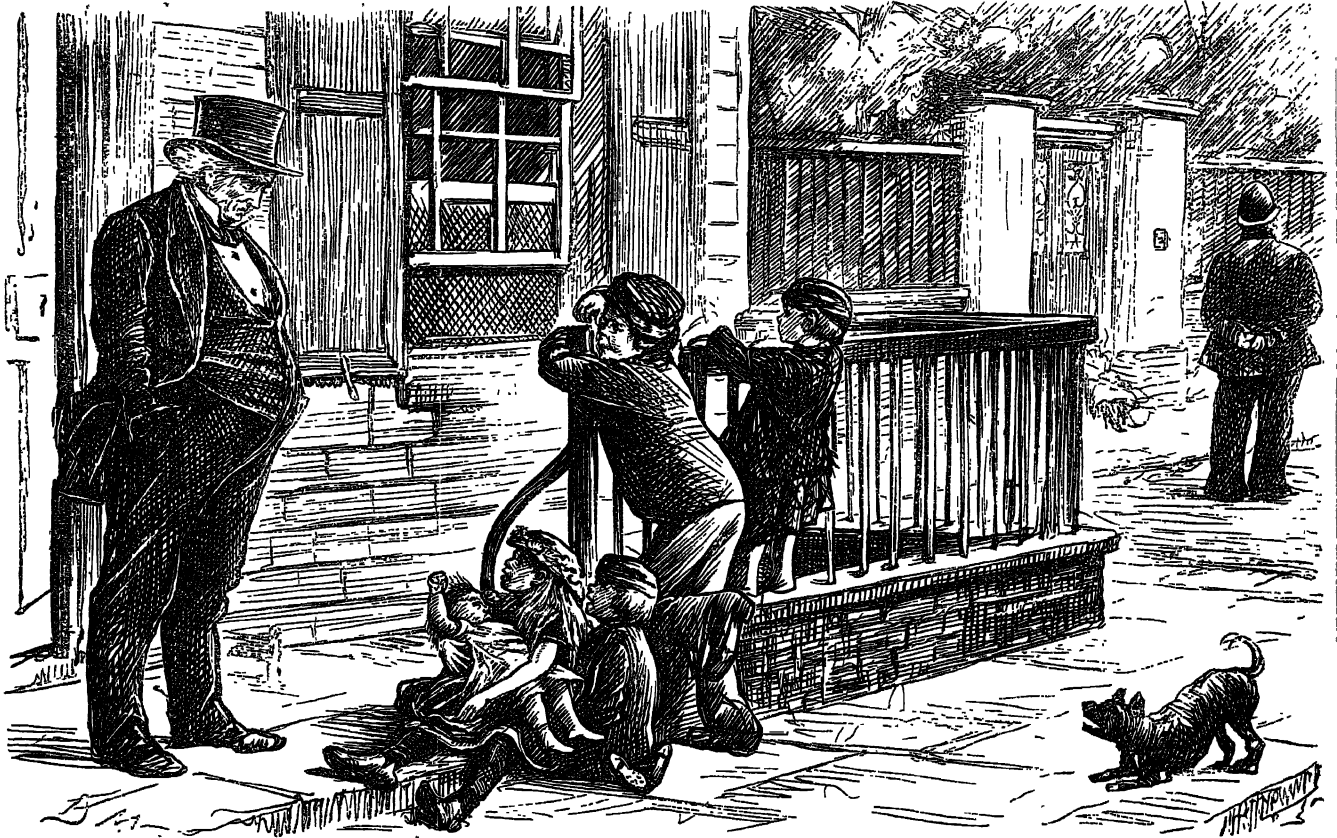
Namely, "the liberty of a citizen to act for himself"—subject, in all things, to the control of the majority. Is there no intelligent child near DR. BREWER to tell him that it is one thing to recognise the necessity that the majority should legislate, and another to hold that its legislation must necessarily consist with freedom and right? The KING OF DAHOMEY is withheld from abolishing human sacrifices by the public opinion of his subjects. If a majority can do no wrong, as DR. BREWER in effect asserts, the Dahomeyan majority are right in keeping up their "grand customs."

He who does not see that liberty consists in the ability to do whatsoever you please, provided it be not in itself injurious, ought to be sent to Earlswood. So ought everyone who perceives not that buying and selling beer, wine, and spirits are acts in themselves innocuous, and become hurtful only when the freedom of doing them is abused.

If the "Speech of DR. BREWER, M.P." delivered to prove "The Permissive Bill Consistent with Civil Liberty," may be considered a criterion of his reasoning powers, we can only say to our little boy:—"Behold, my son, with what little wisdom Colchester is represented in Parliament."

Very Much So.

A STUDENT of Chinese metaphysics having moistened the dry subject with several bottles of various liquors, told a friend that "He thought—(*hiccup*)—the 'subject—very—(*hic*)—very—Confusius." He was considerably put to bed. (N.B. The Student was no relation to the German DE WETTE.)



BRUTUM FULMEN.

Old Gentleman. "NOW YOU CHILDREN, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS: IF YOU MAKE ANY MORE NOISE IN FRONT OF MY HOUSE, I'LL SPEAK TO THAT POLICEMAN."

Chorus of Juveniles (much tickled). "THAT P'LICEMAN! LOR', WE AIN'T AFERD OF 'IM! WHY, THAT'S FATHER!"

FIVE MINUTES WITH BISMARCK.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

I HAD a chat last night with BISMARCK. We smoked a cigar together. He talks quite unreservedly of the War; says he has no secrets about it; why should he have any? It is everybody's business as much as his own.

I told him I thought he was a fool to stick out for Alsace and Lorraine. No, he said, he was not a fool; he knew well enough that Alsace and Lorraine would be more plague than profit; but the public opinion of Germany demanded those provinces, and real public opinion, another thing from the propension of the gentlemen of the pavement, could not be disregarded even if it were despised. The German public was the fool; not he.

Well, I said, now it's a pity; for see what a risk you run. Here will be winter coming on presently, and in another fortnight you will have to fight General November. It is quite on the cards that you may be attacked with influenza, or even dysentery, not to mention cholera and typhus, and forced to beat a retreat through hostile territory, in frost and snow, like the Great NAPOLEON; by Great I mean Great Benefactor of his Species: when he was compelled to cut and run from Moscow. Then, after all, you would be obliged to conclude peace with the French, at the best upon equal terms, and in that case, said I, don't you see, old fellow?—

What? said BISMARCK.

Why then, don't you see, I explained, you will of course lose your indemnity. Hadn't you better make peace while you are sure of that?

That never struck me before, said BISMARCK. I tell you what, you are a deuced clever fellow, and your head is screwed on the right way. Yes: we might make sure of the indemnity now: at all events could collect the French Fleet. I'll go to the King directly, and tell his Majesty what you suggest. A splendid idea, dear boy, he added, slapping me on the back. Good bye. Don't say a word to anybody

of what we have been talking about. Good bye for the present; but drop in again soon. I shouldn't wonder if your hint has important consequences. Before you go, give me another of those cigars.

A sensible fellow with nothing like pride about him, or stuck-up notions, and quite capable of listening to and appreciating good advice, is BISMARCK. I shall not be at all surprised to hear in a day or two that peace has been concluded on the basis of an indemnity, the demolition of the forts, and, for the rest, continuance *in statu quo*.

Reunion Extraordinary.

A POLICE Report of the proceedings at Guildhall one day lately commenced thus:—

"All the accused at this Court yesterday were named SMITH."

To the *Hostess*, who calls *Christopher Sly* a rogue, that antiteetotal tinker replies, "Y'are a baggage: the SLYS are no rogues." It too plainly appears that the boast which may have been true respecting the SLYS, made by a member of the family, cannot, with equal truth, be affirmed by a SMITH.

The Enemy.

"How goes the enemy?" we cry
Before we test the warning tinkles
Of our chronometer; but I
Would say "how comes the enemy?"
Then must we answer, with a sigh,
"Advancing parallels of Wrinkles."

OUT OF HER LATITUDE.—Will no one lend MRS. MALAPROP an Atlas? One of her sons is a sailor, and she will persist in saying that he is now in the Specific Ocean.



THE POST CARD.

Landlady (reads): "‘MARLBRO’-HOUSE. DEAR JOE—LOOK IN TO TEA AND SHRIMPS ON YOUR WAY HOME TO-NIGHT. WE’RE ALL ALONE, AND THE PRINCESS AND THE YOUNG ONES ’LL BE DELIGHTED. YOURS EVER, ALBERT EDWARD!’—WELL, IF EVER I DID!—I’D NO IDEA!—AN’ I WAS JUST GOIN’ TO GIVE THE POOR, DEAR, YOUNG FELLOW A BIT O’ MY MIND ABOUT HIS RENT!"

[N.B. The stratagem was successful.]

GOLD AGAINST COUNTERS.

Is it not time we should befriend
The weaker side in losing fight?
Yes, if the better; and defend,
Seeing that Heaven does not, the Right.

But, if the better cause be, too,
Getting the best of battle-fray,
The wisest thing that we can do
Is leaving Heaven to work its way.

Who would desert his friend in need?
The generous Briton? Surely not.
But help him how, by lawless deed
When into trouble he has got?

Compassion, sympathy, in vain
Unhappy France does not implore;
But, pity as we must her pain,
We feel her Victors’ woe the more.

Troops that, as frivolous as fierce,
Glory, by carnage won, demand,
What are their hearts, which bullets pierce,
To those torn through for Fatherland?

"Zouaves" and "Turcos," willing slaves
Of murderous lust for fame and power,
What are they, shovelled into graves,
To brave true men, their nation’s flower?

Together poise such men and such;
These in the balance those outweigh,
Excelling them in worth by much:
Gold against counters lost are they.

If we do take the weaker side,
Own its chief weakness that side must,
Thereto now blinded by false pride,
The weakness of a cause unjust;

Cause of invasion backward rolled,
Cause whose injustice does not cease
While first aggressors still withhold
Security for lasting peace.

We, for the weaker side and worse,
Forbearance only can implore,
When it shall offer pledge to curse
The world all round with war no more.

FRENCH WAR STORIES.—Ballooney.

CONSIDERATE GERMANS.

MANY an anxious bosom will be relieved of the gravest apprehension by the following extract from a letter of a champagne manufacturer at Ay:—

"We are busily engaged in securing our crops of grapes, in which we are not impeded by the German troops passing through the town every day, but receive every protection from the commanding officers. I feel it due to them to acknowledge this; and the whole world will be grateful to them for their forbearance and aid, when the soldiers of many other armies would, under similar circumstances, have been turned loose in our vineyards, not only to eat up the fruit so temptingly displayed in their sight, but also to trample down and destroy the plants themselves."

By far the greater part of Champagne so-called, may be made of rhubarb, but still the thought that the grapes of the real Champagne district were in danger of being destroyed was very dispiriting. Yet any one might have been relieved of such a fear by the consideration that the intelligent Germans have far too much good taste to destroy the sources of good liquor. If they were induced to invade England by the demonstrations of our "British Republicans," and their associates, and enabled to do so in the local absence of our fleet, by our general want of military organisation, and had then to besiege London, in case London were a fortified town, they would doubtless avoid, if possible, the bombardment of MESSRS. BARCLAY & PERKINS'S Brewery; or did they, under the same conditions, beleaguer Burton-on-Trent, they would not willingly shell the establishments of MESSRS. BASS and ALLSOPP. Nor will they, we may be sure, do more harm to Paris than so much as they may be compelled to by the infatuation of the Parisians; but let us hope they won't.

TRULY IRISH.—Irish Ambulance Corps is a rather happy name for a squad of auxiliaries. It is quite pat.

ENCOURAGEMENT BY TERROR.

In a certain popular ballad a naval Captain addresses the following statement to the heroine of the poem, concerning the hero:—

"If that your true love's BILLY TAYLOR,
He's both cruel and severe."

The subjoined telegram was sent, the other day, to MR. REUTER from Tours:—

"The Commander of the Army of the Loire has announced that he will shoot any soldier guilty of hesitation before the enemy."

This terrible Turk, actually a Turco perhaps, of a French military Commander, reminds us of BILLY TAYLOR. He certainly deserves the epithets applied to BILLY TAYLOR by the Commander in the British Navy according to the ballad above-quoted. The Commander of the Army of the Loire is both cruel and severe. That is, if he is as bad as his word, and does really mean to shoot any soldier who may prove guilty of hesitation before the enemy. But it may be feared that he will carry cruelty and severity yet farther than that, and be even worse than his word. He will only too probably shoot, if he can catch, any soldier who, before the enemy, shall be guilty of no hesitation in running away.

"Night Thoughts" for Mr. Cardwell.
(With the late Dr. Young's Compliments.)

THERE is no Army where there's no Reserve,
And 'tis on Savings that your Forces starve.

WHO SHALL BE KING?

THE Germans have all the houses of Orleans, except one. The French middle-class wish for that House of Orleans. Is peace there?

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



DIRECTED my steps to the St. James's, to see *Fernande*. Saw it. Written strongly in French by M. VICTORIEN SARDOU. Certain very strong French points necessarily omitted in the process called "revising." But *Fernande* is good; better since the first night, on account of having been re-revised and considerably curtailed.

It is capitally acted by all concerned, and it is some time since I have seen either MRS. HERMANN VEZIN or MR. W. FARREN so well suited. I con-

gratulate MRS. WOOD on a valuable acquisition in MISS FANNY BROUGH (*Fernande*), and I think I shall be able, when MR. LIN RAYNE has "revised" some defects of pronunciation and certain indications of an affected mannerism, to congratulate the manageress on one of the best "first young men" in London.

Now to my usual before-and-behind-the-Curtain account of

FERNANDE.

ACT I.

Fidgety Gentleman (in Stalls, looking at his watch, and speaking to his Friend). I say, I hope they'll begin punctually: we've got to catch the last train.

His Friend (from country, who, being only up for a few days, wants to have his full two-penn'orth). O yes, it'll be all right.

Play begins.

Well-Informed Person (to some one not so well-informed). This was a great hit in Paris. Capitally acted there.

His Friend (coming to the point). Did you see it?

Well-Informed Person (brought to book). No—(saves his reputation)—but I know all about it. (Wishes he had seen it in Paris, so as to have been able to talk about it now authoritatively.)

SCENE—An elegant Saloon.

Enter M. BRICASSIN (MR. GASTON MURRAY), looking awfully villanous, with a most remarkable evening-dress waistcoat.

Intelligent Person (in Stalls). He'd be the ruin of any gambling-house. No one would play for sixpence with a man in such a waistcoat as that.

Enter another Villain of the hairdresser's-shop-window-figure order. A mild-looking swindler, with evident false whiskers.

Enter M. ROQUEVILLE, keeper of gambling-house, with a pair of the fiercest moustachios.

Enter M. POMEROL (MR. FARREN). Altercation between these parties, not particularly intelligible.

Enter MARQUIS DES ARCIS (MR. LIN RAYNE), a nice young man.

Respectable Pomerol (astonished: to Nice Young Man). Why are you here? You mustn't be here!

Nice Young André. Why not?

Respectable Pomerol. I'll tell you.

[Tells him a long story.

Nice Young Man (convinced). Thank you. I'll go. (Goes, probably in order to avoid hearing another long story.)

N.B. M. VICTORIEN SARDOU is addicted to long stories.

Enter CLOTILDE, surname unknown; position in society, uncertain; widow or spinster, unexplained; older or younger than the young ANDRÉ, to whom she is engaged, nobody knows.

Pomerol (the respectable—astonished for the second time). Ha! CLOTILDE! Why are you here?

Clotilde. Don't you know? I'll tell you.

[Tells him a story about having run over FERNANDE in the street, and brought her back in her carriage.

Pomerol. But you mustn't be here!

Clotilde. Why not?

Pomerol. Don't you know why not? I'll tell you. Listen. Twenty years ago, &c., &c.

[Pays her out by telling her a long story, and then she knows why she shouldn't be here.

Roqueville (to POMEROL). You shouldn't be here.

Pomerol. Why not?

Roqueville (brutally). I'll soon show you why not. [He doesn't.

Enter FERNANDE, to thank CLOTILDE.

Pomerol (to her). You shouldn't be here.

Clotilde (shutting him up). I know that as well as you. But here I am.

[COMMANDER JARBI then plays at some game with the Villain in a waistcoat, who, knowing that he hasn't got a chance of appearing again in the piece, becomes very noisy and excited. False alarm of Police given by FERNANDE.

Roqueville (naturally angry). Why did you do that?

Fernande (the practical joker). I only rang for Madam's coachman.

Roqueville. Did you? Then—

[Row. POMEROL knocks him down. JARBI presents a pistol at him.

Villains (their last chance) throw themselves into attitudes. Curtain.

Bravo!

Intelligent Person (in Stalls). I wonder how the deuce they'll manage to get out of that house.

His Friend. Don't know.

Fidgety Gentleman. I say, they're an awful time between each Act. Must catch last train. Do hope they won't tell any more long stories.

ACT II.

CLOTILDE'S House or GEORGETTE'S House; uncertain.

Georgette. So you are happy (to CLOTILDE). I'll tell you why you should be jealous, as I am. [Tells her a story, and makes her jealous.

Enter ANDRÉ, CLOTILDE'S intended.

Clotilde (just to try him). I don't love you.

André. Hooray! I'm another. Now I'll tell you all.

[Tells her a long story.

Clotilde. Let me introduce you to the young person whom you do love.

André. Who is she?

Clotilde. I'll tell you. [Not having a long story ready, she invents one, and tells him. Then they all go to dinner.

Fidgety Person. Hang it! these stories take up no end of a time. The train goes at 11'30.

ACT III.

Return of POMEROL and JARBI to see CLOTILDE on ANDRÉ'S wedding-day.

Pomerol. And so—

Clotilde (aside). He knows nothing. (Aloud) I will tell you.

[Invents another story, and tells him.

Pomerol. We must go to the wedding.

Clotilde. O no, not until we've had two or three more stories. COMMANDER JARBI will oblige.

[JARBI obliges with two or three anecdotes of foreign travel, and fails to make his point out of a little Corsican joke.

Clotilde. Very good. Now, POMEROL, I'll tell you a story.

[Tells him how she's taken in and done for the nice young man ANDRÉ. *Pomerol.* O you . . . ! Shut up! [He shuts her up, so that she can't tell any more stories, and turns the key on her. End of Act.

Fidgety Person. Hang it! it might all be told in one Act, and here—dear me! the train goes in half an hour.

His Friend (hopefully). O, I dare say the last Act will be very short.

ACT IV.

ANDRÉ and FERNANDE married.

Enter CLOTILDE by a back door.

Clotilde (aside). He knows nothing.

André. CLOTILDE! Why are you here?

Clotilde. I have come to tell you all.

[Tells him all for the last time, and goes away.

As "all" is not very terrible in the English version, ANDRÉ, on hearing POMEROL tell him a few more stories and read a letter, forgives him. FERNANDE and they are supposed to live happily ever after.

Fidgety Gentleman (after CLOTILDE'S exit). Hang it! we must go.

His Friend (from country). But, I say, do let us see how it finishes.

Fidgety Gentleman. Can't. Train goes in quarter of an hour—(makes a discovery)—besides—

Reads the bill, the whole plot is written down.

Exeunt both. The play finishes.

Gladness in the Ghetto.

THE Official Gazette of Rome announces that "the Israelite married couple, COHEN," have recovered from a convent their little boy, kidnapped by the priests in 1864. Accounts from Rome further represent the Jewish community at large as rejoicing greatly in the annexation of Rome to Italy. The anniversary of the plebiscitum which effected that event will doubtless be observed by the Jews as a regular jubilee, when, indeed, the Ghetto will resound with the chant of Jubilate intoned in the original tongue.

LIGHT READING.



HOUGH a young City merchant, *Mr. Punch*, whose interests are closely bound up with indigo, I am fortunate enough to have a good literary appetite, which I satisfy in a morning before I go to business (as a bachelor I can do as I please at the breakfast-table), and in an evening when I return to solitude and a preparation of the tobacco plant.

I subscribe lavishly to a library of considerable repute, and am as catholic in my selection of books as I am in my admiration of female beauty. I will not say that heavy reading has a monopoly of me, but I certainly could not subsist on such a sickly, unwholesome diet as that with which habitual novel-readers destroy their digestion.

I gain a good share of information and amusement from periodical literature, and since the age of sixteen have been a steady peruser

of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. So much so, that I feel it to be a grievous thing, after so many years' pleasant acquaintance with those respectable veterans, both now between sixty and seventy, to be compelled to lodge a complaint against their treatment of that large party of readers who, like myself, turn to their pages rather as a relaxation than as a study, and would be glad to have a light *entrée* or two along with the solids and substantial. I have before been dismayed by my glance at the contents of these two old friends, but never, I think, with so much depression of spirits as during the current quarter.

A few evenings ago I came home, perhaps more than ordinarily weary of indigo and its ramifications, and found on my table the new *Edinburgh*, dressed like an old country gentleman, in its usual blue coat and buff waistcoat. I looked with some eagerness at the list of articles endorsed thereon. What did I find written for my recreation? First, in the van, where a Pope is not often found, "SIXTUS V." About this contribution I have only one thing to say—that it might have been worse; for it might have been on PIUS THE NINTH, and the mere sight of thirty or forty pages of (Ecumenical Council, and Papal Infallibility, and Temporal Power, and ARCHBISHOP MANNING, and CARDINAL ANTONELLI, and Eastern Patriarchs, and services in St. Peter's, and Ultramontaniam, after ten months' hard newspaper reading on these choice topics, would have been beyond endurance.

My interest in SIXTUS THE FIFTH (as regards the length of his reign, he was, I believe, one of the short Sixes) being but slender, I passed on to "Aryan Mythology," which, I think you will admit, was not exactly the subject one would care to study for the first time rather late in the evening, when fatigued by a more than ordinary attention to mercantile pursuits. A pleasant occupation, I have no doubt, on a warm summer's afternoon, in a shady garden or retired orchard, to dally with the Aryans and their mythology, to which time I adjourned my investigation of the subject, and went on to the next article—"Memoirs of a Russian Dekabrist." I cannot clearly recall what happened, but I believe I was found on the hearth-rug unconscious by a terrified attendant. As it was growing late I hesitated about sending a telegram to the Russian Embassy begging for an explanation, and I was personally unacquainted with MR. HEPWORTH DIXON, so dismissing the servant with an assurance that I should soon be better, I resumed my reading—"DR. NEWMAN'S Grammar of Assent." I was too much shaken by my encounter with that terrible Russian Dekabrist to close with so tough an antagonist as the Doctor: indeed I was only just able to face "ERNST MORITZ ARNDT," and felt wholly unequal to moving in "Prehistoric Times;" but even that period in no-history seemed to me preferable to "The Campaign of August, 1870"—for I was as weary of the War as of the POPE—and the "Reign of ANNE" appeared by comparison a gay and festive scene. Finally, I laid down the Review with an inflexible resolve to send it back to the library as soon as it was daylight, when I discovered that the concluding article, the only one left for me to trust to for the rest of my evening's amusement, dealt with such a nice light subject as "Germany, France, and England."

The next night the quaker-like *Quarterly* succeeded the *Edinburgh*; but as I am unwilling to encroach too daringly on your space and good-

nature, I will merely say that out of its nine articles only six treated of the War, NAPOLEON III. and PRÉVOST-PARADOL, and our own Army and Navy; that another discoursed of "German Patriotic Songs"—and you know we have heard pretty frequently, of late, of "*The Watch on the Rhine*," and "*What is the German Fatherland?*"—that another had the irresistibly taking title of "VON SYBEL'S History of the Revolutionary Epoch," over which I have reason for believing that I fell forward with my head in dangerous proximity to the candles; and that it was entirely "SIR HENRY BULWER'S Life of LORD PALMERSTON" which saved me from an undue recourse to stimulants, or, as the sorry alternative, a premature retirement to my bed, to dream of a fearful attack of the Aryans on the Dekabrists, gallantly led by DR. NEWMAN and SIR JOHN LUBBOCK; of SIR HENRY BULWER assisting EARL STANHOPE to burn VON SYBEL'S books in the Vatican, and of the whole of the party singing German patriotic songs till morning, and compelling SIXTUS THE FIFTH and NAPOLEON THE THIRD to put on their dressing-gowns and join in the chorus. MARK ANTHONY LANE.

HINT TO A SPECULATOR.

WE live in an age of such hurry and scurry that reading the newspaper, with the attention due to the efforts of the educated and conscientious journalist, is now impossible for our fast folk. It occurs to *Punch* that a speculator might make money by printing this sort of thing every morning—the text which the leading articles of the journals enforce, and sending it in to us as a fly-leaf with one's papers. Here are the heads of one morning last week:—

Times.

French keep on humbugging themselves. GARIBALDI no good. We are all delighted with PRINCESS LOUISE'S engagement. MR. CARDWELL looks at our Army through rose-colour. Alhambra and Highbury Barn ought to be smashed.

Daily News.

We really must not interfere with the belligerents. Relief Fund for French Peasants begins its good work. Suppose the EMPEROR should complete his skeleton Novel. Fall of Soissons. MAZZINI is let loose. Vile street Bands.

Telegraph.

French Peasantry are very virtuous. What will they do? French Elections ought to have taken place. Alhambra and Highbury Barn ought to be smashed. Rain in London on Sunday is very detestable to foreigners. Women should attend to the Education Elections. Hospital dissections necessary, but should be performed considerably. Rochester Castle to be preserved.

Standard.

French are baffling and beating the Germans. How is Germany to be re-constructed? Germans are really too hard on the French. Irish aid to France meant to insult England, but good in itself. DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE endows a Physical Chair at Oxford.

Morning Post.

The Germans abate no jot of their demands. Lord Mayor BESLEY is working for the Volunteers. Importance of LORD DERBY'S Education Meeting at Preston. Advantages to Rome from Italian occupation.

"ARE WE SO GREAT?"

GERMANY, with 700,000 soldiers and a quarter of a hundred of victories to count, locks up one poor DR. JACOBY for daring to object to an annexation of territory. Either the Doctor must be an extraordinarily and stupendously great man—or somebody else is a much smaller man than is supposed. Why, England has a miniature army, and no recent victories to talk of, and yet she has not locked up one man out of ever so many hundreds who met the other day and declared themselves "The British Republicans." She only laughed, and hoped that when they had done spouting they would go back to their work, and take their wages to their wives, and not to the public-house.

Inhospitability.

Of the act of the Middlesex Magistrates, in checking impropriety at Al-Hambra (*the* Al-Hambra, as folks say who talk of *the* Al-Koran), we entirely approve, notwithstanding the loss which many "Ministers of Religion" will—at least according to counsel—sustain. But it must be owned that the time (when the whole neighbourhood is crowded by the influx of foreigners) is an odd one to introduce English morality into Lesterr Squarr. Is it a missionary movement?



A LUSUS MACHINER-Æ.

Chatty Passenger. "PORTER! THAT'S ONE OF THOSE CURIOUS TAILLESS MANX CATS, IS IT NOT?"

Crusty Porter (shortly). "NO, 'TAINT. MORN'G 'XPRESS!"

Passenger (puzzled). "E-H-I DON'T UNDERSTAND—"

Porter. "DON'T YER? WELL, YOU COME AND PUT YOUR TOE ON THESE 'ERE DOWN METALS ABOUT 9'14 A.M. TO-MORROW, AND——"

Passenger (enlightened). "AH!—I SEE—JUS' SO——"

[Retires under cover of Newspaper.]

WITH A LOVING-CUP TO LOUISE.

WHY pause from war-thought and war-talk for this small matter's sake?

What's the plighting of a Princess such a buzz and stir to make?
What's the plighting of a Princess, though she be young and fair,
And gracious in the people's eyes, for her blue eyes and brown hair?

Nay, though of many sisters whom loyal England loves,
This be the one that, somehow, her special fondness moves:
Though in the hour when Royal went Princess to Prince decrees,
There's none the heart of England had so gone with as LOUISE.

Yet seems it strange, at such a time, when two great nations stand
In mortal strife, fierce face to face and bloody hand to hand,
That England should have thought or ear for the news of yester morn—
PRINCESS LOUISE is plighted to the young LORD of LORN.

A princess wed a subject—and Queen-mother not forbid!
The daughter blessed not barred—her choice welcomed instead
of child!

The barrier of the Marriage-Act, that curb of Royal hearts,
Drawn to let through these lovers, as though no Crown disparts!

Is't that Queens have grown wiser, or Princesses more fond?
Or crop of Princelings smaller across the herring-pond?

Is't that promise or that produce of crownlets waxes poor
In these days, that *Deutsche Einheit* shows small sovereigns to the door?

Or is't the slow, sure wave of thoughts and tendings of the time,
That hath crept up, and ever up, e'en to those heights sublime,
Where crowned heads in ethereal air once seemed of other mould
Than ours, that in the work-day world their painful breathing hold?

Or is it Love the Leveller that has gone blithely forth
To urge on his bold quest this fair young Berserk of the North:
Bidding him plant the crown of Love atop of England's crown,
And to both Queen and Princess saying, "Yield ye, and come down"?

But be it Queenly policy or be it Mother's love,
That sets a daughter's happiness old use and wont above;
Or be it tendence of the Time, or be it Cupid's grace,
That crowns the loving woman's heart, and lights the sweet young face—

England is happy, thinking how happy she must be,
Where she has given her heart to give her hand, though Princess, free;
Hearing the young Lord of her choice is manly, grave, and bold,
Worthy the ancient name and place of MAC CALLUM-MORE to hold.

Glad that the flower of Windsor's flowers is left to blossom here,
Among the hearts that hold, and have best cause to hold, her dear,
Glad one fair daughter's daughters should grow up round the QUEEN,
As maidens, wives, and mothers, to be what she has been.

And *Punch*, who says for England what England's heart would say,
Bids God bless this dear young Princess and her Lord on wedlock's way;

And grant that they may live and thrive and rear their babes to prove
No crown so worth the wearing as their crown of wedded love.

Too Great Luxury.

MRS. MALAPROP, who has heard much lately of the fall of the present
Dinnersty in France, says she is not in the least surprised, for she
always procrastinated that all the Epicurious goings on in Paris would
end in a Catechism. *Could she mean Cataclysm?*



A (REAL) GERMAN DEFEAT.

FRANCE DISILLUSIONED.



URE, and that's one of them," as the ship struck, added the Irish pilot to his assurance, in answer to the Captain, that he knew "every rock in the Channel." "And that's one of them." The anecdote is related somewhere by JOSEPHUS (MOLARIUS).

M. JULES FAVRE, in his lately published reply to BISMARCK'S circular respecting their interview at Ferrières, announces that, "France has no illusions left."

His outcry of passionate exaggeration concludes, however, with the sub-joined prophecy, whence it appears that, in truth, France does still cherish a few—just a few—illusions:

"France, even if ultimately vanquished, will remain so the object of admiration and

great in her misfortunes, that she will become the object of admiration and sympathy to the whole world."

"And that's one of them." The idea that France, vanquished in a war of her own seeking, will become the object of admiration and sympathy to the whole world, or to any portion of it except the insane, is one of those few illusions.

Nevertheless, let us not despair of France. She has one man of sense as well as courage: qualities both conspicuous in GENERAL TROCHU'S letter to the Mayor of Paris. The former of them shines like the electric light in the following paragraph:—

"I conclude, M. le Maire, this statement with a few reflections. In the month of July last the French army, in all the splendour of its strength, passed through Paris, amidst shouts of 'A Berlin!' 'A Berlin!' I was far from sharing their confidence, and alone, perhaps, among all the general officers, I ventured to tell the Marshal Minister of War that I perceived in this noisy manner of entering upon a campaign, as well as in the means brought into requisition, the elements of a great disaster. The will which, at this period, I placed in the hands of M. DUCLOUX, a notary of Paris, will one day testify to the painful and too well-grounded presentiments with which my soul was filled."

O, the prophetic soul of GENERAL TROCHU! He never was one of the prophets that prophesied falsely because his people would have it so. He does not, prophesy or dream that France, contemplated in the misfortunes which she has drawn upon herself by the present war, will remain so great that she will command the whole world's admiration and sympathy. He has no illusions, as JULES FAVRE has. "And that's one of them."

It will, nevertheless, be quite possible for France to obtain universal sympathy and æcumenical admiration by renouncing the pomps and vanities of military glory, to which Frenchmen have been led by the War Demon to devote themselves, by his own rite, the initiation which Mars, *ah! ah!* Moloch, has taught them to call "the baptism of fire." Otherwise France, overwhelmed with misfortunes and miseries incurred by the attempt to inflict them upon others, will merely serve to "point a moral and adorn a tale." The tale will be that of her invasion of Germany, and the moral will lie in the observation, that they who took the Chassepôt have perished by the Needle-gun.

PAR BALLON MONTÉ.

REJOICE, ill-used MONTGOLFIER,
DE ROSIER be proud,
From ghosts of your old *aérostats*,
Look down upon the crowd!
The globe you first constructed
To soar into the skies,
That the world scorn'd as useless—
A toy, in all but size—
That wronged child of your genius
At last has proved its claim
To all that you asked for it—
Nay, serves ends past your aim!

Seemed, for no higher purpose
Your globe was skyward borne,

Than a draw at Vauxhall Gardens,
An attraction at Cremorne;
And if as stout Europa
On her bull, in fleshings bare,
Unblushing MADAME POITEVIN
Displayed her charms in air,—
Or if GREEN, upon a pony,
Stooped to dangle from his car,
Or a Clown rose on a donkey,
'Twas ballooning above-par:
And lessee-ship enterprising,
If an acrobat was found,
To venture lofty tumbling
A half-mile off the ground,
In trapeze twists and twirlings
Above our sight to soar,
While pendant fireworks round him
Spread smoke, and spark, and roar.

But now, if we would measure
The infinite of space,
Or sift the fluffy cloudlets
That speckle heaven's bright face;
Take soundings of the atmosphere,
Or analyze sky-blue,
In a trice the Gallant GLAISHER,
Calls COXWELL, taut and true,
And with hydrogen for horses,
And a balloon for fly,
Takes a drive à la *Phaëton*
Athwart the realms of sky;
And spite of rarefaction
That leaves no breath to spare,
Records in weight and measure
The secrets of the air.

When Paris lies close-fettered
In Prussia's iron grasp,
And outside friends, unlettered,
For tidings of her gasp—
Lo! where, *par ballon monté*,
The post bestrides the wind,
And leaves the Prussian bullets
And Uhlans far behind;
Though hard they ride, and harder
Pepper the big balloon,
What use to chase the swallow?
What use to shoot the moon?
O'er towers and tides, the *Géant* rides,
The east wind bloweth fair,
And, like the hopes of Paris, lo!
Her letters are *en l'air*.

But weightier freight balloons can bear
Than pent-up Paris' letters—
Lo! MINISTER GAMBETTA's self
Outsoaring Prussian fetters!
If ever there was vehicle
Well fitted for its freight,
'Tis this GAMBETTA chooses
For his chariot of estate—
Swollen with gas as airy
As his eloquence *fanfaronne*,
And as speedy in collapsing
As the hopes France builds thereon—
As a pin's-prick up-shrivels
The globe swell'd with the sun,
So, at truth's least touch, to nothing
Sinks his tale of triumphs won.

Then wonder not, if hopes and trusts,
That *par ballon monté* rise,
Like *ballon crevé* tumble,
All shattered, from the skies.

Descent of Education.

HAVE the horse-racing folk heard that there is war, and have their literary gentlemen found it necessary to state war facts in a way comprehensible by the racing mind? We read last week, at the end of the betting news, "Pax has been scratched."

WHY? INDEED!

DIOGENES rolled his tub at a time of excitement. Englishmen feel that they ought to do something just now. Why not smash China?



A FRIENDLY DEAL.

Groom on Horse. "SOUND! OF COURSE HE'S SOUND! WHY, DIDN'T MY GOV'NOR RECOMMEND HIM TO YOURN?"

Ditto on Foot. "AH, THAT'S WHERE IT IS, JOHN. ONCE THEY BEGIN A DEALIN', THERE'S NOTHIN' THESE 'ERE SWELLS LIKE SO MUCH AS TAKIN' OF EACH OTHER IN, DON'T YOU KNOW?"

OUR AFTER-DINNER SONGSTERS.

HARMONIOUS MR. PUNCH,

EVERYBODY knows that nothing in the way of public working can be done without a public dinner; and everybody knows that nothing in the way of public dining can be done without a vast amount of speech-making and singing. The singers are engaged to intervene between the speakers, so that when the latter are getting short of breath, some respiration is secured them by the efforts of the former. Yet the songs have, as a rule, but small connection with the speeches; and I think that lyric poets and musical composers might supplant the sentimental ditties of the drawing-room by something better suited to the purpose of the dining-room. Say, for instance, that the dinner is for charitable objects, here is a fair sample of the songs that might be sung at it:—

AIR—"Come, send round the Wine."

Come, send round the hat, and with generous cheer,
The strings of your purse and your waistcoat extend;
'Tis charity yearly that gathers us here,
'Tis the cause of the friendless you're asked to befriend.
No need of long speeches to say what we want,
We will but say simply, give all that you can;
Give as much as your means may allow you to grant,
And go home each the richer and happier man!

Chorus—Then send round the hat, &c.

And what could be more fitting than such a song as this, to be given as a sequel to the toast of the evening, at the banquet of a Civic Mendicity Society?

AIR—Convivial and Charitable.

Success to our Society!
Come, drink it to satiety,
Of reasons there's a variety
For this, our yearly toast.

In all the multiplicity
Of Companies in this City,
To save men from mendicity,
Ours is esteemed the most.

Or say that the health of the Chairman is proposed, what could be more proper than a ditty like the following?

AIR—Festive and Facetious.

Here's the health of our Chairman, come bumpers all round,
For a jolly good fellow is he:
In him all the graces and virtues abound,
So we'll give him a rare three times three!
See his eye how it beams in the aid of distress,
See his cheek with what fervour it glows:
And the warmth of his heart we may easily guess,
When we look at the tint of his nose!

Hoping most sincerely that you and I may happily escape all public dinners until (and long after) my suggestion has been followed, believe me,

Yours admirably,
The Cat and Bagpipes, Hornsey. APOLLO MILTON SMITH.

French Musical News.

OPERA in France is unfortunate. The splendid new Parisian music-theatre is a *depôt* for arms. There have been spirited attempts to revive *Der Freischütz* in many places, but the French have found the German instrumentation too much for them. This failure, however, is attributed to bad conductors. Perhaps the illustrious Maestro GARIBALDI may improve matters. Should he fail, there is talk of producing the *Down-fall of Paris*, but this is a repellent work.

PRUSSIA spared Strasburg spire. France burned St. Cloud. Which is the "coarser Vandal" of the two?

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

MR. PUNCH begs leave to make a distinguished bow to his excellent (if Conservative) contemporary, the *Bath Chronicle*. That admirable journal, the studies of whose Conductor are so evidently in a right direction that the success of the paper is a matter of course, has turned back to a somewhat remote Number of *Punch*, and has been amply rewarded by lighting upon an article, which has been transferred to the columns of the *Bath Chronicle*, with appropriate remarks, a portion of which *Mr. Punch* has the utmost pleasure in reproducing.

"Twenty-one years ago, in the Number of *Punch* for February 3rd, 1849, the late MR. THACKERAY drew an imaginary picture of 'England in 1869,' in supposed extracts from the newspapers of the period. One of these, under the heading of 'Marriages of the Royal Family,' is so applicable to the circumstances of 'England in 1870,' that it is worth reproducing. The humorist would have been amused himself had he lived to see how nearly he hit the mark. The following is the paragraph we refer to:—

'MARRIAGES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.—Why should our Princes and Princesses be compelled always to seek in Germany for matrimonial alliances? Are the youths and maidens of England less beautiful than those of Saxo and Prussia? Are the nobles of our own country, who have been free for hundreds of years, who have shown in every clime the genius, the honour, the splendour of Britain—are these, we ask, in any way inferior to a Prince (however venerable) of Sachs-Schlippenchloppen, or a Grand Duke of Pigwitz-Gruntenstein? We would breathe no syllable of disrespect against these potentates—we recognise in them as in ourselves the same Saxon blood—but why, we ask, shall not Anglo-Saxon Princes or Princesses wed with free Anglo-Saxon nobles, themselves the descendants, if not the inheritors of kings? We have heard in the very highest quarters rumours which under these impressions give us the very sincerest delight. We have heard it stated that the august mother and father of a numerous and illustrious race, whose increase is dear to the heart of every Briton, have determined no longer to seek for German alliances for their exalted children, but to look at home for establishments for those so dear to them. More would be at present premature. We are not at liberty to mention particulars, but it is whispered that H.R. ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS BOADICEA is about to confer her royal hand upon a young nobleman, who is eldest son of a noble peer who is connected by marriage with our noble and venerable Premier, with the Foreign and Colonial Secretaries, and with H. G. the Archbishop of Canterbury. The same "little bird" also whispers that His Royal Highness, PRINCE HENGIST, has cast an eye of princely approbation upon a lovely and accomplished young lady of the highest classes, whose distinguished parents are "fræ the North;" whose name is known and beloved throughout the wide dominions of Britain's sway—in India, at the Admiralty, at the Home and Colonial Offices and in both Houses of Parliament.'

"The first part of the prediction is being accomplished with a literalness that should drive *Zadkiel* to despair. The PRINCESS LOUISE, then a baby not quite a year old, is betrothed to the eldest son of a nobleman actually in office, who comes 'fræ the North,' and whose name is certainly known in India, seeing that he is and has for some time been the Secretary of State for India. Moreover he is connected by marriage with the Foreign Secretary, EARL GRANVILLE, for he married a GOWER, the Earl's first cousin, while as the head of the CAMPBELLS he may claim cousinship with the Earl's second wife, MISS CAMPBELL, of Islay, as well as with the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, whose mother was a CAMPBELL."

Mr. Punch is pleased, but not surprised, to find this acknowledgment. It is difficult to say what important or interesting event in modern history has not been foretold by his prescience, but it is not the less agreeable to have that profound gift recognised, and, as aforesaid, he is pleased—but not proud.

HIGH JINKS.

THE Board of Works are coming out, and going to have a little relaxation after their severe labours over sewers and embankments. Christmas is approaching, and the rate-payers may look forward to some agreeable musical evenings. Probably, the election of a new Chairman will be celebrated by a series of delightful entertainments consisting both of vocal and instrumental performances. We are sure there will be a general feeling of satisfaction, when we announce the gratifying fact, that at the Middlesex Licensing Sessions, the Court acceded to an application for a music licence "to be granted to the offices of the Board of Works, Poplar district."

Nothing, we are certain, can make the Board more popular in East London than such a proceeding as this: our only regret is that the permission did not extend to dancing, feeling sure that the Members, by strict regulations and constant personal attendance, would have made the occurrence of any impropriety or indecorum an impossibility.

THEATRICALS.—The Fiji Islanders were Cannibals. Now, we read they have a Theatre. Among the first pieces played will probably be the farce of "*I've Eaten my Friend*."

PUBLIC SERVANTS AND PAUPERS.

THE following passage in the first of a series of Lectures on "Pauperism: its Causes and Remedies," now in course of delivery by PROFESSOR FAWCETT, M.P., to Undergraduates at Cambridge, though admirably correct, is not quite so complete as the Liberal and Learned Professor might have chosen to make it:—

"There were two classes of poverty—there was voluntary poverty and involuntary poverty. The former was that which man brought upon himself by vice, intemperance, or indolence, and which he had the power to avert; while the latter was brought about by circumstances uncontrollable, such as the improvidence of parents, failures in trade, or national calamities."

Or, PROFESSOR FAWCETT might have added, "Ministerial retrenchments." That is, at least, if it is true that numerous workmen have lately been discharged from employment in the dockyards, and clerks in the War-Office and other Departments of the Public Service have been dismissed from their situations without compensation equivalent to that which ex-Chancellors receive, and which is also enjoyed by ex-Premiers, and other Ministers gone out of office. Such unfortunate persons as the former would of course come under the head of involuntary paupers, reduced to pauperism through reduction in national expenditure. But there is some reason to doubt that any public servants have been so pauperised, for Ministers, we may trust, would never seek to curry public favour by an economy from the rigour of whose paring they exempted themselves, and certainly they have not yet proclaimed their intention to deprive themselves of retiring pensions.

PEACE TO THE PAPACY!

YOUR Priests the Temporal Popedom's fall
Lament, perhaps; your laity
Appear to mind it not at all;
It has not dashed their gaiety.
And who, except the greatest ass
That's kicking in Society,
Can think 'twill interfere with Mass,
Or any act of piety?

Some Check to Capers.

By the refusal of dancing-licences to the proprietors of the Alhambra and the Highbury Barn Tavern, the Middlesex Magistrates have instructed those who did not understand that a dancing-licence must not be supposed to be a concession of licence in dancing. It may be hoped that the LORD CHAMBERLAIN will inculcate the same lesson on certain managers under his jurisdiction. The graceful ballet is perhaps, a thing of the past, irrevocable; but the ballet of the present, if devoid of grace, might as well cease to be disgraceful.

A Word to the "Echo."

WE say. The *Echo* is a sort of necessary of life, but it shouldn't "sell" us. There was a sad scene at Brighton last week. The newsboys bore a placard—"Horrid Scandal." The afternoon was lovely; everybody on the Parade. The rush for the paper was—well, what might be expected from SYDNEY SMITH'S "deboshed Brighton Bathers." The Article proved to be on MR. TREVELLYAN'S admirable Army Speech, in which he had used the above words! Comment may be needless, but it wasn't thought so, on that Parade that lovely afternoon.

On a Happy Couple.

THEY live like Dog and Cat, do JACK and KITTY,
And everybody knows it, more's the pity.

KITTY's rampagious like that *Mrs. Gangery*.
"Charming ménage!" cries dinner-loving FRED.
Says truthful TOM, "What's that you just now said?
Charming ménage! Bgad you mean menagerie."

Short and Sweet.

DICTIONARY words are long and Life is short. So auctioneers, amongst other thrifty people, seem to think, by their abbreviating the name of a well-known manufacturing town in a sale-bill of furniture thus—"Brussels, Kidder, and other Carpets."

If this economical example is followed, we shall soon be familiar with Stil cheese, Wit blankets, Epp sausages, Notting lace, Ever toffee, Nor shawls, Sheff cutlery, Ban cakes, Bur ale, Devon cream, and so on.

JEANNE D'ARC.—"The Ark of France will yet float to its Ararat," writes a French Gusher. We hope so. But to judge by the rout at Orleans, the Ark has no JOAN.



AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

Evangeline. "GAWPA DEAR, DOEE TELL JACK NOT TO KILL THAT POOR BOOBOTTLE!"

Grandpapa (delighted). "AND WHY NOT, MY DARLING?"

Evangeline. "BECAUSE—BECAUSE I WANT TO KILL IT MYSELF."

IRISH PHIALS OF WRATH.

"THERE's the partridges! Hooray, Sir, won't you physic em?" exclaimed the delighted doctor's boy, attending his master on a day's shooting. "What do you mean by 'physic 'em,' you young rascal?" "Kill 'em, Sir, kill 'em." *Mr. Punch* commends this venerable story to the attention of the French authorities charged with the reception of the Irish gentlemen who are volunteering as attendants on the wounded. But perhaps the caution is needless. The valorous Hibernians will scarcely stoop to the sick-bed. Their object is to make occupants for sick-beds. The martial GALEN from Ireland reminds us of the *Antiquary's* quotation about his surgeon:—

"He came, but Valour so had fired his eye,
And such a falchion glittered at his thigh,
That, by the Gods, with such a load of steel,
I thought he came to Murder, not to Heal."

If a German officer should have reason to be of the same opinion, it may go hard with a medical *franc-tireur*, and we fear that he will not be much served by the plea that he did not particularly want to kill the Germans, only that he thought it would spoite the Saxons.

GAMBOLS AT MERRY ISLINGTON.

WHAT on earth is "Merry Islington" about? She appears to be nearly as much demoralised as Paris. By a desperate effort she has got the Highbury Barn nuisance abated, but since then we have read that she cannot even keep her streets clear of ruffians, who insult ladies on their way to church. This sort of thing we have noticed for a year or more. And this is Islington, once vigorously raised from theological stagnation by the energies of a Bishop of Calcutta, who, when her Vicar, parcelled her out into districts, erected new churches, and made her take the proudest of Evangelical positions among the parishes! Now, her children tremble to go to DR. WILSON'S church for fear of outrage from street rascals. Imagine DANIEL CALCUTTA enduring such a state of things for a week! But has Young Islington turned

sneak? Has he no cudgel for the protection of his mother and sisters? Or has he been coarsened into a Cad by Music-Halls and the like? The shade of *John Gilpin* blushes for the suburb which he gave to fame.

A PROMISING PUBLICATION.

AMONG the book advertisements in the *Times* there is one of which are subjoined the head and part of the tail, which the intermediate portions resemble too closely for publication:—

"Price 10s. per copy: £500 required to print and publish.

"THE REVELATIONS.—Salient Points Proved:—Chapter 6. The Four Beasts are Rome, Greece, Persia, and Babylon. * * * 26. The New Jerusalem is Christendom, the twelve gates are twelve cities, and the twelve Angels the Bishops, Rome, Constantinople, Toledo, Southern Gates, Lisbon, Dublin, Armagh, the western, and so on. The solution is mathematical."

Then follows the announcement that subscriptions may be forwarded to a person named at a stated address, not Earlswood, but a place in Dublin. They will doubtless pour in.

Why no one Interferes.

ENGLAND thinks she's no Army, small Navy,
France stews in demoralised gravy,
Russia's glum, Spain 's afraid,
And Italia's scarce "made,"
So there's no one to cry, "Prussia! Cave!"

STRASBURG ALL SAFE.

EVERYBODY who the other day read must have hailed the announcement that order had been restored at Strasburg. It is not merely that Englishmen take a selfish interest in *foie gras*; but we all sincerely hope the poor Strasburgers may have saved their bacon.



SENSITIVE.

"I THINK I TOLD YOU, IN MY LETTER OF THE FIRST OF OCTOBER, OF HIS ABSURD INTERPRETATION OF AN INNOCENT REMARK OF MINE ABOUT THE SANDY SHORES OF WOBLESWICK. WELL, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, DEAR! WE WERE STROLLING ON THE ESPLANADE, THE OTHER DAY, WHEN HE SUDDENLY LEFT KATE AND ME, AND TOOK HIMSELF OFF IN A TREMENDOUS HUFF BECAUSE WE SAID WE LIKED WALKING WITH AN OBJECT!"

[Extract from a later Letter of Laura's to Lillie.]

FALL OF FORTIFICATIONS.

HOORAY, *Mr. Punch*. Hooray! Good news! There is now some prospect of a termination to the long eclipse of taste. The *Morning Post* observes:—

"With the investment of Paris and the removal of the EMPRESS the doom of French rule in the world of fashion seems to be pronounced as completely as in the world of politics. At least, in Germany the imitation of France has come to an end. . . . As a first fruit, chignons have been sacrificed by the German ladies."

The proper study of mankind is man, especially woman. Its most important branch I hold to be Phrenology. Now, for some years past, there has been a grievous obstacle in the way of phrenological observation respecting the better half of mankind. It has been formed partly by the chignon, situated so as to constitute a false Philoprogenitiveness (love of infants, kittens, or puppies), partly by the natural hair piled in turrets and fortifications over all the organs of the moral sentiments, and brought down over the forehead so as to hide the intellectual organs in the style of a charity-girl in HOGARTH'S time, or after the manner represented in the portraits of CATHERINE HAYES (burnt for murdering her husband). To examine a young lady's head by inspection was impossible; it was necessary to take down the superstructure on her upper storey, too often only to discover that it concealed nothing to speak of but large Love of Approbation, which, uncombined with Ideality, and undirected by intelligence, rendered her the slave of fashion, and grotesque. It is some consolation for the horrid display of Combativeness and Destructiveness of which France has made her soil the arena, to hope that the fall of the chignon and its adjoining fortifications will soon follow that of Metz. I am, Sir, a disciple of GALL and SPURZHEIM, at your service, and, when called by my nickname,

JEREMIAH BUMPS.

MOTTO FOR THE IRISH AMBULANCE.—"Walker."

THE STOCKS MARKET.

At Newton, in Devonshire, the Magistrates are stated to have announced that they intend, in future, to set in the stocks all drunkards who cannot pay a fine. This is a step in the right direction, but *Punch* does not like the condition. The Scots rhyme goes—

"Gin he have not gold to fine,
He hath shins to pine."

But is not this what cant-mongers love to call one law for the rich and another for the poor? Why should a man be able to take out a five-shilling licence to make himself a nuisance? Let us have no fines. When "O, he was tipsy!" ceases to be an extenuating plea in England, better times will come. By the way, England, by the last returns, has only one drunkard for three in Ireland. Unless this means that in Ireland the tipsy man is prosecuted, while in England he is not, the fact is worth notice. Meantime, the Stocks, by all manner of means, but let Knight *Hudibras* sit by the side of Squire *Ralpho*. Somebody writes that the Magistrates exceed their lawful power. Let 'em, and *Punch* will get an Indemnity Act passed.

Patterns and Checks.

A DISTINGUISHED silk firm announces "a new Seriatim plan of sending patterns by post." Ladies are invited to write for them. So long as the arrivals are only patterns, all well and good; but if purchases are to follow in the same way, we fancy that Paterfamilias will be reminded of the late MR. JOSEPH HUME: "Joking is all very well, but now I speak *seriatim*."

MAKING PROGRESS.

A SPIRITUALIST friend of ours, who was having his hair cut, was delighted at being asked whether he would like a Medium Brush.



DIGNITY.

Shipping Clerk. "ARE YOU THE MATE O' THE 'MAGGIE LAUDER,' OF STONE-HAVEN?"

Mate (sternly). "ASK IF I'M THE FIR-R-R-ST OFFICER, YOUNG MAN, AN' MAYBE I'LL GIE YE AN ANSWER!"

CRITICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

VIRTUOUS MR. PUNCH.

ARE Dramatic Critics paid by the Managers of theatres for writing their advertisements? If not, I really think in common justice that they ought to be. Every day I find a column of my newspaper made utterly unreadable by being filled with bits of criticism which I have read before, and which, to tempt the playgoers, are put forward as advertisements. Should not the law of copyright extend to the effusions of the Critic's brain, as well as any other works of imaginative fiction? Were I a Critic, I should add by way of postscript to my notices, "All rights of extraction and reprinting are reserved. For terms apply to Editor, who will share the plunder."

It surely is not fair that Managers should get their advertisements for nothing, and that the men who really write them should get the ill repute of being traded with as wholesale manufacturers of puffs. As they so much abstain from dealing in anything but praise, Critics cannot be astonished at their earning this repute; and by way of compensation for their getting a bad name, they at least may hope to pocket a good substantial recompense.

To be sure they have another course, which some may think a wiser one; namely that of putting rather facts than fiction in their criticism, and of using well-galled ink instead of rose-water and treacle. If only for its novelty, such a course as this would be pretty certain to find favour with the public; and depend on it, if Critics were to tell plain truths, we should not see so many extracts from their writings paraded as advertisements.

As it is, the public loses confidence in criticism, and judges, or perhaps misjudges, for itself. Playgoers grow too wise to be caught by the catch lines of the "Opinions of the Press," knowing them to be, only nine times out of ten, the echoes of opinions of the Managers.

Joining you in all good wishes for the welfare of the Stage, which I fear will not be furthered by these critical advertisements, I subscribe myself,

The Growler, Tuesday.

Yours hopefully,

CHRISTOPHER CRUSTY.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

O RARE to see the heavens a-blaze
Of late on starry nights,
With green and crimson rainbow rays
Of streaming Northern Lights!
Wiseacres, in the brilliant skies,
Imagined portents dire,
And people who were just as wise,
Said Paris was on fire.

The splendours of the firmament
Made feeble folk afraid,
And into strong hysterics sent
At least one servant-maid.
Magnetic currents here and there
Did telegraphs derange,
And caused the sight that made crowds stare,
Perplexed with fear of change.

A happy man is he, of things,
The causes who doth know,
Who twigs the sources and the springs
Whence seeming marvels flow—
Of "Bogie" who, beneath his boots,
All fear has trodden down:
But when a meteor shines or shoots,
How it alarms a clown!

That's our Thunder!

"M. M." in the *Times* represents BISMARCK, in his famous colloquy with JULES FAYRE, as having said that he could not but hold Elsass and Lothringen, "*nous ne pouvons pas ne pas les prendre.*" What did our Pius say if he happened to read this? Surely, "*Quis expedit psittaco suum Chære?*" Which may be interpreted, "Who taught that heretic to cry '*non possumus?*'"

A PROPER PENDANT.

ONE of the papers read before the British Association at Liverpool dealt with "the Earth's Eccentricity." At the next Social Science Congress a communication will be made respecting "the Earth's Inhabitants' Eccentricity."

ANTIQUARIES OF THE FUTURE.

(From the "*Athenæum*," Nov. 5th, 1870.)

At the last meeting of the Numismatic Society a very curious coin was exhibited. It is supposed to be dated in what our ancestors called the Victorian age (from the well-beloved English Queen), but it is evidently marked 19—, and therefore belongs to the twentieth century. The head of an intellectual man, of advanced age, but considerable self-reliance, is visible, and there is the legend HISTORICUS I. BRIT. REX, V.H.G., F.D. The name and history of this sovereign are as yet unknown to us, but the inscription on the reverse, *Ver Non Semper Viret*, would seem to connect him with some "green spot in memory's waste," as one of the oldest poets has it. The coin is of brass.

PEACE WITH HONOUR.

No doubt the good LORD GRANVILLE is doing the best that ever he can [to bring about an arrangement between Germany and France as favourable as possible to our French friends. There is, however, one idea of a convention embodying the principle, insisted on by France, of the non-surrender of her Rhenish Provinces, which may not have occurred to the Noble Lord. LOUIS NAPOLEON took advantage of Italy's necessity to obtain the cession of Savoy and Nice. Suppose the French Government offers BISMARCK to give back those Italian provinces to Italy, by way of a pledge that she has renounced for ever all designs of territorial aggrandisement, and is willing to do that to Italy which she would wish Germany to do to her?

A Misopædiat.

SINGLEBY SINGLEFORD cannot bear children. When they are brought in to dessert, he mutters to himself that he likes Olives, but not Olive-branches.

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

FIRST PAPER.—MY AUNT'S GREAT POLICE CASE.



Now, my Aunt had something left her by Somebody. She was under the impression that she had only to mention the fact to another Somebody somewhere in the City, and she would get it.

On making the application to this Somebody in the City, who turned out to be a Company, and Limited, she was informed that she couldn't get her money for at least three months. Whereupon she sent to her banker, and informed him that she couldn't have the money for three months. At the end of three months she wrote to the banker, who wrote to the Company Limited, and the Company Limited, in the politest manner possible, wrote to him, and asked for the necessary papers.

Then the banker referred the question to my Aunt. "Goodness!" said my

Aunt, who began to see difficulties, "Do they take me for a swindler?" It then struck her that the Limited was pretending to forget her claim; so she found the papers. Having sent these to her banker, and her banker having forwarded them to the Company Limited, the politest possible message was returned, to the effect, that, though the papers were perfectly satisfactory *as far as they went* ("Do they think I'm a forger?" exclaimed my Aunt indignantly), yet it was *absolutely necessary* that she should take out Letters of Administration.

"Now, what Letters of Administration are, or how you take them out, or where you take them out to, I know no more," said my Aunt, helplessly, "than the Man in the Moon."

Hitherto my Aunt had always received her dividends regularly, had not entered into investments, or buying, or selling, and had never been an Administratrix. Being suddenly placed in that position, the ordinary calm of her life seemed to have vanished.

On receiving this fresh advice from the City concerning the Letters of Administration, she thought over the matter all the morning, made nothing of it, came to a decision, and telling her maid (she lives in lodgings with her maid) to get a cab, she drove down to see me.

I am her resort in difficulties. She is under the impression that, because I happened to have been called to the Bar, and read in a Conveyancer's chambers, I must be thoroughly acquainted with the Law, and, as a relation, will give her good sound advice, thus obviating a consultation with a solicitor, which she associates, indistinctly and generally, with the Police Courts, Old Bailey, and witness boxes.

I don't want to have anything to do with Law, my dear," says she to me. "But I don't mind coming to you," which, seeing that I am a barrister, is scarcely complimentary to my legal knowledge. Perhaps she little knows,—in fact I am sure she little knows what a very small amount of Law I managed to bring away from the Temple and Lincoln's Inn in exchange for regular payments for dinners (which, after the first few indispensable ones, I never ate), attendance on Lecturers (where I made some very pleasant acquaintances, and got through a deal of light literature), a wig, a gown (sold afterwards at a loss to a friend), some law books, enormous precedent books (which subsequently became account-books, scrap-books, odds-and-ends books), and a hundred pounds to a Conveyancing Barrister for the privilege of having a place to sit in, when I visited Lincoln's Inn, in the company of four other pleasant young gentlemen of more or less studious habits, but having very clear ideas on the subject of luncheon at one o'clock daily.

If that Conveyancer had ever called me into his room, and in a fit of remorse had said, "You paid a hundred pounds to learn something; you have learnt nothing. Here is your hundred pounds," I should have looked upon him as a man doing nothing more than his duty. By what legal quibble he ever justified himself to himself for keeping my money is a puzzle to me. But I suppose he went by precedent, that being his rule in all possible cases.

So my Aunt (who, by the way, is the real sufferer in this case, as it was her hundred pounds) comes to me on every occasion when she requires legal advice, taking this as a sort of interest for her money invested.

She drives down in a Hansom cab ("Four-wheelers and Fevers begin with F," she says) to my retired cottage, about ten miles out of town, and the driver "puts up" during the consultation.

The consultation lasts for four hours, including the dinner hour, and the result is that "she must consult a solicitor."

The consultation (with me) consisted of her showing me the banker's letters, the Company's replies, her letters, then her written suspicions of the Company, then explanations as to her fear that the banker wasn't taking much trouble about the matter, then of her anxiety lest some other claimant, some other Administrator, might step in (this was her great fear), and claim the whole sum, whatever it was. "In which case," she continued, "you know there would be law proceedings; and," she added, with some amount of family pride, and with a view to the interest on the aforesaid Conveyancer's hundred pounds, "you could appear for me." We then got out a Law Dictionary (date 1790), and she was much impressed by the article headed "Administrators," extracts from which she took to be the part of the results of my vast legal erudition, and consequently as so much interest on her capital to which she was entitled.

The consultation being finished, the cab was sent for.

The process of "putting up" for several hours had had a considerable effect on the driver, who, on being asked if he recollected the address he had driven from in the afternoon (it was now past ten at night), replied, hazily, "Rightchar," meaning, it is supposed, "Right you are;" adding an exhortation to my Aunt to "Step up, will yer?"

"That man is drunk," I said, judicially, to the servant. The servant was uncertain. A friend stopping with us agreed with me, but was inclined to give him a chance. My Aunt didn't believe in his inebriety, but proposed some theory about the night-air and the uncertain light. The man himself denied the imputation warmly.

Not wishing for a row (which means, in a general way, "having my head punched"), I assisted my Aunt into the cab.

We wished her good-bye, but stood waiting to see the start.

This was a difficulty, owing to the driver being unsettled in his mind as to where the road was. First he pulled the reins so as to back the cab against the palings; then (still explaining to us from his perch that he was only "trying to take the best turning") he pulled the horse round with the right rein, which, resulting in no progress at all, he changed for the left.

Upon this, we beseeched my Aunt to get out, the man being, unquestionably, drunk.

The driver, hearing this, vehemently contradicted us, and attempted to explain that the horse couldn't go on straight because the reins were twisted.

"Untwist them then, you idiot," said my friend. I wished at the moment he wouldn't call the man names, or if he did that he wouldn't stand safely inside our gate and do it, where the man couldn't see him; and would think I'd done it. The driver, however, didn't notice this; but descended from his seat (a dangerous and perfectly unnecessary operation), in order to adopt my friend's advice and untwist them.

All he did was to tug at the horse's head and swear a little, which probably relieved his brain considerably, as he was able to climb up again, after not more than three false slips. Again on his box, his pulling at the unfortunate animal's head became more violent, when, seeing him about to back into the ditch, we rushed towards the cab and received my Aunt in our arms, anyhow, like a parcel out of a van at a luggage office.

Then we shut the gate on the man, and left him. He rang the bell at intervals for an hour afterwards; but, attracting no attention, he left off, and somehow or another, drove away. How far he got, or if he ever reached London at all that night, is to this day a matter of great uncertainty. My Aunt stopped with us that night, and next morning went to her solicitor.

Some days afterwards she came down again, this time in a fly.

"Letters of Administration?" I asked.

"No, my dear!" she exclaimed, in an almost fainting state. "I'm summoned!"

"Summoned!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she said, "to a Police Court. That Cabman! To-morrow I shall be a prisoner. Tell me what they can do to me."

(Told hereafter.)

Words and War.

(To other People's Correspondents.)

"SORTIE." French word. Tilly-vally!

When besieged Chiefs cry out "Alley,"

Why, my Masters, not write Sally?

ADDITION TO EXETER HALL.

In aid of the steps which the Government is at last taking to supply the Volunteers with arms of efficiency, the seriously patriotic Public would do well to get up a Society for the Conversion of Enfield Rifles.



REAL TOLERANCE.

Fair Artist (to small boy, who has been watching her proceedings with much apparent interest). "ARE YOU FOND OF PICTURES, MY LITTLE MAN?"

Art Critic in Embryo. "WELL, I DON'T MOIND 'EM, BUT I DON'T CALL THAT 'ERE A PICTURE."

THE "NIOBE OF NATIONS."

In the lone Lydian hills, the traveller, spent
With heat and travel, comes on a strange thing—
At once a mountain and a monument—
The Niobe, of whom old poets sing,*

How, in her pride of sons and daughters fair,
She boasted her Latona's self above—
The Titaness, who dazzling Phœbus bare,
And milder Artemis, to Zeus his love—

Saying, "I have borne many, thou but two;
Nor thine like mine, for beauty and for strength."
At first Latona smiled, as one that knew
Her greatness, but to hot wrath roused at length,

Called her son Phœbus of the golden shaft,
Her daughter Dian of the silver bow,
Who not alone to scorn the boaster laughed,
But with their arrows laid her children low.

Day and night, shafts of gold and silver sung
Through Sipylus out of Cithæron's shade;
In vain her hands the tortured mother wrung,
In vain for mercy the vexed goddess prayed—

Son after son, stricken past help or hope,
Fell, in her sight, 'neath that resistless rain;
For daughter after daughter she might ope
The loving shelter of her arms, in vain!

* See VAN LENNEP'S *Travels in Asia Minor* for the startling account of the stone face, with its torrent-furrowed cheeks, still to be seen in the region of the ancient Sipylus.

And still they fell, and still she wept and wept,
Till woe her eyes' light into water drew,
And sorrow through her life-blood freezing crept,
That slowly to a thing of stone she grew.

To this day travellers may see, aghast,
In Sipylus that giant face of stone,
With eyes now stony, but whose tears have traced
Dank rifts, with torrents wet, and moss o'ergrown.

And Niobe has grown a name for grief
That weeps and weeps, and will not be consoled:
The "Niobe of Nations," she, whom chief
Of all lands men for bitter sorrow hold.

This heavy crown of suff'ring that is shame
Has oft changed brows: Italy wore it long:
It was for her a poet made the name;
For her, whose age with new life now grows strong.

Lo, who is "Niobe of Nations" now!
She that was thought so strong and was so proud,
Whose armed and sceptred hand and haughty brow
Once o'erawed Europe, at her footstool bowed.

What ends of earth heard not her vaunt of race?
Whose sons were like hers, in her own esteem?
Whose daughters equalled hers for charm and grace?
Chief her Lutetia!—whose beauty's beam

From far and wide enthralled adorers drew
To lie at her fair feet, and drink the breath
Of perfume on her lips, although they knew
Her beauty baleful, and their fragrance death.

Till her boast angered the stern Titaness
Where in the North her wrath and strength she nursed,



THE "NIOBE OF NATIONS."

And when the boaster struck her in the face,
Her pent-up rage to giant action burst,

And she called forth her potent progeny
And bade them set their arrows to the string,
And smite the boaster's children, hip and thigh:
And they obeyed the call, stern, swift of wing,

Confirmed and clear of purpose, silent, strong,
And while the boaster's challenge sounded shrill,
Their well-aimed arrows whistled, loud and long,
And one of those proud sons lay stiff and still.

And as the strife began so it went on,
Death-dealing conquest, helpless wrath and woe,
Unseen shafts launched unguarded flanks upon,
Aimless resistance, abject overthrow!

Till France, like Niobe, mid slaughtered sons
And death-struck daughters, sits and sobs alone,
While from her eyes grief's river runs and runs,
And for sheer woe her heart seems turned to stone,

That she can neither fight, nor bow the head,
Submissive, to ask mercy of her foe,
And bid the slayer hold his hand, nor shed
More unavailing blood, but let her go,

To hide in earth her children that are dead,
And staunch their wounds that live, though stricken down,
Unlearn her pride, and over her proud head
Draw sackcloth, and strew ashes for a crown.

WINE, BEER, AND SPIRITS.

THE Suez Canal has been open now for some time, but the communication thus established has not occasioned any spirits to be laid in the Red Sea. The spirits of Spiritualism, though their raps make little noise outside of spiritual "circles," are still rapping away, and doing things yet more wonderful; at least, so we are told. But they decline publicity. Although they, some of them, are affirmed to have stretched a gentleman, whom they possessed, several inches, they would not stretch a point so far as to come into Court on his behalf at need, and attest his good faith. They never will come into Court, or allow themselves to be brought to book by any crucial test. Clearly the nature of things spiritual and things natural is not the same nature of things. There is a corresponding difference between Spiritualists and Philosophers. The Philosophers have no familiar spirits of the disembodied kind; know only distilled, and their familiarity with such as whiskey is sometimes rather too thick. With Spiritualists the reverse is the case. The *Medium*, a Spiritualist weekly newspaper, says:—

"Spiritualists and progressives of all kinds little realise how much they are indebted to the Temperance movement, which was a beginning of the great work of human redemption which Spiritualism is now carrying on to greater and higher consummations. The leading Spiritualists almost everywhere are staunch Teetotallers, and in many instances the Temperance Society is the door through which Spiritualism reaches the people. A few months ago J. BURNS gave a lecture on Spiritualism to a Temperance Society in Peckham; and on his last visit to Glasgow, two years ago, he lectured to a large meeting of the Working Men's Society, Candleriggs, Glasgow—one of the best in Scotland—his topic being a combination of Teetotalism and Spiritualism."

Apparently the mental condition or temperament which constitutes the Teetotaller also constitutes the Spiritualist. Both the one and the other, or the two in one, seem to be naturally and usually in a state of elevation which a Philosopher could not attain unto, unless

"He kept his spirits up
By pouring spirits down;"

To wit, whiskey as aforesaid, brandy, gin, or rum; but spirits of another order are sufficient to screw up the Spiritualist to a similar pitch of tension, not to say tightness. The Number of the *Medium* above quoted contains accounts of *séances* at which communications were received from HENRY VIII., WALTER SCOTT, DANTE, the late CAPTAIN BURGOYNE, HANDEL, CHARLES II., GEORGE IV., the late DEAN MILMAN, SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, GRINLING GIBBONS, JOHN KNOX, QUEEN ELIZABETH, LUDWIG SPOHR, CAPTAIN COWPER COLES, MARGARET WATERS, ARTHUR PELHAM CLINTON, JOAN OF ARC, OLIVER CROMWELL, MADAME VESTRIS, JULIUS CÆSAR, and LISTON the Actor. Dipsomania and Teetotalism, combined as it is with Spiritualism, are extremes which sometimes appear to meet on the plane of *delirium tremens*.

Probably the lecturer abovenamed, MR. J. BURNS, has had a message from his namesake ROBERT, recommending barley-water. What does his other namesake, our friend DAWSON, think of the "combination of Teetotalism and Spiritualism"? That it strengthens the case for a Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Law?

FRENCH TELEGRAMS.



ARMIST hopes have been excited in France by the apparition of the Northern Lights, as they no doubt foretell an armed interference by the Autocrat of the North.

Twenty-nine of the Garde Mobile and two Vivandières very gallantly surrounded the Third Army Corps of the enemy on Tuesday, and destroyed or captured the larger portion.

Strasbourg has been recaptured by a number of French soldiers, who had concealed themselves in the crypt

of the Minster, and who, issuing forth at dead of night, with shouts and war-songs, terrified the Prussians into a hasty abandonment of the place.

M. VICTOR HUGO has issued a glowing appeal to the proprietors of all menageries, imploring them to let loose upon the Prussian monsters the nobler brutes of the forest. He apologises to the latter.

The Rhine, swollen by the rains, has risen to such an extent that the communications between the enemy and Prussia are entirely cut off, and a fleet of French gunboats has been launched to take the invaders in rear. Their surrender can be but a matter of days.

A new "Joan of Arc" has arisen at Tours. The inhabitants have contributed their plate to make her a suit of silver armour, and she will take the field at the head of a regiment of Amazons. Enthusiasm is at its highest, and victory is certain.

The ARCHBISHOP OF NANCY, who had fallen into the hands of the enemy, was incautiously permitted to preach on Sunday last. His denunciation of the sin of the Catholic soldiers of Germany, in allying themselves with Protestants against a Catholic power, produced such an effect that 123,371 immediately re-crossed the Rhine, and went home.

Twelve thousand Prussians were singing a Protestant hymn in the church of St. Samson, near Verdun, when a patriotic sexton, enraged at the desecration, placed a powder-barrel near the tower, which fell at the explosion. Every Prussian perished.

The entire garrison of Paris made a sortie last night, and rushed gloriously upon Versailles. The KING, CROWN PRINCE, VON MOLTKE, VON BISMARCK, and the entire Staff were taken prisoners, and are now lodged in the Conciergerie, awaiting their trial for treason to Liberty.

Pottery Preserved.

ENTHUSIASTS as to ceramic art will have been reassured by the subjoined telegram:—

"THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA has ordered the transfer of the collections of art-treasures from Sévres to Versailles."

We had our domestic battle of Preston-Pans; but all the damage of that was nothing to the smash of porcelain which might have resulted from an engagement at Sévres.

TROP TARD.

THE Oxford Political Economy Professor is about to give a course of lectures on *Money*. This is complimentary to LORD LYTON, but, considering events, lectures on the *Lady of Lyons* would be more interesting. Oxford is still a little behind the time.



APPRECIATION OF NATURE.

Mistress. "ARE NOT THESE LOVELY FLOWERS, NURSE?"

Nurse. "THEY BE, INDEED, MA'AM! EQUAL TO THE BEST ARTIFICIALS!"

THE NEW FRENCH LOAN.

TOUCHING this new loan to France—
What is there in clairvoyance?
By that means can truth be got
As to things to come, or not?
O that foresight I possessed,
So as safely to invest,
And enjoy a conscience clear
Of corroding care and fear!

When will this expensive fight
End, and France again be right?
Choose what Government will she?
Honest is it sure to be?
Would a Red Republic pay?
If at war with France some day
Dividends may I believe
We should duly still receive?

Six per cent! O but to see
If it would be safe as Three!
Trusting as upon a rock
That I might transfer my Stock
From Consols with expedition
To a twice as good position!

Pythonesse, in ancient Greece,
Propheesied of war and peace,
But, her answers being double,
Got inquirers into trouble.
From a "medium" could I gain
True prediction, likewise plain?
Ah, the future is unknown!
So I funk the New French Loan.

A Certain Conqueror.

A GERMAN General who seems fated to be victorious is VON DER TANN. No wonder he usually gives his foes a leathering.

WAR NOTES.

(From our Own Cockalorum.)

Versailles.

P'RAPS you didn't get anything from this Gay Militaire last Toosday, which it were.

The fact is, times is changed with this Noble Marquis, and he thinks of returning to the home of his ancestors, passing, on his way, through the Little Village.

I've just received a wire to say that I've collared the stuff, and skinned the tender lambkin on *Adonis* for the Cambridgeshire.

If true, the light of other days has not faded, and the glories of the past will be once more for Yours Truly.

However, old scores first, and then a gay investment in some light-hearted Eleven per Cent. affair, paid quarterly, and your experienced Militaire will be quite the Commercial.

Your Own has done the trick in more ways than one, and if he don't fill his spoon now he never will. On the Hereditary Crown's natal day, this Happy Warrior was there, and what do you think was the present which Your Own presented to the Crown Cockalorum?

Neat and appropriate: it was a neat little *electro-plated scoop for coals*. Engraved upon it was "To the Crown Cockalorum, from His Own Lighthearted Soldier, in memory of being on the Scoop," which we were with PAPA VILLUM, who can't get his hymn tunes right again somehow, but has 'em mixed up with "We won't go home till morning" and "Champagne Charley," which this Harmonious Blacksmith taught him.

"Captain," said the Crown Cockalorum, grasping my off paw, and bursting with such emotion as heaved up his manly chest like machinery, "Captain," says he, "you're another."

"When two Gay Gallants weep on each other's shoulders it's time to shut up and go home. So you don't get any more; not from me, George."

Leaving the gay and festive, and halls of dazzling, I walked down the street with just twopenn'orth of swagger on, and sporting my linen in the flashing of the midday sun.

When these eyes fell on a beautiful creature. Dressed in the latest Parisian, with as much foot before as behind, and heels in the middle. A regular duster, Sir. There was the classic bend and the line of beauty all there, with the curve of beauty belonging to a note of interrogation, while this Light-hearted Don Juan came after with a note or two of admiration.

She was what this Lion-hearted Warrior admires; in fact, Your Washup, the lovely damsel was suited to the meanest capacity (as they

say of the portable somethings in the advertisements), and was just about my figure.

As she walked along in front of this impressionable Dragoon, she put no end of side on, and it's side, now-a-days, that knocks you silly.

A girl who puts side on, judiciously, hits you high up on the left, you undercumstumble, and sends you into the pocket, or up, sharp, against the cushion.

Side does it, Sir. She goes along quite straight, but her intention is towards the red (this Gay Militaire, for example), whom she passes on her way. Then she comes back off the cushion, and "side" brings her right up against you. "You meet, 'tis in a crowd," and there you are.

Watch a girl with side on, and you'll get a lesson in feminine diplomacy which you won't forget in a hurry, and thank this Gay Militaire for it.

"O poor Lucy Neal, O poor Lucy Neal, if you'll just put on the side, how happy I shall feel," which is a new *chanson* by Your Own.

Now, your Washup, if, in addition to my collaring the stuff on *Adonis*, you hear of anything Hymeneal between this gay Son of Mars and a lovely Prooshian, or Parisian Venus (for Parisian she may be, and well out of it), then you'll know that Scoops are over and Tittups are no more; but quite the domestic will be henceforth the character of your Roving Soldier, if he goes in for the Nursery Stakes.

Perhaps the venture *ain't good enough for me*.

Look out. I'm a-coming. Never be surprised at anything, until you find a blackbird's nest in your right ear. Then you may wink.

Yours ever, Your Own,

DYNGWELL.

Melancholy Casualty in the City.

We deeply regret to state that a Stock Exchange wit came to great grief on Tuesday week. He had read in the *Standard* that the dockyard at Woolwich was to be turned into an Army clothes-store. He thought he saw a splendid epigram. "You see, ARRY," he exultingly remarked to a friend, "that's just the thing. They can make cloth out of the Wool—which is there. Comprenny?" ARRY did not see it, and they have not spoken since.

AN INTERDICTION.—No Teetotaler will allow the works of POPE to enter his house, because of the encouragement that poet has given to intemperance in urging people to "Drink deep."

PUNCH'S ESSAYS.

I.—STATISTICS.

"For there is figures in all things."—Henry V.

"GIVE your nights and days to statistics," was the advice the elder PITT tendered to his second son, WILLIAM, on entering the public service, in which he subsequently rose to such great distinction. "The greatest happiness I have known in life has been derived from the Arabic numerals," writes *Junius's* DUKE OF GRAFTON to the poet GRAY. "Think less of your figure, and more of your figures," was what SHARPDEN said to LORD ELDON, after they had been dining together at the "Blue Posts," to celebrate the revision of the Tariff. "Your head runs on figures of speech, your whole time is engrossed with the figures of the quadrille, your sole aim and ambition is to cut a figure in society. You are wrong—utterly, entirely, completely wrong: the only figures that a man of taste and pleasure and fashion should care to know are those to be found in the returns issued by order of both Houses of Parliament. Study those, and the highest and most lucrative posts in the State are open to you and your family connections." Such was LORD CHESTERFIELD's affectionate counsel to his son, and he never remembered it, even in the smallest hours.

But it hardly needs this accumulated weight of unimpeachable testimony, and the unanimous verdict of history, society, and posterity, the German Zollverein, the Saxon Wittenagemot, and the Spanish Inquisition, to confirm a deep-seated belief, the origin of which is probably lost in the mists and fogs of time, that in Statistics a man possesses the surest solace in misfortune or on a wet morning.

To know the exact number of eggs which have been produced by the French silkworms since the abdication of CHARLES THE TENTH, or the money value of our own exports of Shrewsbury cakes and Ormskirk gingerbread during the last quarter of a century; to be able to state, with some approach to numerical accuracy, how many guests have partaken of civic hospitality in the Guildhall of London, from the age of WURTINGTON to the more enlightened era of BESLEY; to compute the square miles of gas which are being consumed in all the cities and towns of Great Britain on the longest night in the year; to compare the number of red-haired men and black-haired men now living in affluence in the Cantons of Switzerland, and to deduce therefrom some positive theories as to the influence of colour on national and individual idiosyncrasies; to count the stops in *Shakespeare*, giving the respective totals of commas, colons, and periods; to work out the dimensions of a column, such as would be raised if all the eggs could be brought together which have been consumed since their use as an article of food was first entered at Stationers' Hall; or, finally, to average the hairs in the tails of the chargers of a regiment of Household Cavalry—these are indeed delightful tasks to interest childhood, to enchant youth, to engross adult leisure, to fascinate middle age, to soothe and console declining life, and to constitute an ample qualification for the Fellowship of the Statistical Society.

Figures never pall. The flavour of wine, the savour of meats, the smiles of beauty, the lures of ambition, the excitement of commercial speculation, the stimulus of literary renown, the attractions of field sports and hot suppers, each and all in time and turn lose their power and popularity, cease to charm, and fail to please; but Statistics know no satiety: averages cannot weary, or calculations forget their piquant zest, and often as "tables" are prepared and got ready, as often do they find devotees who, with eager looks and sparkling eyes, and some share of arithmetical ability, are impatient to enjoy and digest their contents, with no abatement of sober relish, and without any apparent diminution of honest appreciation. Be, then, a statistician, and you will ensure the respect of all the people in your neighbourhood, and live to an advanced age.

WEEDS OF THE FUTURE.

An American journalist says:—

"Scientific men have recently discovered that the poison taken into the system from continual smoking of tobacco will cause death in one hundred and sixty-seven years. We warn our readers who have been smoking nearly that time to break themselves of the habit at once."

Punch is obliged to his contemporary for the hint. It is a little premature, as the first-mentioned gentleman has been smoking only for about thirty years. But he has bought a *Letts* for A.D. 2007, and has entered a memorandum, "Begin to restrict myself, next year, to eighteen cigars *per diem*." He will publish an account of any phenomena that may attend his change of diet.

Instruction in Science Wanted.

MRS. MALAPPRO, who has lately removed to the neighbourhood of King's Cross, was terribly alarmed at the Great Northern Lights, and could not be convinced that it was not the Station on fire. The neighbours, she declares, say eccentricity is the cause of them.

SKETCHING AN EMPRESS.

At last we have got some valuable War-news. We have elaborate details touching the most interesting personage whose fortunes have been mixed up with the great events of the time. Somebody has obtained an interview with the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE; and this is the report. Let it be carefully and reverently studied, item by item. For, as MR. CARLYLE says, every fact hath its assignable value in this world.

Firstly, let us know the colour of Her Majesty's dress.

"Her Majesty was dressed in a brown walking costume. The petticoat was of brown silk, trimmed with three flounces of velvet, over which she wore a tunic and jacket of brown merino of the finest texture. The tunic was trimmed with flounces of silk of the same shade; the jacket, like the petticoat, was trimmed with velvet. It was a simple little jacket, fitting her lovely shoulders most perfectly, slashed at the sides and back, and trimmed all round with one row of velvet ribbon an inch and a-half wide."

Observe—an inch and a half. No hasty generalisation, no "about," no careless description. An inch and a half. Give some writers an inch—and so forth—but there is conscientiousness here, nothing said for the sake of being graphic.

But now—this is a time of cuffs—let us hear of the EMPRESS's.

"At the wrists were deep pointed cuffs, with little gold buttons extending from the bottom of the sleeve to the point of the cuff, and at the neck a small velvet collar. The tunic was very full, and was looped up most gracefully. Around her throat she wore a white tie with a large bow in front. It was trimmed with Brussels lace."

Brussels lace. This is—though the absorbed writer does not see it—a proof of the EMPRESS's good taste. We know that she has abstained from all interference with France since her exile, and her very trimming is from a neutral city, *not Valenciennes*. We marvel that the reporter could not notice this.

Now for the gloves and umbrella.

"Her gloves were silk, very long at the wrists, of a light buff colour. Her sun umbrella was of the same shade of buff, lined with green silk. She wore a small black straw hat, bound around the brim with black silk. The brim was narrow and drooping. On the left side was a large black bow. Her veil was of black thread lace. In her right hand she carried a substantial brown wood cane, of which she made good use as a walking stick."

The account is evidently by a lady, and not by a man—not even a man-milliner. But had the reporter been one of the coarser sex, we should certainly have expressed a regret that some stalwart masculine attendant on the exiled lady, of whom stock was thus being taken, did not make still better use of the last above-mentioned article. But the kind of note-taking that would be despicable in a man, is amusing in a nobler being. We go on, and hear that the EMPRESS

"Wore no jewellery of any kind."

How much jewellery does a "real lady" usually wear when taking a walk in her own garden? Moreover, as the EMPRESS wore gloves, the reporter must have come very close indeed to say that Her Majesty had no rings. Here only we detect a flaw in a delightful narrative; but let it pass:—

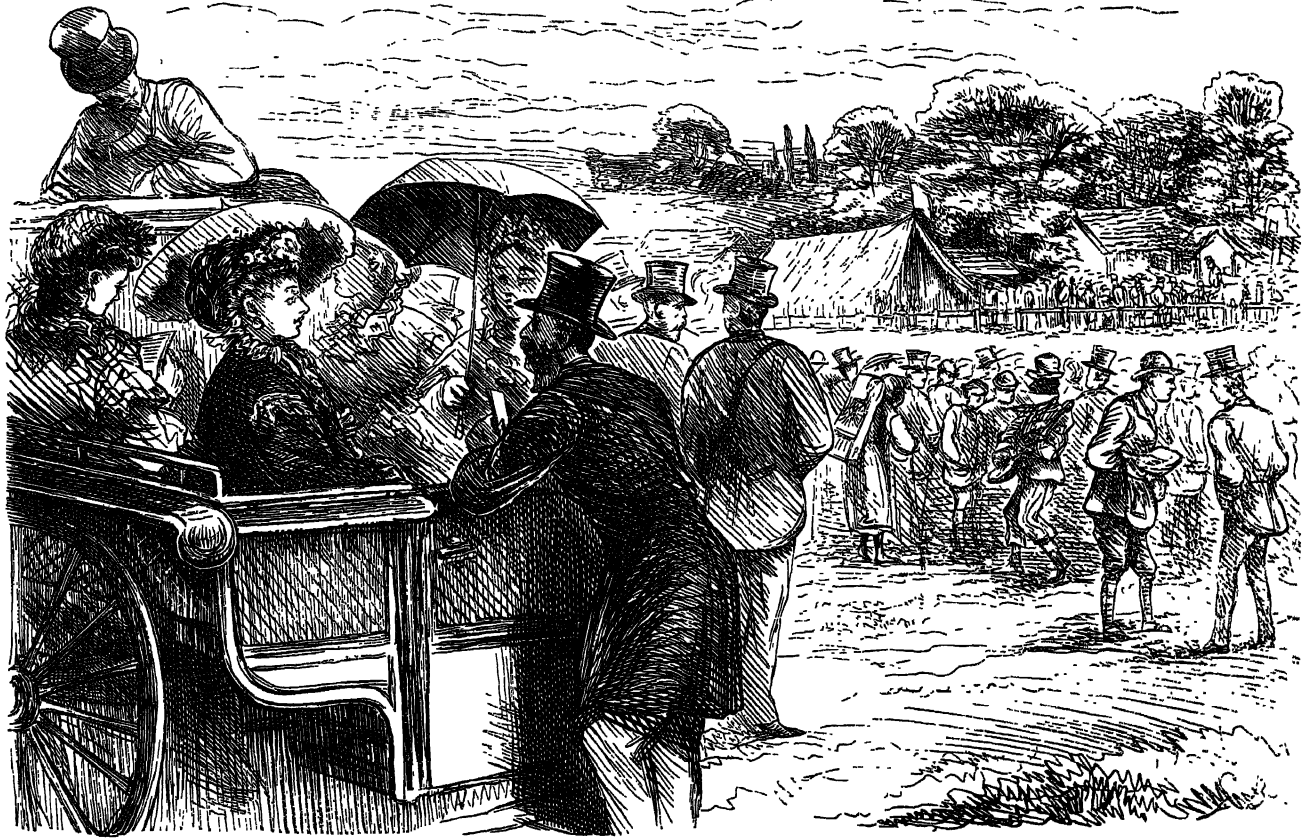
"The ladies of Her Majesty's suite wore black hats similar to that of the EMPRESS. They all wore silk petticoats, with tunics and jackets of some other material. Some of them carried canes like the EMPRESS, and those who did not carried their umbrellas as such. The gentlemen wore dark grey trousers, black coats, and round-toed boots."

We do not profess to understand the words in Italics. As it did not rain, the ladies did not put up their umbrellas: but what is meant by carrying them "as such," we leave to wiser persons to explain. Finally, we rejoice in the gentlemen's round-toed boots, as they show that Her Majesty's attendants are cheerful, and not of the sort we call "Old Square-Toes."

On the whole, we seem to lack words to describe the satisfaction with which we have read this truly English mode of showing respect to a lady, an exile among us, distinguished no less by her grace in good times than her courage in bad ones. No naturalist, describing some newly-discovered creature, could be more ruthlessly exact than an English reporter who had the good luck to come upon a Royal lady, dressed in ordinary morning attire, and taking a private walk. But there must be creatures, not newly discovered, who like this sort of thing, or it would not be done.

Dammartin.

RABELAIS tells us of "the Castle of Dammartin, which bursted with laughter." Commentators have been baffled by the passage. Perhaps the castle was built, as was Notre Dame, according to VICTOR HUGO, by a magician, and had instincts. Perhaps it foresaw the addresses which VICTOR HUGO would make in 1870. Yet a patriotic Castle ought not to have laughed—even Englishmen laugh only with protest and regret.



NOT SO FLAT AS HE LOOKS.

Major Dangle. "HOW DO YOU LIKE THE RACING TO-DAY, LADY GRACE?"

Lady Grace. "O, PRETTY WELL. NOT SUCH FUN AS SIEEPLCHASEING. AWFULLY LITTLE EXCITEMENT. IN FACT, I WOULDN'T HAVE COME, BUT FOR —"

[Manages to be interrupted, but the Major fills up the blank to his own satisfaction.]

L'EAU!

(*Milkman's Cry.*)

WE read in the *Christian World* (all honour to it for its successful exertions to erect a monument to the author of the *History of Moll Flanders*) that there is wanted a—

GENERAL SERVANT, immediately, in a small family, where two cows are kept. *One of good character. A Baptist preferred.—Apply B. C., &c.*

An applicant will do wisely to stipulate that she shall milk only the cow of good character. But why a Baptist? Does the advertiser vend milk? In that case he should be aware that there is such a thing as a Lactometer. Still, B. C. may mean only a Baptist Cowkeeper, who may desire a servant of his own faith. In that case we may remark that a presumably religious person has no business to keep one cow of other than good character.

More Free than Welcome.

(*Rhyme by Respectable Bourgeois.*)

LET the Prussians hang Freeshooters;
Foes are better than Freebooters.

Slightly Grotesque.

THE first proof of gratification given by Scotland in reference to the Royal Marriage, is a proposal for a present to the Princess. It is suggested that Scotsmen should unite in contributing Groats. The Scots are not usually in a hurry, but is not this a little early—a little like *Mrs. Perch's* "projection of her mind into the future"? However, better early than never. Emden Groats, of course—no others are approved by the faculty.

SIMPLE FRACTURES.—Servants' breakages.

"THE MAIDEN ALL FOR-LORNE."

"TOBY, my faithful Secretary," said *Mr. Punch* on Saturday last, "push me that cigar-case. Now, inform me, TOBY, to the best of your recollection, how many letters, addressed to your Master, have you opened, and found to contain what the writers are pleased to consider a joke upon—"

"Please not to repeat it, Sir," said TOBY, with a shudder. "That joke is my nightmare."

"Like a dog, you hunt in dreams, eh, my faithful? But that there may be no mistake in your answer to my question, be it understood of you, TOBY, that I allude to a House in which I think one of your race behaved atrociously to an unoffending, and, indeed, meritorious cat."

"And the dog was tossed by a cow who was milked by a Maiden all For-Lorn," gasped out the unfortunate TOBY, gallantly resolved to do his duty.

"That is the joke, TOBY. Now then. How many British Wits have sent it us?"

"Up to this morning, Sir, the batches make up 597, besides postal cards; but I have more letters to open, and I doubt not to find another hundred of the same witticism."

"It is well. You place all in the sack for the waste-paper collector."

"All, Sir?"

"Right. When the flood shall have ceased, the Sick and Wounded shall be no losers. Meantime I trust that my Intellectual Friends will continue to 'invent' the excellent new jest of the Maiden all For-LORNE. To whom health and happiness."

Impossible Incongruity.

THE POPE is said to have wreaked his vexation upon everybody by closing the galleries of Art at the Vatican. It is incredible that His Holiness should exercise the authority which he is allowed to retain over the Leonine City by refusing to let visitors see the lions.



TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

Nurse. "I CAN NOT ALLOW BUTTER AND JAM, TOO, ON YOUR BREAD, MASTER ALFRED. IT IS VERY EXTRAVAGANT."

Master Alfred. "IT CAN'T BE EXTRAVAGANT, MARY, IF THE SAME PIECE OF BREAD DOES FOR BOTH."

MYCOPHAGY AND MYCOLOGY.

SWEET MR. PUNCH,

How do you think you would have relished the repast mentioned in the subjoined extract from a newspaper? One can imagine it to have been the counterpart of a genuine "Dinner after the Manner of the Ancients"; particularly the Ancient Romans:—

"PERTH.—SOCIETY OF NATURAL SCIENCE.—At a meeting of the Perthshire Society of Natural Science, held on Friday evening, a paper was read by MR. SADDLER, assistant to PROFESSOR BALFOUR, Edinburgh, entitled 'Contributions to the Flora of Perthshire,' and one by DR. BUCHANAN WHITE, President of the Society, on 'Sugaring for Moths.' After the meeting, the members adjourned to the Moncrieff Arms Hotel, where supper was prepared, consisting of different species of funguses, cooked in almost every conceivable manner. The dishes most relished were *Boletus edulis*, *Coprinus comatus*, and *Agaricus campestris*."

"*Sunt tibi boleti, fungos ego sumo suillos.*" Your friend MARTIAL (I don't mean CAPTAIN DYNWELL) drew a distinction not understood by modern mycologists and mycophagists. Every *boletus* nowadays is a fungus, though not every fungus is a *boletus*. Of course you know that a great variety of funguses are eatable; but few Britons dare venture upon any but the Common Mushroom (*Agaricus campestris* above named). Very likely their fear may be heightened by apprehension of injury to their teeth in table-talk over things with such crackjaw names as those of which the foregoing are mild examples. It is an exertion, for epicures at least, to articulate them. You may find no difficulty in saying *Tricholoma gambosus*, *Amanita strobiliformis*, or *Lepiota procera*. But some of your readers will have a little. However, there is no help for it. We have hardly any trivial name for any fungus but the Common Mushroom aforesaid. The *Marasmius Oreades* is called in English-French "Champignon," the *Cantharellus cibarius*, in the same tongue, "Chantarelle"; we name the *Morchella esculenta* "Morel," and the *Tuber aestivum* "Truffle," but otherwise almost every fungus which the people do not call a Mushroom, they call a Toadstool. The *Boletus edulis* enjoyed by the Perthshire naturalists would be "to the general" a toadstool of the fattest and most frightful species; the more knowing inhabitants of Bordeaux regale themselves upon it as a delicacy under the name of *cep*, so called, I fancy, because thereabouts it likes to grow at the foot of the vine. They, you see, don't make a mouthful of the word, but they eat the thing. Do likewise if ever you have a chance, which you may have early next summer, please Jupiter Pluvius, and, if

LA GAZZA LADRA.

"PYAT" in Scotch means Mag-pie—a kind of bird famous for pilfering and prattling. M. FELIX PYAT, of Red Republican notoriety, now in Paris, seems determined to act up to his name. He pilfers the airs, attitudes, and acts of the Republicans of 1792, and he prattles in his organ, *Le Combat*—ye Gods, how he *does* prattle!—what he certainly no more understands than the magpie the words it repeats by rote. We are glad to learn by the last balloon post that this mischievous magpie has been silenced—by the most appropriate means, ridicule and contempt.

Would all other blatant blockheads of the same *genus*, now doing their best to discredit French pluck, and make the resistance of Paris seem hopeless, could be snuffed out as we learn M. PYAT has been.

Cruel Case.

A SMALL boy of Stockton-on-Tees Was dreadfully bitten by fleeces, He went to his Nus, Who made matters worse By putting him in among bees.

Apparently a Grievance.

THE Post-Office has hitherto afforded the public a great accommodation in the conveyance of small parcels. This is now largely curtailed and the alteration appears to cause much dissatisfaction and inconvenience. Sufficient reasons can, perhaps, be given for the change: otherwise we shall not consider ours to be quite so much of a pattern post as we have hitherto thought it.

you like, you can also explore the woodlands and see where it grows, with other things of the same sort equally good, no less tough to the organs of speech and equally tender to the nerves of taste, if you will vouchsafe to be guided by your ancient

SMELFUNGUS.

A TELEGRAM WITH A TWIST.

THE *Aurora Borealis* must have played some strange pranks, not to say "Old Gooseberry," with the wire which, the other day, transmitted the following telegram from Lille:—

"An *aéronaut* who left Paris on the 27th, arrived here to-day. His balloon descended at Metz, in the midst of the Prussian lines on Thursday, and he was obliged to burn his despatches and fly through Belgium. No official reports have, therefore, been received."

What were the Prussians about to let this French *aéronaut*, whose balloon fell in the midst of their lines, burn his despatches and fly through Belgium? How chanced they not to secure his despatches, and to make himself prisoner? It is impossible to understand, except on the supposition that when the balloon fell he was not in it. Had he, then, previously flown away to Belgium through the air? If so, he might, one would think, have carried his despatches with him, and need not have burned them. This telegram requires explanation.

Aqueous Attraction.

SMILES may have been occasioned by a contemporary in publishing the subjoined announcement:—

"BOURNEMOUTH.—This fashionable watering-place is full to overflowing, and almost every house has been engaged for the winter months."

One cannot help thinking that a watering-place, full to overflowing, must be rather too damp to be pleasant.

The Amazons of the Seine.

M. ALLIX, the Secretary, of the Amazons, was once famous for a project of telegraphy by sympathetic snails. He seems now to have transferred his hopes from snails in the hands of men, to slugs in the arms of ladies.

MILITARY ENJOYMENT.



(not to talk Yankee) army which that system will have provided us with, or else to pay for it—perhaps to do both. We shall enjoy neither of these necessities; and the two together will amount to an unspeakable bore. People who enjoy soldiering are peculiarly constituted. They are either insensible to the pain and inconvenience which the rest of mankind experience from wounds and mutilations, or incapable of conceiving unpleasant sensations before they actually feel them. Those who enjoy soldiering also enjoy cold, hunger, and fatigue, or at least contemplate the endurance of those incidents to it with unconcern:—

“I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness.”

Everybody who enjoys soldiering must agnize the same alacrity as General *Othello*. But the greater part of us agnize no such thing. We mostly agnize a natural and prompt alacrity in eating, drinking, sleeping, smoking, and otherwise gratifying desires and tastes, which, though some of them intellectual and moral, are all related to a general quality of objects which is essentially softness. If we become a nation of soldiers, we shall not thank the foreigners, whose truculent and rapacious propensities will have forced us thereto, for any enjoyment. Suffering will be our lot under any military system on a scale extensive enough to furnish us with an army nearly as large as one of theirs, and equal to keeping down the dangerous classes abroad,—in other words the chief European nations. We shall enjoy that system of military organisation as much, and as completely, as an invalid enjoys bad health.

GREAT NEWS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

TO SHORT PERSONS.—Any one (Male or Female) wishing to increase in Height and Symmetry of Figure, by means of a remarkable physiological discovery, may send a stamped directed envelope to CAPTAIN * * * * (U.S.), * * * * London, N.W.

How to grow stout, how to grow thin, how to secure a beautiful complexion, how to preserve a luxuriant head of hair, how to get rid of blotches, pimples, freckles, warts, and other distracting blemishes, how to prevent sea-sickness, how to guard our eyes, our ears, our hands, our feet, our skin, our teeth, and our voice, from a thousand and one imperfections—we have all been advertised over and over again, until it seemed as though there was no natural defect left for the ingenuity of man to remedy.

We were mistaken, for here is an American Captain (U.S. stands for United States, not for Under Size), from Long Island, we suppose, who, in exchange for the modest fee of “a stamped directed envelope,” is eager to instruct those of us who are troubled with shortness of stature, who are living on, dumpy and stumpy—it may be with darkened prospects and blighted affections, all through the affliction, hitherto thought to be incurable, of five feet four—how to grow taller, how “to increase in height and symmetry of figure,” how to escape the gibes and jeers which are cast on the small and lowly, how to qualify for the Army, the Police, the Constabulary, how—greatest happiness of all—to become acceptable to those fair, capricious beings who have a passion for six feet, and so snub and discourage little men that they are driven to despair and high heels. “High heels”—perhaps that is CAPTAIN * * * *’s specific: if so, the bootmaker will supply it without the formality of “a stamped directed envelope.”

There is only one more “physiological discovery” to be made—how to grow shorter. Let not the inconveniently tall, the gawkies, the Maypoles, despair.

WITH regard to our proposed military reorganisation, an article in the *Morning Post* contains the following remark:—

“We have never enjoyed a system under which it would be possible at once and at any time to put into the field, and to maintain in its strength, a large and reliable army.”

No, we certainly never have enjoyed such a system, and it is most certain we never shall. It may, indeed, be that a system of that description will, one of these days be established by an efficient British Government. But when we have got it, we shall certainly not enjoy it. We, the people at large, every one of us, shall have either to serve in the large and trustworthy

An American philanthropist has appeared amongst us who is longing to add a piece to the height of man and woman; another of equal benevolence and power will, doubtless, soon come over, who, for “a stamped directed envelope” will be as ready and able to take a piece off.

THE FAINT OF FASHION.

SUPPOSE the POPE, or Lama Grand,
Lay comatose in bed,
And there was no one to command
His people in his stead,—
The faithful, then, in either case,
Would in a hole abide,
The like whereof is Woman’s place
In all the world so wide.

In Paris, Fashion’s High Priestess,
Now prostrate in a swoon,
No longer dictates change of dress
At every change of moon.
Beleaguering German hosts enfold
Her Apostolic See;
It in abeyance you behold,
While senseless there lies she.

With peace, however, she’ll come to,
And then resume her reign.
Perhaps an era may ensue
Of vesture neat and plain.
Because it doth to reason stand,
Her away if she resume,
Her nation’s War Bill will demand
Retrenchment of costume.

The flighty and fantastic tire
Will probably subside,
Congruity must needs require
Head-gear to dress allied.
Preposterous top-knots may be cheap,
For all their bands and bows,
But will not in accordance keep
With reasonable clothes.

And high heels, likewise, will be put,
On that account, aloof,
And cease to give a damsel’s foot
The semblance of a hoof.
Nature will undisfigured grace
From top to toe display;
The powder banished from the face:
The rouge-pot thrown away.

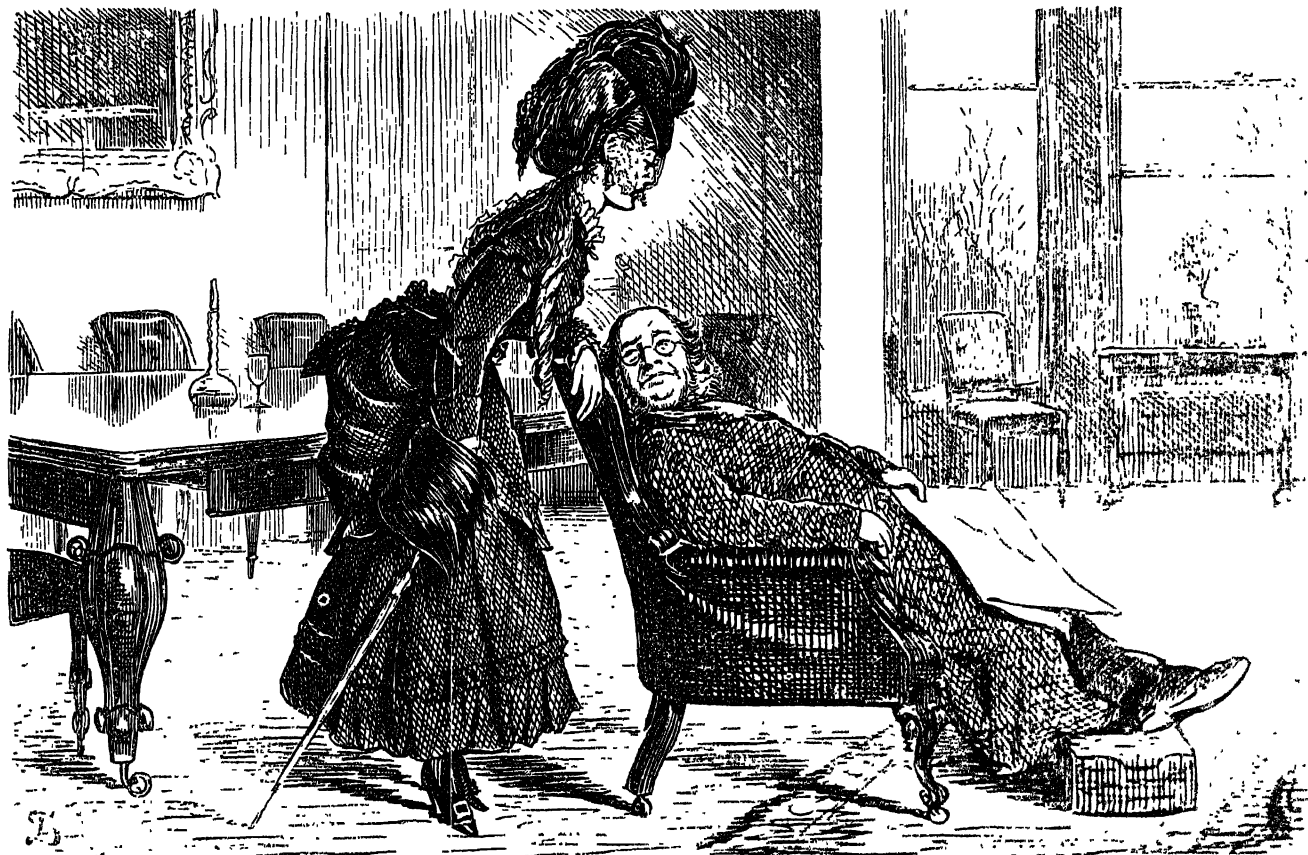
Who knows, indeed, France having been
In War severely schooled,
But that her garb will match her mien;
By sober taste be ruled?
That Fashion will have grown demure,
Will cut all fal-lals down,
To bonnet black, from trimmings pure,
And Quaker shawl and gown?

“SPEAK UP!”

MR. PUNCH,

I BEG to inform you that I went the other day to see the *Midsummer Night’s Dream* at the Queen’s Theatre, Long Acre. I also went to hear it. I heard it only very partially. Some of the performers didn’t speak out. They were inaudible in the balcony; where I was. I won’t name names: for a hint is as good as a criticism to any sensible young lady, whose lisp may be charming in society, but is a bore on the stage. The *Midsummer Night’s Dream* is splendidly got up; the scenery is magnificent, and the dresses are superb; but what is all that if, in case you had never read the play, you would, for all you could hear, at times not know but that you were listening, or rather trying to listen to a gorgeous burlesque? I feel I have a right to ask this question, because I did not go to criticise the performance with an eleemosynary order, but went to see it, and paid my money, like

A MAN.



THAT CLASSICAL CURVE AGAIN!

Agnes (just engaged). "PAPA, DEAR, I AM GOING FOR A WALK, TO MEET CHARLES."

Papa (who will have his joke). "ALL RIGHT, AGNES. BUT NOW, YOU'VE GOT A BEAU, WOULDN'T IT MATCH BETTER IF YOU LOOKED A LITTLE MORE LIKE AN ARROW?"

BULL AND BULLOCK TO THE RESCUE.

(See the "Daily News" Advertisement.)

THE Prussians may poke their fun at the National Society,
Denounce its doctors for "dummheit," its nurses for impropriety;
Declare our quarter million given, for sick and wounded's aid,
Poor interest on the profit by Brummagem gunsmiths made,
On the sale of Sniders and Chassepots to French customers transported,
Whereby KING WILLIAM and MOLTKE have been disagreeably thwarted.
But let BISMARCK chafe, and Germany chide, and BERNSTORFF write his full,
And neutrals sell arms, still Vaterland may be grateful to JOHN BULL,
Who has given his cash and his skill and help to the sufferers by war low laid,
And for German and French sick and wounded both good Samaritan has played.
And if this BULL has been dutiful to humanity's holy laws,
There's a BULLOCK has shown him of the same breed, in the same sacred cause—
As Almoner of England's bounty to the hapless peasant crowd,
Whom ravage of war has left sad and sick and naked and famine-cowed.
Then though Germany vie with France in gird and grumble at neutral BULL,
Still BULL and BULLOCK will join hands in a long, strong, and hearty pull,
The one to find money, the other to spend it for the best,
That the hungry may have a stomachful, and the cold and naked be dressed.

THE cry of France and Germany—"To arms!"
The cry of England—"To alms!"

A VOICE FROM THE WEIRD SISTERS.

THERE are eatable frogs and eatable snails; not the only eatable vermin. The fruits of the earth are consumed by hares and rabbits, of which creatures the former, roasted or juiced, and the latter, curried or smothered in onions, may be satisfactorily consumed themselves, especially by the farmers whose crops they devour. They may, therefore, be considered the natural quarry of the farmer as well as the fox, and this is doubtless the sound and liberal view taken of them by the nobleman who has set landlords the good example recorded by a contemporary in the subjoined announcement:—

"LORD CAWDOR AND GAME-PRESERVING.—THE EARL OF CAWDOR has made a material concession to his tenantry in regard to the ground game on his estate. He has signified his intention of permitting the tenants to kill and destroy all the rabbits on their farms."

Hail to thee, THANE OF CAWDOR!

A Paradox.

A POACHER was fishing. No doubt
He'd catch a fine something, and cook it.
A keeper came walking about;
The poacher saw him—and a trout,
Which he lost, though he managed to hook it.

"THEY MAY BE HOUSEWIVES YET."

WE may smile—the French men laughed—at the idea of a French woman defending herself against irreverent Germans by the aid of a thimble containing poison. But when we have smiled, let us own that it is a good thing that the Amazonian mind should turn in the direction of thimbles. Needle and thread may follow.

THE ODDS (In the Great International Match.—[Man .. Stan.]

GLYN UPON GLADSTONE.



THE other evening MR. GLYN, the Member for Shaftesbury, made an after-dinner speech thereat. The Liberal "Whip" spoke of the Liberal Government with liberality, if not quite extravagance of praise. He eulogised MR. CARDWELL, not, perhaps, excessively; and, concerning our PREMIER, he delivered his mind in the words which follow, with the intervening exclamations of his audience:—

"In conclusion, he called upon them to join with him in his great feeling of devotion and loyalty to the great man who headed the Liberal party. ('No, no,' and 'Hear, hear.') He believed that no honest, and no abler, and no more remarkable man, had lived since the days of PITT. ('O! O! and 'Order')—and that in the present day they had nobody to be compared with him. He thought the interests of England were safely confided to his care. ('Not a bit of it.')

It cannot be denied that, speaking as a fishmonger's man, the Honourable Member did not at all cry "Unpleasant Fish!" On the contrary, he may be said to have hollaed, as it were, "Here's your finest fresh Mackerel!" as loud as he could. There is conceivable ground for such a protest as "O! O!" though "No! no!" may be deemed too positively negative, and negation to an extent altogether out of all bounds is certainly expressed in the cry, "Not a bit of it."

To be sure, MR. GLADSTONE might, in relation to the War, have pursued a policy calculated to vindicate the proud position among the nations of Europe which would be universally acknowledged to be, as the saying is, suitable to the honour, dignity, importance, and *prestige* of this great and glorious country. In consequence of that, most likely, we should now be at war with either France or Germany, no matter which, perhaps, in the estimation of the fine fellows who are solicitous above all things for this great country's proud position.

If we were now fighting the French, or fighting the Germans, none of us, not personally making fortunes by war, could be any the happier for it than they are, except the gentlemen of the pavement who bawl for it, who would keep out of it, and would not have to pay for it. Many would be the less happy; not a few would be miserable, with no possible end to their misery but death. Suppose you had lost both your hands in battle, for instance, of course, you couldn't wash them, nor your face neither. You could not help yourself at table, or anywhere else. Under all the discomfort to which you would be doomed for life, what consolation would you derive from the thought that you had been mutilated to maintain the proud position of this great country? Had MR. GLADSTONE not kept us at peace, many of Her Majesty's subjects would have undergone mutilation, and a considerable, though limited, class of the community, not paying in person for their country's proud position, would have to pay for it in purse. They would be now execrating, instead of blessing, the Prime Minister, because they would be anticipating the result of his glorious policy in an enormous and inevitable addition to the Income-tax. On the whole, most sane persons will be of opinion that the interests of England are confided to MR. GLADSTONE with some degree of safety, inasmuch that he who cries "Not a bit of it!" brays.

Election News.

"Representation of Colchester . . . The only serious Candidates are COLONEL LEARMOUTH (Conservative,) and SIR H. STOKES (Liberal)."

THE Evangelical Party in Parliament will now be strengthened, the "natives" of Colchester having chosen as their Member one of these "serious" Candidates, COLONEL LEARMOUTH.

QUESTION AND ANSWER FOR THAMES COMMISSIONERS.

WHY are all arrangements for the improvement of the Thames of no future value? Because they are all merely *pro tems*.

OUR CONTINENTAL SUPERIORS.

MR. PUNCH,

WE are fast getting disabused of our insular self-conceit. Hitherto, Englishmen, or, to speak more heedfully, Britons, have been accustomed to consider the other European nations, at least the chief of them, essentially pretty much the same kind of people with themselves. Some little difference, to be sure, we recognised as existing between us and foreigners; but we thought it was only some little. We considered that we rather excelled them in point of rectitude, and, accordingly, that, in our international dealings, we were somewhat more particular than they in trying to do right. As a matter of fact, of late years at least, we have been much more particular. The difference whereby we saw ourselves distinguished from our neighbours, we referred to a superiority, on our part, of moral faculties.

Late events, Sir, have taught us that we very grossly flattered ourselves in taking credit for any the least superiority over our neighbours. The difference between us and them, we now find to be very much greater than we used to imagine; but to be a difference consisting in our immense inferiority.

Every thinking man, Sir, must have been struck with consternation when he was struck, the other day, with the enormous altitude of even the French above us in military organisation and readiness for war, not to name the altogether unspeakable height of the conquering Germans.

Consideration of the French *casus belli* in regard to Germany on the one hand, and the reasons for which Prussia invaded Denmark, and annexed Hanover on the other, and consideration, further, of the benediction which illustrious Personages have not dreaded to invoke for the furtherance of schemes essentially identical with garotting whereby the victim is killed, must also convince every man who thinks, that the intellects which immeasurably surpass our own in forethought, as evidenced by their military precautions, differ widely from ours—differ, I may say, *toto inferno*—in their ideas of moral responsibility and the consequences of setting it at naught, and deriding it. Hence, our eyes may be opened to the perception that what we supposed to be a difference of morality in our own favour, is, in fact, a difference of intelligence in theirs. In short, they are infinitely cleverer than we are, and they laugh at the thought of not daring to do anything which they desire to do, and can.

The moral of all this, *Mr. Punch*, is, that we must try and render invasion impossible by an army stronger than any which could be landed on these shores, and by a navy able to destroy any fleet which could attempt to convey it. That sort of moral comprises all the morality which Continental sovereigns, statesmen, and peoples can teach us. All other morality, indeed, they teach us to unlearn. We have already unlearned some. Our leading public instructors accustom us to regard the idea of abstract good as fallacious. They habitually ridicule indignation provoked by injustice or cruelty, under the sarcastic name of "sentiment." Any regard for aught that is good beyond mere material good they term "sentimental." Opposition to the destruction of forests, for instance, and the enclosure of commons, in so far as it arises from a love of landscapes, and a sense of beauty, is, in their language, absurdly sentimental; and so, indeed, are all those feelings, except pride and vanity, which distinguish men from pigs. Horror and hatred of war, as barbarous, are sentimental in the most despicable degree.

Consider, Sir, the sort of photographs that were lately to be seen in many of our principal picture-shop windows. You remember the time when any man would have been cut if he had been found with such things in his possession. This is just one indication that we are at least rising to a level with that intellectual elevation whence neighbouring nations look down upon us, and those insular hallucinations which make most of us believe, more or less firmly, in the existence of chimeras, which we name moral principles and laws. There is one belief at any rate, *Mr. Punch*, which we must discard at once; belief in human nature as represented by foreign Ministers, Diplomats, and projectors of secret treaties, and by all those whom they serve, or govern, or govern and serve too. We must bar our shores, so to speak, against invasion as we bar our doors and windows. We cannot, and must not, trust any foreigners farther than we could throw a bull by the tail. Europe is rising in the scale of civilisation at a hopeful rate. Shall England rise likewise, singing, by poetical license,

EXCELSIOR!

Mrs. Ramsbotham.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM writes to say she is preparing for Christmas time. Her young friends are learning to dance the Mignonne, she says, and are learning their parts in order to play some Cheroots in the drawing-room.

WELL, we've seen odd things on smart young gentlemen's shirt fronts, but we never saw what is offered in this advertisement—
GENTLEMEN REQUIRING CARROTS for their STUDS can always obtain them at, &c. &c.



BOON COMPANIONS!

Bargee. "WHAT! GE-ARGE!" Rustic grins in response.
Bargee. "I'M ALLUS MAIN GLAD TO SEE THEE, GE-ARGE!" Rustic. "WHY?"
Bargee. "'CAUSE I KNOW THERE MUST BE A PUBLIC-ONE CLOSE BY!"

"FELICES NIMIUM HIPPOPHAGI SUA SI BONA NORINT."

MR. FORSYTH, Q.C. (of the Northern Circuit), and H.H. (Head Hippophagist of England), is of opinion that Paris and Metz are amply compensated for their siege-sufferings by the indulgence in horse-flesh which the Prussian leaguer has opened to them.

He declares, we understand, that to become practically familiar with horse-klepp—see the admirable *Daily News* Metz Correspondent's receipt for that dish—*filet de cheval*, and *tendrons* de thorough-bred à la La Grange, London, if she were wise, would willingly submit to a siege as long as that of Troy, with Old Hoss *au naturel* for prize instead of HELEN.

The "harmless, necessary cat" is another domestic animal whose culinary capabilities seem to be rising into due appreciation under siege. The lively *Daily News* Correspondent inside Paris, though usually of rather a cynical turn, grows absolutely enthusiastic over the meat of Toms and Tabbies, which he describes as

"Something between rabbit and squirrel, with a flavour all its own. It is delicious. I recommend those who have cats with philoprogenitive proclivities, instead of drowning the kittens, to eat them. Either smothered in onions, or in a ragout, they are capital eating. When I return to London, I shall frequently treat myself to one of these domestic animals, and ever feel grateful to Bismarck for having taught me that cat served up for dinner is the right animal in the right place."

Again, donkey we are at once gratified and surprised to learn, is nothing short of delicious. So let us sing henceforth:—

"If I had donkey wot wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd waste him? O no, no!
I'd kill, cook, and eat him, and cry, O no:
Nought like Donkey!"

KITCHEN DRESSERS.—Fine Cooks.

REMINISCENCES OF DRAWING-ROOM
BALLADS IN 1870.

(Slightly altered.)

AIR—"Take back the Heart."

TAKE back the tart that thou gavest,
It was too much, dear, for me.
And the small piece that thou savest,
Can be put by for my tea.
If for my tea it won't do, love,
And my economy's rash,
Then I will give it to you, love,
And you may sell it for cash.
O! Take back the tart, &c. (as before).

AIR—"Only a Face at the Window."

Only a face at the window,
Only a face, nothing more,
Only a face, as it grinned, ()
No neck, or feet on the floor.
"Only a woman," you tell me;
Only a woman, may be;
But mind, though you're trying to sell me,
That there is no green about me.

Only a face at the window,
Only a face as I see,
A handkerchief round it is pinned, ()!
What faces it's making at me!
Only a woman's—with lace there—
Pooh, you're decidedly wrong,
If it is "only a face," there
To Nobody can it belong.

ANOTHER Ballooning Statesman reports, from the French capital:—

"General Harmony is Cemented by the life shared in common by all."

If this cement is only plaster of Paris, we fear for it. But General Harmony is the best officer Paris could have just now. Much better than General Melody, singing the *Marseillaise*, and doing nothing else.

THE CAUSALITY OF PERSUASION.

THE subjoined extract from the *Pall Mall* is surely a nut for the Tablet:—

"At a Bible Society meeting at Manchester last week, the Rev. JESSE FRASER, who represented the parent association, said that the Emperor NAPOLEON, while he sat upon the throne of France, was certainly a most cordial friend to all the agents of the Society. In the most remarkable way, and for whatever reason, he facilitated their movements throughout France, protected them from small persecutions, and never shot his ears against them."

After having long befriended the Bible Society, perhaps the Romanist press will point out, LOUIS NAPOLEON had to surrender at Sedan. The subsequence of the latter fact to the former, is certainly not less remarkable than that of his downfall to his evacuation of Rome.

A Good Beginning

THE Lectures, at the Kensington Museum, for Women are about to recommence; one of the first courses being, "On the Clavichord and the Pianoforte," (illustrated by performances on the latter instrument) by MR. ERNEST FAUX. The authorities at Kensington are evidently in earnest in their desire to provide instruction for ladies, and we anticipate that a large number will be found ready to appreciate the "Power of Sound."

Thought in November.

(By a Londoner.)

PERHAPS England's best defence against invasion will always be her Fogs. No foreigner would like such a climate.

THOUGHT BY A RAILWAY DIRECTOR.—BRITANNIA used to rule the waves. She now rules the land—with lines.



HUSH-SH-SH-SH !

Angelina (who has been chatting most agreeably ever since the music began). "O DON'T YOU DOAT ON PART-SINGING, CAPTAIN EDWIN !"
Captain Edwin. "I DO, INDEED—PART SINGING, AND PART TALKING, YOU KNOW !"

"NOUS SOMMES TRAHIS !"

"We are betrayed !" Even so, but by whom ?
 Not by your Generals alone, or worst,
 By all that should have stood 'twixt you and doom :
 Most by yourselves, with wilful blindness curst.

Your Emperor betrayed you, when he sowed
 Battle-seed broadcast, and laid at your door
 Red swathes of fields the scythe of death had mowed,
 And husks of War's steel flail and bloody floor.

Your Ministers betrayed you, when they said
 That all was readiness to face the foe,
 Though foul corruption on your strength had fed,
 As white ants eat great boles that seem to grow.

Your Publicists betrayed you, when they lashed
 The sides of your intent, till, to reach Rhine,
 Through fence of faith and policy you crashed,
 And overleaped the bounds of "mine" and "thine."

Your Orators betrayed you, when they passed
 Before your weak eyes what a mirror seemed,
 But was the mockery of one, which glassed
 Not what you were, but what you would be deemed.

Your Journalists betrayed you, when they dressed
 The falsest fancies in the fairest show ;
 With new-forged lie confronting lie contest,
 And calling you, that should have cried, to crow.

Your Officers betrayed you, Guard and Line,
 Swagg'ring with outside show of men of war,
 But lingering o'er the absinthe and the wine,
 With talk of battles, from the battle far.

Your Rank and File betrayed you, who despised
 The thoughtful mind, the brain that grasps a whole ;
 Who eager *élan*, desperate dash, o'er-prized,
 And spurned at discipline and self-control.

Your Visitors betrayed you, when they praised
 Your tawdriness as taste, your filth as fun ;
 Much that was worst in you to virtue raised,
 Still seeking what they had done well to shun.

And You betray Yourselves, when still you shut
 Your wilful eyes, and will not see the truth,
 With your own hands your stoutest sinews cut,
 Despise your age, and sacrifice your youth ;

Striving and shouting, "*Vive this !*" and "*Vive that !*" !
 While she, whose life you live, France, bleeds to death :
 And while fierce factions on her blood wax fat,
 In struggle waste your strength, in shrieks your breath :

And scatter charge of treason in blind rage,
 Confounding false and bad with good and true ;
 Till in despair your Generals quit the stage,
 And break the sword, that should your foes undo.

Ere for the realm of France and her soiled flag !
 Disaster can be checked, and suffering stay'd,
 She must learn to face truth, bate boast and brag,
 And, beaten, say, "We're beat," not "We're betrayed."

Cockneys at Aldersholt.

First Cockney. 'Ere, 'ARRY, where's the Colonel ?

Second Cockney. The Colonel, bless yer, 'e's in an 'ut.

THE MOST USEFUL "FREE LANCES."—Ambulances.



“DEMAND THY LIFE!”

"WOMEN, BEWARE WOMEN."



OMFORTABLY, as everybody knows, no husband can give a plain answer to the question, "Have you left off beating your wife yet?" But if the inquiry were made of *Mr. Punch*, "Do you often strike a female?" he would (after consideration) reply that such is not his frequent practice. "The man who would lay his hand upon a woman except—she richly deserved it" (to adopt the improved reading of the Irish actor, fined one morning for correcting his wife, who played with him that night in the *Honeymoon*) is a quotation that springs to *Mr. Punch's* indignant lips.

But there be exceptions to all rules. "In a case of necessity, let women die," says the kindly but rough soldier in *Antony and Cleopatra*. They must be beaten at times. But the chivalrous way of managing the punishment is to let them beat themselves. *Mr. Punch* proposes to oblige a Lady Correspondent by permitting her to perform "Happy Dispatch" upon herself. She has sent him a long, eloquent, and excited letter, bitterly complaining that he is not favourable to Strong Minded Women, that he suggests feminine work to them, and that when he depicts them, he makes them ugly. He likes this last touch—it is womanly. BARRY CORNWALL struck the right note when he wrote that an unhappy girl once had "gentleness, *vanity*, maiden shame." If the Strong Minded one cares whether her nose is red or blue, or how her bonnet looks, she is not all Strong Minded, and *Mr. Punch* takes her to his fatherly heart. But his present Correspondent, desirous that amends should be made to the ladies whom she champions so ably in prose, has written some poetry, for their further championship, and this she defies *Mr. Punch* to print. He picks up the gauntlet, very likely a pretty glove (52), and he prints the verses, without venturing to revise the composition so as to bring it within conventional rules. If the ladies mentioned are not grateful for what their defender has done, *Mr. Punch* cannot help that. He may mention, however, that there are some names which he holds in the highest honour, and those owners he should have described as Right Minded rather than Strong Minded.

NEW EDITION OF A NURSERY RHYME,

Revised, and adapted to the present time.

- A—LADY AMBERLEY—Well can she speak,
- B—is Miss BECKER—the head of the clique,
- C—is Miss COBBE—who wrote "Broken Lights,"
- D—Miss DAVIS—supports, Educational Rights,
- E—is Miss ENGLIN—who works on Committee,
- F—Mrs. FAWCETT—both learned and witty,
- G—is Miss GARRATT—of Medical Fame,
- H—is Miss HILL—the "Poor Board" knows her name.
- J—Miss JEX BLAKE—follows in Miss G's Line,
- K—is Mrs. KING—who braved prison and fine,
- M—is HARRIET MARTINEAU—of Experience ripe,
- N—is FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—whom to praise all men write,
- P—is Miss PECHNEY—the "Hope Scholarship" who gained,
- Q—uer that the University gave her nothing for her pains!
- R—is Miss RYE—who fears no ill wind,
- T—Miss HELEN TAYLOUR—few such speakers will you find,
- V—is the Victory whence these ladies' efforts tend,
- W—is Miss WOLSTENHOLME—the "Married Women's" friend,
- X—the Unknown Number of Friends to the Cause,
- Z—are the Zunnies who make all Unjust Laws.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUNGER.

AN official telegram from Versailles in the *Times* the other day announced that:—

"Fifty-three eagles and standards were surrendered at Metz."

BAZAINE and his brave but unfortunate army were doubtless sorry at having to surrender their eagles. Yet experience must have taught the famishing garrison of Metz that fifty-three or more Imperial eagles are not intrinsically worth one genuine goose.

NOTHING can be handsomer than the Stained Window just inserted into Guildhall, but it was not the happiest thought to erect a stained window as a Memorial of the unstained character of the late PRINCE CONSORT.

BETTING-CLUB LAW.

ON Tuesday last week, at Bow Street, a large number of cads were placed at the bar before Mr. VAUGHAN on a charge of using a house at Brompton, called "The Knightsbridge Exchange Company (Limited)" as an unlawful betting-house.

The cads were ably defended by Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE on the ground that there was really no difference between their betting-house and Tattersall's.

Mr. VAUGHAN adjudged the keeper of "The Knightsbridge Exchange Company (Limited)" to a fine of £100, full penalty. On the book-makers and list-keepers of that betting-house he imposed fines of £20 in two cases, and of £10 in six. In giving judgment his Worship thus remarked on the mainstay of the learned Serjeant's defence:—

"He (Mr. VAUGHAN) could give no opinion with reference to Tattersall's. He knew nothing about it, and even if he did he could make no judicial use of such knowledge. It appeared that the Knightsbridge Exchange was an association of persons who had formed themselves into a club for the purpose of carrying on these transactions, in their judgment with some greater security than if they had allowed the general public to go into the yard."

It must appear to everybody who knows the nature of Tattersall's that the only differences between the Knightsbridge Exchange and that club, are that the former is a dearer club than the latter, and frequented by persons better dressed than its members, and some of them better off; a certain number, solvent or insolvent, being persons of rank and title. Either place, in a sense, may be said to be equally the resort of the better classes, and possibly a Magistrate might, on occasion, decide, and judges might affirm the decision, that one was no worse than the other.

The Jockey Club must, therefore, see the urgent necessity which has arisen for pressing Mr. GLADSTONE to lose no time in convoking Parliament for a short Session, in order that it may forthwith pass an Act for the protection of an institution whose legalised existence is necessary for the bettermost of the better orders, since without it they would labour under serious difficulty in the pursuit of the main object of their useful lives. Clearly there ought to be one law for the noble-men and gentlemen of the turf, and another for the cads; but at present it is gravely to be apprehended that there is not.

A PROFESSIONAL PRINCE.

REFERRING to certain difficulties in the working of the Ambulance Corps at Versailles, the renowned Special Correspondent of the *Times* says:—

"THE PRINCE OF TOUR AND TAXIS, of the Order of St. George, presents another difficulty—not willingly—for he is one of the most amiable and kindly of men, and, dressed in simple civil garb, is for ever looking about the hospitals."

Surgeons, in hospital practice especially, often have occasion, when using a particular instrument, to give it a twirl named *tour de maître*, and, in another kind of case, they always, if they can, effect a return of displaced organs by a manipulation called *taxis*. Can the PRINCE OF TOUR AND TAXIS, who is for ever looking about hospitals, be an illustrious Surgeon on whom the titles of those two provinces of his profession have been conferred by an enlightened Sovereign, who has known how to appreciate distinguished eminence in a truly noble science? We, indeed, have a St. George's Hospital, and also a St. Bartholomew's, but no Peer even, much less a Prince of the Order of either one Saint or the other.

Our Social Defences.

THE revival of the Stocks is a proceeding of which the legality has lately come into question. Of its expediency there can be no doubt in the mind of anyone who knows how many small shopkeepers are constantly fined for using false weights and measures, and how very many more both cheat so, and also adulterate their wares with impunity. For the correction of those offenders the Stocks might be revived most advantageously; and the multitude of the rogues who would have to sit in them would, in Southwark, Lambeth, and some other districts, require the arrangement of the Stocks in a kind of stockade.

Racing Obstructives.

It is remarkable, and has been remarked, that the faces of the sporting gentlemen of the pavement, who create obstructions thereon in front of the turf news-office windows are, for the most part, dirty. These gentlemen and their like, and not the working-classes, constitute the order properly and distinctly describable as the "Great Unwashed." It is not toil that their visages are begrimed by, and, in spite of appearances, few, probably, of the sweeps they may have among them, bear any useful relation to chimneys.

PUNCH'S ESSAYS.

II.—LORD MAYORS.

"The Lord Mayor kneels. Welcome."—*Richard III.*

WHEN JULIUS CÆSAR laid the first stone of the City of London on a Saturday half-holiday, he expatiated in his speech at the banquet which followed the ceremony, on the blessings to arise to civilisation, commerce, and cookery, from the office of Lord Mayor, then recently instituted by his predecessors, and predicted in glowing colours, amidst the cheers of a sympathising audience, careers of epicurean happiness and prosperity for those who should be elected by the Livery to wear the robe and polish the chain of London's Supreme Magistrate; intimating at the same time his intention to leave sufficient funded property to supply a copy of his *Commentaries*, handsomely bound, and containing an appropriate inscription, to each successive occupant of the Mansion House.

Many years have elapsed since that memorable day, and of all those who were present none survive except the venerable twin brothers, Gog and Magog; but the anticipations of JULIUS have been rather more than verified by experience, and gratitude has embalmed, in the appellation of one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful suburbs of the Metropolis, and in the title of not the least meritorious of those social institutions which are the pride, and boast, and striking feature of the nineteenth century, the names of two, at least, of London's Lord Mayors, who have shed brilliancy and lustre on the curule chair, and raised it to the highest pinnacle of lofty distinction.

To these illustrious examples tradition has added numerous well-authenticated instances of poor boys who travelled to London from Yorkshire on foot, arrived at their journey's end with a florin in their pocket, began life by putting up the shutters of a small shop in the Poultry, and ended it by taking down the Blood Royal to dinner in the Guildhall, and amassed, during a long and honourable career, principally devoted to drysaltory, as much money as would have paved one of the streets of London (particularly one of the very narrow ones) with that gold which was the glittering bait that drew the enthusiastic youth to seek his fortune and ruin his digestion in the marts of wealth and commerce; and at City feasts and civic banquets, in the capital of England and Wales.

Little did he dream in his father's humble home of the splendid destiny in store for him in meridian life—of the state coach (panels painted by CIPRIANI) and the state barge; of princes, and peers, and plenipotentiaries as his guests, and MR. HARKER as his toastmaster; of the mace and the sword, the loving cup and the astonishing furry cap; of the pale moonlight of knighthood, and the broad sunshine of a baronetcy; of such honoured names as STAPLES, and BIRCH, and RING and BREYMER; of Records and Ale-conners, Common Sergeants and Bridgemasters, Secondaries and Water Bailiffs, Remembrancers and men in armour; of escorts of Life Guards and parties of glee-singers; of swan-hoppings and Epping hunts; of presentations to the Lord Chancellor, and all the other delicacies of the season.

Yet these and many more blessings, too numerous to particularise even in the smallest type, have fallen in the lap of the plodding, the persevering, the painstaking—of him who when first he saw "the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn" hardly knew how to meet the expenses of a night's lodging for his weary limbs, but wrote a capital hand, and was quick at accounts.

No year passes without the newspapers appropriating a paragraph to the performance, by the Sheriffs of London, of the stimulating ceremony of "chopping a number of faggots and counting six horse-shoes and sixty-one nails" in the tranquillity of the Court of Exchequer; but it has hitherto escaped notice that there is a still more ancient obligation, which compels the Lord Mayor, on the eve of the Ninth of November, to leave his home, (carefully closing the front door behind him,) and walk three times down Ludgate Hill, until the clock of St. Paul's tolls the hour of midnight, when, after counting the strokes, he shuts up his umbrella, and runs at a good round pace in the opposite direction.

Both the archives of the Corporation and the publications of the day are obstinately silent on this head, but on the other hand, they reveal in interesting details as to the remarkable privileges which are the LORD MAYOR'S perquisites. For instance, the ratepayers are bound under heavy penalties to find him a new set of teeth if he requires them during his term of office; he is entitled to the first bushel of sprats which come into the market after the fashionable season has commenced; whenever Royalty passes under Temple Bar he can claim a white hat from the Crown; he has all the patent medicines at a great reduction; his footmen are exempt from serving in the Coast-guard; he is patron, *ex officio*, of the Society for the Relief of Cooks in Distress; he has a free admission for himself and his family to MADAME TUSSAUD'S exhibition; and the LADY MAYORESS is allowed to gather the flowers in Victoria Park without any interference on the part of the police.

There are other Lord Mayors, of Dublin and York, but as the

local historians, although they have been out in all weathers, have failed to identify them with the Proconsuls under the Empire, they do not come within the range of this disquisition.

NEW POSTAGE STAMP FOR FRANCE.



VERY significant is the question thus raised by a Correspondent of the *Times*:—

"It is officially announced that postage-stamps with the effigy of the Republic will not be put into circulation until those bequeathed by the Empire, of which it appears there is a large stock on hand, shall have been used up. When NAPOLEON'S familiar features shall disappear from our letters, who can tell what there may be in readiness to replace them? *Nous en avons eu tant d'autres.*"

France has tried almost every conceivable form of Government. But there are two forms which she has not yet tried. One of these is a Triumvirate. What if the head of NAPOLEON on the French postage-stamps shall be replaced by a triple-headed monster formed of the COUNT DE CHAMBOARD, an Orleans Prince, and, say

M. ROCHEFORT; imaging the fusion, in their persons, of Absolute Monarchy, Constitutional ditto, and the Republic?

But there is yet another form of Government which France has never yet tried upon herself, though, for the last twenty-one years until the other day, she upheld its trial on a neighbour.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING has just exercised his "Liberty of Prophecy" by the publication of a Minute relative to the situation at Rome, wherein he thus testifies:—

"Let no one imagine that the temporal power of PIUS THE NINTH is over because a King has invaded Rome and spoiled the Pontiff of his rights. * * * Rome will see many changes yet; but there is one which will never change—the See of St. Peter and the voice of the Vicar of Christ."

As regards the future, DR. MANNING may be a true seer; but the present he does not seem to see exactly as it is. He apparently sees less than the truth. Perhaps he does not see what he does not wish to see. He sees indeed, and says, that "a King has invaded Rome." But he does not see that the King whom he means is a King at the beck as well as head of a people, and that the people and King, invading Rome, are welcomed by the Romans, who have voted that they will have the King of Italy, and not the Pope King, to reign over them.

In thus voting, however, DR. MANNING may consider that the Romans were simply infatuated; and they must, indeed, be deemed mad by everybody who, believing the POPE really endowed with the celestial Vicereignty which he claims, of course believes his temporal kingdom to have been a heaven upon earth. The Pope's late subjects cannot but appear raving mad to the Pope's Eldest Daughter.

As regards the future, DR. MANNING'S language is obscure; his vision may be hazy. But what he seems to predict is that Rome will never cease to be the See of St. Peter. A great controvertist, however, on the side of DR. MANNING, namely BISHOP MILNER, correcting what he considers a misapprehension, declares it to be the opinion of some of the most learned Romanist commentators "that before the end of the world Rome will relapse into its former Paganism." If DR. MANNING thinks that this may be, and yet the See of St. Peter remain unchanged, then, so far, prophets and prophetic doctors do not differ. The POPE will carry the See wheresoever he goes. Couldn't he carry it to Paris? France has yet to try a Theocracy. Now, for a Theocracy, there is the POPE disengaged, and, according to her own faith, as well as his own assertion, the very man. What could be more natural than for the Holy Father to throw himself into the arms of his Eldest Daughter? Let both the French Constituent Assembly, when convoked, and his Holiness, consider this suggestion. That is to say unless the successor of St. Peter can make up his mind to be content with a peculiar telegraphic wire and a private post-bag, and bring himself to agree with the KING OF ITALY upon a *modus vivendi* other than the life of cat and dog. Or else, the Triple Hat, with the Pope's head in it, and the Cross Keys under it, might replace NAPOLEON'S effigy on "the French postage-stamp."



INNOCENT.

Little Wife. "WHY, WILLIAM, YOUR NEW 'CENTRAL FIRE' SHOOTS OUT AT THE END LIKE YOUR OLD GUN! I THOUGHT IT WOULD GO OFF IN THE MIDDLE LIKE A CRACKER, YOU KNOW!!"

CHARADES

For Evenings in Drawing Rooms.

No. I.—Two Syllables in One Act.

ENTER somebody with a gong or bell, which he strikes or rings until every one puts their hands to their ears.

This word is simply—*A Dinner.*

No. II.—The Four Seasons (as played at the Colwell-Hatchney Academy.)

First Season.—Curtains open and show Somebody making a spring.

[*Moral.* Though "one Swallow cannot make a Summer," one Tiger can make a Spring.

Second.—A Boy adding up figures on a Slate. This is *Sum-mer.*

Third Seasonable Tableau.—Two Persons discovered. Dialogue:—

First Person (positively). They ought.

Second Person (derisively). O! ought 'em?

[*Curtains close.*

This means "*Autumn.*"

Fourth Tableau.—Curtains open and discover a Gentleman in skates. He is well wrapped up in two great coats and five comforters. There is snow on his hat. He wears snow-shoes and shakes with cold.

If this doesn't mean "*Winter*" nothing ever will. Besides, if the audience has already guessed the other three, they won't have very much difficulty about this last.

A Hint to the G.P.O.

THERE is a good custom established of publishing a weekly return of telegrams, showing (generally) a progressive increase in the number dispatched. An equally good custom would be to give a return of the time they occupy in Transmission, showing (perhaps generally, too) the increase, as compared with the old system.

JUST VENGEANCE.

THIS is from the *Daily News*. The Correspondent at Metz writes:—

"I was much amused by an item in last night's orders from PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES's head-quarters. It was to the effect that, whereas an unprincipled rascal of a Hamburg cigar merchant had been selling boxes of cigars to the troops, the upper tier of which consisted of good weeds, while the lower ones were unmitigated trash, the military authorities of any place where this astute gentleman should present himself, were enjoined to lay hold of him, and transmit him to PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES's head-quarters at Comry."

Surely, the most vehement anti-German (if he be a smoker) must admire the Prince for this noble action. It is a brave "protest against Shams." Such outrages as that of the Hamburg cigar merchant are every day committed in England, but we, alas, have no means of serving the sinners out. We hope the fellow will be caught, and that his epitaph will state his crime for the edification of all other wicked tobacco-nists in the world.

Change of Nomenclature.

YOUNG CHESNEY ROLLESTON, who is not scientific, has heard so much of the *Aurora* the last week, its probable causes and effects—luminous vapour, electricity, action on the telegraph wires, &c.—that he is utterly weary of the phenomenon, and thinks it ought to be called the *Aurora Boreallus*. His *AURORA* is quite of a different description—blue eyes and brown hair, with small hands and feet, and an income of her own.

University Intelligence.

AWARE of her own defective training, MRS. MALAPROP is very wisely giving her family an excellent education. One of her sons, she informs us, has just passed his *vice versa* examination at Oxford, with flowing colours.

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

PAPER II.—MY AUNT'S GREAT POLICE CASE.—Continued.

I TOLD her that being "summoned" only meant that she was to attend at a police-court.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed my Aunt; "and be in the papers next day, with only my Christian name, and nothing before it! Besides," she added, as if seeing it in a totally new light, "one doesn't know what sort of account they'll give of it."

I informed her that there were twenty or thirty ordinary summons cases occurring every day which were never reported.

I don't think she liked this mode of summarily dismissing a matter of all-absorbing interest.

"Which am I," she asked, "the Prosecutor or the—the—what is it?—Prisoner?"

"No, not exactly Prisoner," I said. "She was," I explained, putting it as palatably as possible, "the Defendant."

This seemed to alter her opinion of the importance of the summons, as her next question was, "I suppose I must attend at the Court?"

It appeared that she had some idea of being represented by her maid. This, I informed her, was impossible.

"Perhaps, then, I'd better have a Barrister," I foresaw that she had in view, as usual, the interest for her hundred pounds paid to my legal tutor, the Conveyancer, and was firmly determined to resist any such proposal as that of *my going* into Court on her account.

"Barristers, my dear Aunt, are not required in such a case as this."

"But," she argues, evidently considering my information as merely given evasively and for a selfish consideration, "but some nice points of law might arise, you know; and then if I wasn't prepared, you know, the Cabman might win, merely on a quibble. Such things *do* happen, my dear," she added seriously, seeing me smile. "I'm sure you read of them every day in the papers, and goodness knows I don't want to argue the case myself, and perhaps be carried up to higher Courts, and go over it all again before a Lord Chancellor, merely for the sake of thirty shillings, for that's what he claims."

I assured her that her fears were perfectly groundless.

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, triumphantly. "Then why do we read of Mr. Somebody, the Magistrate, reserving a point, and sending it up to a higher Court?"

I began an explanation of "why the Magistrate"—but, failing to make it intelligible, in consequence, I admit, of not myself distinctly knowing why he did anything of the sort, I fell back upon my old position, that this was one of those cases in which no point of law was likely to be raised.

My Aunt could not see this. This police case had given a new impetus to her placid existence, and she was so bitten with a sort of Law fever, that, had there been a chance offered her, she would, I believe, have then and there gone down to the first Police Court, and requested to be heard, *ex parte*, on the merits of her own personal and private view of the case.

"Ladies *do* conduct their own cases," she observed, with dignity; "because I know there's a Miss Somebody who's always coming up, over and over again, and speaking for years in the House of Lords; but I think," my Aunt added more to herself than to me, "that at the end of every four days she's generally put out of Court by the Usher."

This reminiscence came opportunely, as my Aunt had no fancy for figuring in such a scene as being "put out of Court" represented to her mind. Struggling with the Usher, and hitting him over the head with a blue bag full of legal papers and red tape was the least that could be done (so she evidently thought) in defence of her right, in the event of such an "ungentlemanly order being made by the Lord Chancellor."

"It comes off," she informed me, "to-morrow: and I'm to be there about twelve. Talking of 'twelve,' I suppose," she said, as if rather proud of her legal knowledge, "that I shall be able to object to the jury if I don't like them?"

Once more she was disappointed at hearing from me that at a Police Court there was no jury. She had always thought that *all* trials were by jury. After a silence, during which she was considering this extraordinary defect in the British Constitution, she startled me by exclaiming, suddenly,—

"And no wigs?"

My shaking my head depressed her immensely: it brought home to her the fact of "no wigs" in the liveliest manner. She was getting more and more astonished at every revelation concerning the administration of justice.

"But,"—she asked, in a tone of remonstrance, as much as to say, "Come, this won't do, you know; I can't really believe you if you deny this"—"surely the Magistrate wears a wig?"

I really wished he did, for her sake. She looked so utterly aghast on my replying, "No, Aunt, he doesn't. No one wears a wig."

"No one?"

"No one."

"It's very extraordinary," she remarked, in a musing tone, after a pause; "I always till now thought they wore wigs. I fancy I've seen pictures of them in wigs."

Not finding me in a humour to question this effort of her imagination, she looked at her watch, and reminding me that I had to come and fetch her *punctually* at eleven ("so as to be in time, for one may have to push through a tremendous crush, and I hate a crowd," she said), she walked down the garden, with the step of an early martyr going to the stake in the cause of Truth: and shaking my hand solemnly (still in the same sort of character as some historical personage bidding some other historical personage farewell the night before the execution) she entered her fly (driver quite sober this time), and drove off in it, viewing it, probably, as a sort of triumph, and herself as an aristocratic MARIE ANTOINETTE driven to her doom at the instance of a Revolutionary Cabman.

(More next Paper.)

SONG OF A SOLEMNITY.

November 9, 1870.

THE century was tending to its close,
Had reached man's age appointed, so to say,
Out of his bed when FATHER THAMES arose,
Upon November's ninth returning day.

Above the wave he reared his placid head,
Heard, thereupon, the British Public roar,
And turning, saw a brave procession tread
The New Embankment on his Northern shore.

"Good speed, LORD MAYOR," then cried the River King,
"My LORD MAYOR DAKIN, to thy train and thee;
Of all the pageants which this day doth bring
Yours will have been the first to pass yon Quay."

"Ha! FATHER THAMES," the grand LORD MAYOR replied,
"The fact you note Posterity will con-
In History's page." THAMES sank into his tide;
And in his glory the LORD MAYOR went on.

A CARD ON POST-CARDS.

AUTHORITIES of the Post-Office, mind what you were told at the Mansion House, by the late LORD MAYOR. The advantage of the New Post-Cards, mark you, is open to be, and is in fact, abused by evil-disposed persons. An Act of Parliament empowers the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, from time to time, with the approval of the Treasury, to make arrangements for the prevention of this abuse, by not forwarding any cards, or other missives of an objectionable kind. Just see, all of you who are in a position to see, that this Act is acted on. Nothing can be easier in most cases; but there is one way in which a Post-Card may be misused, so as to elude your vigilance. Accustomed to read only respectable newspapers, perhaps you are unfamiliar with the names of Advertising Quacks. You will find them in provincial journals commonly, and in the baser part of the London Press. All Post-Cards used by Quacks to distribute their Advertisements are grossly abused. All such, my Lord POSTMASTER-GENERAL, do you, by the authority which the Legislature has committed to you, direct your subordinates in the sorting department to detain. Respect this.

SOCIAL SCIENCE IN PRUSSIA.

THEY manage things better, to some extent, at Königsberg than they do in places elsewhere; for instance, perhaps, in a metropolis where the Government allows the Roughs to hold menacing demonstrations. According to a recent telegram from the better-managed city:—

"A royal order has been issued, releasing HERR JACOBY, HERR HARBIG, and six other persons who are confined in Loetzen. The Socialist Democrats are, however, to remain in prison."

The release of DR. JACOBY and his companions in quod for free expression of fair opinion, was the correction of a blunder; but there can be no mistake about the detention of Socialist Democrats. In a branch, at least, of Social Science, BRISMARCK and his King are evidently much farther advanced than the British Association.

The Headless Girl.

THE Young Lady, who, on hearing of a rival's excellent match, hid her head in the sofa cushions, has, since then, entirely lost it. But she is entirely unconscious of the fact, and her friends don't notice it.



STANDING ON HIS DIGNITY.

Shipping Agent. "ARE YOU A MECHANIC?"

Intending Emigrant (justly indignant). "No!—I'M A MACPHERSON!"

LADY-LATIN.

THE Ladies besiege *Mr. Punch* with supplications for his interference with the POSTMASTER-GENERAL about the Parcel Post. The new rule seems to have inflicted great annoyance upon those whom LORD HARTINGTON would be very sorry to disoblige. But no representation that has been sent to *Mr. Punch* equals in eloquence one that has been made by a Norfolk lady through the columns of our friend the *Standard*. She says:—

"I doubt if a single individual could be found in Her Majesty's realms who would not express thanks and delight over and over again at once more seeing restored to us the former parcel postage rate, which was really in many instances almost the very *vade mecum* of one's existence."

If the Marquis can withstand this classical appeal, he is not the cultivated nobleman we take him to be.

"Que Diable allait-il faire dans cette Galere?"

For piteousness upon a parity,
Two ancient warriors pain my soul—
Old BELISARIUS sunk to charity,
Old GARIBALDI driven to Dole.

OUR UNRESERVED CORRESPONDENTS.

THE papers, of late, have been abounding with long letters about our Army and Reserve. The writers of these communications candidly inform foreigners that we have a very small Army, without any Reserve at all.

THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE FUTURE.—The newspapers tell us that the MARQUIS OF LORNE has a connection with Ireland through one of the beautiful GUNNINGS of the last century. Better so, than through one of the ugly Shootings of the present.

MORE POSTAL DODGES.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER uses Postal Cards for his addresses to his Clergy, and writes in Latin. Quite the cheese, Your Grace, Double Gloucester. But wouldn't Greek do better? Viz:—

Δεαρ Τομμι, δινερ 'ατ θη κλῦβ. Δο νὸτ τελλ' θῆ Μίσσους. Λαρεῖ τὸ νιτε. Γρεατ φυν.

Should this meet the feminine eye it will be puzzled. Thanks to Your Grace for the suggestion.

Τελλ Συσαν ὅ ἄρε ὕφ τὸ α μισσῖοναρι μεετιν', ἀνδ βῆ ἐρε φὸρ Συππὲρ πὺνκτυαλ. Ἀλλ' s φῆρ ἴν Λουε ἄνδ οὐαρ.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(The Questions may be had, price Five Guineas each, on application at the "Punch" Office.)

1. Because he is a pestle-lent fellow.
2. Because it is a cat-erect.
3. Because he knows the valley of Sham-money.
4. Because they have a proper *esprit de cave*.
5. The one is a beery 'un and the other is an alien.
6. Because he's mokes in it.
7. Because there is a ham-at-your performance there.
8. Because its 'oney (sunny).

"We Likes to be Despised."

OUR martial neighbours on the Continent call us a nation of shopkeepers. So indeed we are, and as such feel ourselves to be very ignoble—in their eyes. We are as much ashamed as we ought to be that we cannot subsist, in our present magnitude as a people, but by the pursuit of commerce. Shopkeeping is our vocation; it is not a lofty one: but do our martial and predatory neighbours not think it rather more respectable than shoplifting?

LOOK BEFORE YOU BUY.

"Hints to Stockowners" is another instance of a book with a misleading title, for it does not give a fund of information about Consols, but about—Cattle.

IN NUBIBUS.

THE Colonies have distanced the Mother-Country. Canada is doing what England has at present only joked about doing. We say this because it is recorded in the Money Article of the *Times*—the last place in all literature where such a profanity as a jest would be tolerated—that "the Great Western Railway of Canada have announced an issue of £750,000 sterling bonds, for the construction of the Glencoe line of 146 miles (the 'Canada Air Line Railway'), having twenty years to run," &c. This is a project which only wants airing to succeed, and we hope no cloud of suspicion will ever rest upon it.

LINES FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

(To be inscribed on the Occasion of her asking me to Dinner, and feeding me with Turtle Soup.)

THE poets say that Cupid's blind,
And hath a pair of wings behind:
Ah! if thy charms he could but see,
How quickly he would fly to thee!

If Liebig = Big-lie.

"LIEBIG'S Extract," we see, is one of the articles most abundantly supplied to our ambulances at the seat of war. We should have thought that, what with the journalists and GAMBETTA, the French had a superabundance of *that* article.

GALLANT THOUGHT.—We grieve to hear that our dear PRINCESS LOUISE has sprained her knee. If the MARQUIS OF LORNE had sprained *his*, one could understand it.

THE BLACK COUNTRY.—Colorado.

PANIC IN THE MARRIAGE MARKET.



MR. PUNCH,
ALLOW me to direct your attention to the remarkable fact that of late the Marriages announced in the *Times* have been very far exceeded in number by the Deaths, of which the Births, also, have fallen considerably short. On one particular day last week the additions to domestic expense were 25, the departures to the happy hunting-grounds as many as 39, and the sacrifices on the altar of Hymen no more numerous than 13.

Sir, allow me to congratulate the country on the decreasing marriage-rate which these

figures indicate. The speedy consequence of it will of course be a corresponding reduction of the birth-rate. Thus, the increase of population will be checked, and perhaps our numbers will happily be brought to a stand-still. A stop will thus be put to the spread of towns, and the consequent destruction, and disfigurement with bricks and mortar, of the country's beauty.

Let me, also, congratulate the excellent Recorder of London, and Member of Parliament for Southampton, MR. RUSSELL GURNEY. I have not in my own mind the slightest doubt that, for the diminution in the number of marriages now evidently going on, the lovers of old English scenery and old English mansions, which we may hope the stoppage of numerical progress will save, are indebted to that honourable and learned gentleman's Married Women's Property Bill. I have the honour to be, *Mr. Punch*, your ancient

DRUID.

P.S. Those mean fellows who would have married for money but for the Wives' Property Bill, now, many of them, do not marry at all. There are, therefore, no mercenary marriages. Men can't marry for money, and women, we know, never do. Children generally turn after their parents. Our population, whilst growing less numerous, will grow more select.

CANUTE AND DAKIN.

THE sea-waves, O my son—and daughter—
They regard not royal boots.
On the beach of Southampton Water,
They advanced upon KING CANUTE'S.
And the tide that is no man's waiter,
Had one yet more great been there,
Would have splashed his feet too; that greater
Being even the Great LORD MAYOR!

Fogs, too, men can make remember
That they no man's will obey.
Now and then, in obscure November,
They bedim 'em the Lord Mayor's day!
And this year will live in story,
By the fog in London's air,
For a time which did veil the glory
And the Show of the Great Lord Mayor!

But it smothered not all his splendour
With its dusky pall of woe.
E'en the fog showed itself to render
Some respect to the Lord Mayor's Show;
As a true London fog appearing
To revere that City's Chair:
For it lifted anon, and clearing,
Did give way to the Grand Lord Mayor!

A Caution to Statesmen.

No engagements with foreigners who have broken such.
No more treaties binding England to fight for anybody, for any cause whatever. When 'tis his cue to fight, JOHN BULL will know it without a Treaty.

The Fog in Guildhall.

MAGOG said unto GOG,
O my eye, what a fog!
GOG observed in reply,
What a fog, O my eye!

LITERARY.—A Book is advertised, entitled *To Rome, and Back*, by WILLIAM EYLL. The advertisement itself is an excellent method of *doing good for Evil*.

NOVEMBER THE NINTH.

ALTHOUGH conscious that the Eyes of Europe were not, owing to recent events, so much fixed upon them as usual, the Cities and Boroughs of England and Wales did not allow this consideration to interfere with the call of duty, but in fulfilment of the requirements of the Act of Parliament (10 HEN. VIII. Cap. 30, sec. 13) proceeded, last week, to choose their Mayors with the customary formalities, speeches, bell-ringing, loving cups, and paragraphs in the local prints. A few facts relating to these elections may not be without interest at the present juncture of affairs.

Darlington (a place which is a universal favourite) as all corporate towns should, has very wisely secured a KITCHING—Darlington means to have feasts. Falmouth rather upsets our traditions in choosing a Mayor who is LEAN, but Ipswich sticks to one who is strong as SAMPSON. Leeds has grown aristocratic, and will have nothing less than a BARRON, leaving it to such a *parvenu* as Middlesborough to seek amusement in a chief Magistrate who is RACEY. At Cambridge the choice was made out of PECK, and at Newbury there is a RYOTT already. Lancaster is lucky to have a Guide in BRADSHAW; the inhabitants of Poole may be certain that HARKER will listen to all their reasonable complaints, and make an admirable toast-master as well; and as these are serious times, Manchester will be none the worse for again having a Mayor who is GRAVE.

The day may come when there will be Mayoreesses, even with more power than they now possess: meanwhile Hartlepool accepts CHRISTIAN NEILSON as the nearest approach to CHRISTINE NILSSON. Coventry and Northampton may be bracketed, for no particular reason except that BERRY rhymes to PERRY. Devonport and Oldham seem to have identical proclivities, the difference between MAY and MAYALL being but verbal—we are glad this distinction has been conferred on the photographic art—like LEE and LEEMAN at Wakefield and York. At Maidstone a PINE flourished; this is the second year of the THORNE blooming at Barnstaple, but the first appearance of a NUTT in the romantic seclusion of Droitwich. CANNING, and HYDE, and

THURLOW, and SPENCER, and LIVINGSTONE, are great names—so Bristol, and Staleybridge, and Ryds, and Preston, and Liverpool, seem very properly to think.

Wales is staunch to its patron Saint, so Cardiff seeks the protection of DAVID: at two other towns in the Principality there will be gay doings this winter, when the Mayors of Oswestry and Welshpool give a ball, or, to speak more correctly, a MORRIS-dance.

Lastly, we are sure there will be a feeling of universal satisfaction at the announcement that those old and tried servants of the public, BROWN, JONES, SMITH, and ROBINSON are all in office this year.

ARMIES IN THE AIR.

EVERY day's telegrams bring some fresh wonder. From the Royal Head-Quarters at Versailles, the other day, came a message stating that—

"Two balloons, with five passengers, have been captured by Prussian hussars, and brought to Versailles."

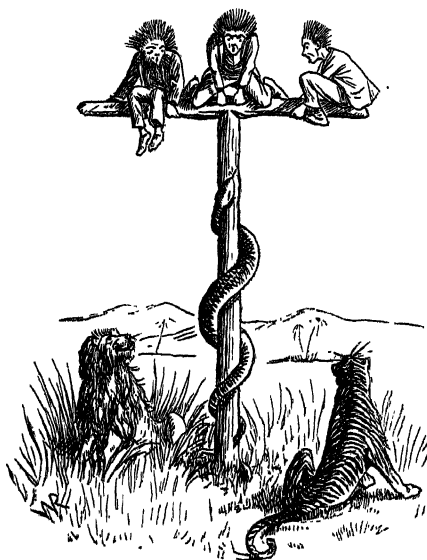
Were the hussars who captured those aerial vehicles a flying squadron? Anyhow, we may expect soon to see armies whose right and left wings will enable them to fly aloft.

Victors and Vanquished.

DENMARK was invaded and despoiled. Danes were slaughtered by their invaders. These, in their turn, have been invaded likewise; and, though victorious, many of them slaughtered too. Might we not call the authors of these slaughters, respectively, MÜLLER and TROPMANN? No; for the very reason that their names are not those. The difference between them and the above-named inmates of MADAME TUSSAUD's Chamber of Honors is nominal.

MOTTO FOR HIGHLAND PIPERS.—"Blow Gentle, Gaels."

POETRY AND PUFFERY.



RUSTY MR. PUNCH,—As a person of consummate sense you will probably agree with me that something must be done to check the nuisance of shop circulars. The system is getting intolerable. Men who have the boldness to advertise by circular will venture to the highest altitude of insolence. Under cover of an envelope, stamped with the royal arms, or emblazoned with the crest of some exalted and coroneted personage, they beguile you into reading an advertisement of places where coals may be bought cheap, or an announcement of a sham sale under some pretended bankruptcy, where silks and satins may be purchased for the price of yarns and cottons. Worse than this, they inundate your letter-box with packs of postal cards, which your servants will be sure to grin at when they hand them to you, offering the best of prices for your left-off coats and waistcoats, or your wife's last season's chignon.

Another nuisance of trade circulars is that when you are away from home, you have to pay the postage of their being forwarded. Give as stringent and explicit orders as you please against their being sent to you, your servants will declare that they cannot tell a circular from a private letter; and so, unless you are prepared to live as though you were in Paris, with your correspondence stopped, you must pay the postal piper to a very pretty tune for forwarding your circulars.

Perhaps a tax on circulars might lessen their abundance, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have my warmest thanks if he would venture to impose one. But there would be a hideous clamour about shackling free trade, and of fettering the energies of free-born British shopkeepers. As a measure of some slight relief, I would, however, humbly hint that trade puffs, if not in poetry, should be charged quadruple postage. This, in some degree, might stimulate the brains of their composers, and so promote the interests of commercial English literature. To show what sort of quatrains might to this end be concocted, I would submit the patterns following to our commercial poets:—

For a Shoemaker.

Do your boots wear down at heel?
Do your corns e'er make you squeal?
Then be advised, my friend, and go,
Your Bluchers buy of Snooks & Co.

For a Glover.

Your bets on the Derby you wish to be paid:
May I hint where the best gloves in London are made?
Bid your betters to Kiddy and Dogskin repair,
And mind you have those at five shillings a pair.

For a Carriage Builder.

O, if I had some one to love me,
To Wheeler and Pole we'd repair:
Into no other carriages shove me,
For the best of all builders they air!

For a Pastry-Cook.

Sweet lady, when you're asked to marry,
Pray do not for one moment tarry,
But fly to Spice and Son, who make
The very richest wedding-cake.

For a Hatter.

Gents who would sport a nobby tile,
First chop for bang-up swellish style,
Such as are worn by Royal Dukes,
Should go to Noses, near St. Luke's.

For a Vermin-Killer.

Yes, love in a cottage is all very nice,
But black-beetles there often abound;
Purchase Crunch's "Destroyer," and then in a trice,
Of your beetles not one will be found.

For a Rag and Bone Merchant.

Fair maiden, say, hast thou a mother?
A doting father? sister? brother?
Then tell them, please, that Brown and Jones,
Pay the best price for rags and bones.

For a Cheap Clothier.

My Pal, when you the question pop,
Purchase your togs at Shoddy's shop:
Such slap-up vests as he'll supply,
Are sure to charm the female eye.

Fondly trusting my suggestion may afford some mitigation of the nuisance of trade circulars, I sign myself, yours hopefully,

TENNISON TUPPER THOMPSON SMITH.

Parnassus Place, Friday.

MUSCULAR MUSIC.



RECENTLY, among other novel-
ties, we noticed an announce-
ment of a Musical Gymna-
sium for Ladies. Now, we
have often had the misery of
attending the performance
of musical gymnastics, and
our mind shudders at the
thought of the tortures we
might suffer if we let our
wife and daughters go
through a course of train-
ing at a Musical Gymna-
sium. Music as a muscular
and a gymnastic exercise is
practised to a powerful ex-
tent at certain schools, but
we never before heard of an
establishment entirely de-
voted to such exercise. We
can imagine with what
energy the professors dis-
play their muscle and their

music, just by way of stimulant to the talent of their pupils. We can conceive HERR STRUMUNDTHUMP, the eminent piano gymnast, instructing them in the fine art of deafening an audience by their muscular display. Pieces like the dreadful *Battle of Prague*—or is it *Plague*?—would probably without ceasing be dinned into our ears, and our fair torturers would have a variety of torments ready for us literally at their fingers' ends.

Musical gymnastics are sometimes of a vocal sort, and sometimes instrumental. We have the memory of both still ringing in our ears, and hardly know which struck us at the period of performance as the more surprising and the more unpleasant. At some of the most musical, most melancholy parties to which we have the painful pleasure to be constantly invited, young ladies perform wondrous feats of musical activity, which could only be accomplished by long gymnastic training. The rapidity wherewith they clamber up and down the gamut, and the amazing leaps they take in reaching a high note, can only be attained by a laborious course of practice. We own we have no sympathy with these muscular musicians. We always pity the piano which such gymnasts so belabour; and the more astonishing the feats which they accomplish, the more we feel inclined to wish they were impossible.

Query for a Commentator.

A RECENT telegram from the Cape announced that—

"The threatened exodus of the working power from Natal was beginning to acquire alarming proportions."

We are not told what BISHOP COLenso thinks of the Exodus in his own diocese.

FORCIBLE FEEBLENESS.

THE achievements of the Tours Government seem anything but *Tours de force*.



DELICATE CONSIDERATION.

"AUNT DEAR, I WANT TO WHISPER—YOU SEE THESE FAT GREY LUMPS IN MY MOCK-TURTLE SOUP? WELL, DO YOU THINK THE WAITER WOULD BE OFFENDED IF I WERE TO LEAVE THEM?"

THE CRY OF ENGLAND.

AND must we sit with stony eyes,
And folded arms and silent tongue,
While Gaul at German hands abyes
The challenge Gaul to German flung?
Because she thought to work the wrong
That now she suffers from her foe,
No bounds of vengeance have the strong,
The weak no limiting of woe?

Grant France was loud and light of mind,
Eager for empire, proud, untrue:
That oft her love to lust declined,
Her liberty to licence grew.
That affectation dimmed her grace,
That painted bloom her cheek o'erspread—
And if a light beamed from her face,
That half its glow corruption bred:

Grant that if *she* had in this strife
The Victor not the Vanquished been,
Her enemy had felt the knife
Shear her flesh, pitiless and keen:
Grant that all Europe's cries of shame
French greed of empire had but fanned,
As winner in War's bloody game,
Upon the stakes to close her hand:

Grant German wise as Gaul unwise;
Grant German strong as Gaul is weak;
A nation linked for high emprise,
Against a nation still to seek.
Grant might of blood and iron blent
Rights to defend, and wrong to bar;
Grant all that proves GAUL justly shent,
And German justly Lord of War:

Granting all this, the more we feel
'Tis time the German held his hand,
And stayed the scourge, whose bloody weal
Lies sore on Gallia, folks and land.
The more should Greatness greatly spare,
Nor seek the cup of wrath to fill,
But—hardest conquest and most rare—
Conqu'ring itself show greater still.

Our human hearts are not so cold
But they must cry, and not forbear,
Urging armed Might its hand to hold
And Magnanimity to spare;
Bidding the victors think of those
That suffer, having done no wrong,
And bring this bloodshed to a close,
Nor brave Heav'n and vex Earth too long.

Is Retribution all a myth?
Civilisation but a name?
Was Christ's law giv'n to man, therewith
On Christ's example to bring shame?
Is this world ruled of Heaven or Hell?
In whose hand do we live and die,
That wrong must thus worse wrong compel,
And hate humanity defy?

France and Europe.

M. JULES FAYRE, in his last Circular addressed to the French Ministers abroad, makes much mention of Europe, saying that Europe demanded this, Europe was moved by that, Europe will judge between France and Prussia. Yes; and Europe will not forget the French statesman's modest saying that "When France is satisfied, Europe is tranquil." Perhaps, indeed, when France is tranquil Europe will be satisfied. No doubt, at least, Germany will.



THE UNWELCOME STRANGER.

LA VÉRITÉ. "PRAY LET ME SPEAK TO HER."

M. G-ME-TTA. "NO, NO, NO—CERTAINLY NOT. SHE DOESN'T CARE TO SEE YOU: AND—IN FACT—YOU ANNOY US VERY MUCH."

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

No. III.—MY AUNT'S GREAT POLICE CASE.

Eleven o'Clock. We drive up to the Police-Court, and get as near as we can to it; that is, the cab stops at the entrance of an alley, and, down the alley, among a number of squalid dwellings and a flaring public-house, is the Police-Court.

"It's a shame," exclaims my Aunt, "that they don't build finer places for Police-Courts!"

She would have had a Palace of Justice specially erected for this occasion.

We come upon a crowd of unwashed people herding about the entrance: women who have been having their eyes blacked with a few strong touches, a little blue being artistically thrown in, and dissipated, unshaven ruffians lounging against the walls with the air of *habitués* as no doubt they are. A sort of dirty parody on fops' alley on an opera night.

We struggle into the passage.

"I wonder if my Cabman's here?" my Aunt says. We have, both, a sort of feeling that he may dart out upon us vindictively, from somewhere, and that the police will side with him.

"Where's the Court?" says my Aunt to me. She is very nervous about being on the spot in exact time, because she has heard that a summoned person, not appearing, is immediately committed for contempt of Court.

"Is this," I ask, addressing a Policeman, who, I suppose, hears me, though he doesn't show any signs of doing so, "Is this the way to the Court?"

The official, without altering his position (he is leaning against, and, as it were, across the door, so as to make a slanting barrier of himself, and perhaps is suspicious of treachery on my Aunt's or my part) replies "Yes."

I inform my Aunt that this is the way into the Court. She wishes me to inquire if the Magistrate is in.

I think over this for a minute, and consider how to put the question pleasantly, and yet so as not to induce the Policeman to think I'm laughing at him. I propose (to myself) to put it thus: "Is the Magistrate in?" but that looks as if we were merely making a morning call, and is, on the whole, too familiar. The same objection applies to "Is the Magistrate at home?" I begin, "Is the Magistrate—" and am going to say, "sitting?" but it occurs to me that this treats the Magistrate like a hen.

The Policeman helps me out. Without yielding an inch of his vantage ground, so as to be prepared against any attempt at a surprise on the part of my Aunt or myself, he says, austere, "He ain't come yet."

"O, indeed! When will he come?"

"Don't know."

The oracle shuts his mouth, and is silent.

"And we shall have to wait ever so long," This my Aunt whispers to me, nervously indignant, "Among these people! Good gracious! I'm sure we shall catch something horrid!"

A door is open on our left, and within I see a desk, two Clerks, and a Police-sergeant, or some official higher than an ordinary Policeman, engaged in looking over a large ledger.

As an ingenious way of getting out of the crowd, I suggest our stepping into this office.

"Tell them you're a Barrister," my Aunt whispers. I don't see what good this would do; and if I did tell them, in a place like a Police-Court where everybody is suspected and suspicious, how am I to prove it?

We step in. Nobody takes any notice of us, so I propose taking notice of somebody, just to account for our being there.

I address the man, who looks like a Clerk, affably, wondering what station he fills, and whether he is a Clerk or not. My Aunt impresses me strongly with the necessity of being civil—very civil—to these officials, as she whispers (she does nothing here but whisper mysteriously in my ear, this may be of use to us, and perhaps (this is her leading idea), this young man may be the Magistrate's nephew. (It turns out afterwards that she once knew a Judge who made his nephew the Clerk of Arraigns, and she considers it the usual thing.) I say "good morning" to the Clerk. I feel instinctively that my Aunt behind me is smiling on him, and I despise myself, and her, for fawning upon creatures in power: but I do it.

The Clerk nods.

"I suppose we may step in here till the Magistrate comes?" I inquire, still pleasantly. Fawning, both of us.

"Yes," answers the Clerk, carelessly.

"Thank you, Sir," says my Aunt, gratefully.

I am not sorry for this, as if the Cabman is outside in the passage, he may be attended by his sympathising friends, and the meeting might be unpleasant. We remain in the office, and we converse about nothing

particular in whispers, until I begin to foresee a difficulty in regaining our natural tones.

A stout man buttoned up to the chin (an inspector probably), walks in.

"TOMKINS and BARKER down?" asks the last-comer of the Sergeant.

"Same as before," answers the latter, writing on a bit of paper, and handing it across to the Clerk, who inspects it, and observes that "It's all right."

Then the Inspector looks at the Clerk, and remarks that "Time's getting on;" then the Sergeant closes his ledger, locks it up, and putting a bunch of keys in his pocket, also remarks that "It is getting late;" whereupon the Clerk, shutting up his book, and coming out from behind his enclosure, caps the other two observations by saying forcibly that "It will be later afore we've done;" at which witticism we, in our character of sycophants, feel bound to smile, and do so accordingly.

The ice being thus broken, I ask, on behalf of my Aunt, when our case will come on; at least, I explain (so as not to lead to future complications), "Not my case, but this lady's, my Aunt's;" this I add as if the Clerk had been my bosom friend for years, and I was introducing my relative to him.

"Name?" says he. I give the name. "It's down for No. two on the list."

"It'll be heard after the night cases."

"When," ventures my Aunt, timidly, "do you think it will be heard?"

"Ah! can't say," returns the Clerk. "You see a message has just come down about MR. WIGGINTHORPE's having met with an accident, and so MR. SHARPLY will run up from t'other Court, when he's heard the cases down there."

"Good gracious!" exclaims my Aunt, "then if there are many cases at the other Court, mine mayn't be heard for hours."

"Praps not," replies the Clerk, carelessly, and turns to speak to a friend who has dropped in to have a chat by the fire.

The Inspector corroborates the Clerk's statement. MR. SHARPLY will be quick enough when he *does* come, but that may be in a quarter of an hour, or that very minute, or not for two hours yet.

The glorious uncertainty of the Law is on this occasion represented by MR. SHARPLY.

"Perhaps," my Aunt thinks, "the Cabman will get tired of waiting, and then won't appear, after all."

This idea of tiring out the Cabman is a congenial one to my Aunt's mind, and if we could only have some luncheon, the morning would not hang so heavily on our hands as at present it most certainly does.

We are becoming quite accustomed to the Police-Office, and almost attached to its fire, when the Sergeant intimates, *sotto voce*, that if we like to sit down inside the Court until the Magistrate comes, he can let us in.

He puts this as a favour, in the same sort of confidential manner that a Railway Guard offers to keep a carriage for you for "the through journey."

I put my hand in my waistcoat pocket, hinting at a shilling (which I subsequently give him, and feel I am suborning a probable witness), and we are passed in, the official forming the slanting barrier aforementioned withdrawing himself to let us pass. I fancy the Sergeant and that official will share my shilling.

In Court. Small room. Dirty representatives of the general public behind a wooden railing. In front of them the dock. In the centre, at a table covered with green baize, are seated elderly respectable gentlemen, looking as if they'd all had their black waistcoats cut out of the same piece of satin. They have papers before them, and are (we hit upon it at once) the Solicitors. On their left is a something between a pew and a school-desk. One man sits there. "A reporter," I suggest, and he becomes immediately an object of intense interest to my Aunt. On the right is a Policeman in a private box, reading a newspaper. At the other end of the room is a raised stage, as if for a performance. It is fitted with a table-desk, a chair, and a screen to conceal a door in the wall. Quite gives one the idea of an entertainment. Magistrate suddenly to appear from behind screen, taking every one by surprise, and then going through a round of favourite characters, changing his dress and wigs under his table, and popping up as somebody else. Solicitors in front to represent stalls, or orchestra.

Clerk sits just below and in front of the table-desk. He is placed sideways, and appears to be peculiarly uncomfortable, having evidently insufficient room for his legs, which, if stretched, would, as it were, stand out by themselves, and spoil the picture.

"Where are we to go?" my Aunt asks, nervously.

As we can't join the public behind the rail, and will be certainly out of place with the Policeman in his private box (only licensed to hold one), I choose the pew where the Reporter is.

We seat ourselves, and listen to the Solicitors, who are laughing and chatting loudly, chiefly (it appears from the conversation, which is almost unintelligible to us) on professional matters.

A lady, smelling strongly of rum, joins us in the pew. She is much interested in what we may be here for.

"Is it an assault case?" she asks my Aunt.

"O dear no," replies my Aunt; "it's only a summons."

She says this as if there was nothing out of the way in her being here for such an ordinary affair.

"Summons for assault," persists the Rum Lady, eyeing my Aunt, as if contrasting her muscular power with her own.

I come to her relief. I explain, "A summons for a cab-fare."

"O!" says the Rum Lady, her interest evidently considerably diminished; adding proudly, "Mine's assault."

We both say "Indeed!" and my Aunt edges away from her towards the Reporter. The Rum Lady, being once started, proceeds to inform us that her landlady (whom she points out in the crowd behind the rail—a villainous-looking one-eyed hag) had accused her of stealing the counterpane and sheets.

"But you didn't?" I say, compassionately.

"Didn't!" she exclaims, in an energetic under-tone. "I soon showed her I didn't." She is a big powerful woman, and, *with rum*, a decidedly awkward customer. I apologise; I mean, I say, that she is here wrongfully accused. Upon this she winks slowly at me first, and then nudges my Aunt to enjoy the joke. This freemasonry being finished, she assumes an air of great caution, and whispers to us to take care, as Old PURKISS is looking, adding, "I hate that PURKISS."

We ascertain that PURKISS, the object of her detestation is one of the respectable-looking elderly gentlemen at the table. "He's often been against me, he has," she continues, always in a whisper, and avoiding the eye of Old PURKISS, who is, it seems, on this memorable occasion also, engaged by the opposite side.

An hour passes in this lively manner. I think we all take to watching Old PURKISS; if we flag at all in this interesting occupation, the Rum Lady nudges us, and nodding towards him, whispers, "That PURKISS!" fiercely. "Well," says my Aunt, who is beginning to feel faint, "I'd sooner have paid the man twice over than have gone through this." The clock strikes two; there is a slight stir among the Solicitors and their papers. The Policeman folds up his newspaper, and evidently means business. Two other Policemen come in, the Clerk sits upright in his chair and poises a pen. In another second there is a bang and a slam, the screen shakes, and a little gentleman bounds from behind it (quite in keeping with the idea of an entertainment, or a transformation of somebody into clown in a pantomime), and brings himself up with a jerk behind the desk-table, on which he places both hands.

The Reporter informs us in an undertone that this is MR. SHARPLY, the Magistrate.

(More next Paper.)



DELIGHTFUL MOUNT.

"NO USE YOUR LIGHTING A WEED ON THAT HORSE, OLD FELLOW! HE WON'T ALLOW YOU TO SMOKE, OR TO USE YOUR HANDKERCHIEF, WHILE ON HIS BACK. YOU MUSTN'T TOUCH HIM WITH YOUR HEEL, AND YOU'LL FIND HIM A LITTLE FIDGETY IN A CROWD. OTHERWISE, HE'S AS QUIET AS A SHEEP!"

BISMILLAH!

COME, here is a good joke. You are beholden for it to the *Post's* Own Correspondent at Rome:—

"I hear that a deputation of ladies attached to the POPE's cause had an audience of His Holiness a few days ago, and made warm protestations of their affection, one lady exclaiming with effusion—*'Santo Padre! Siamo tutte vostre!'*"

Holy Father, we are all yours! Didn't the lady who said that confound the POPE with the SULTAN?

A ROARING TRADE.—Keeping a Menagerie.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE'RE a looking at you! A Hi is upon you! The brilliant feat of GENERAL AURELLES DE PALADINE has sent you to your Dictionaries. You remember the word "Paladin." Some of you remember

"When Prince and Paladin and Peer
At Roncesvalles died."

You are trying to find out who or what a Paladin was, and the result will be a volley of "original jokes," all "to be inserted next week," to the effect that it is no wonder France gained a victory when she was led by a Paladin. We also expect a good deal about "Fruit the Germans dislike—Orleans Plums." Now, please, *Don't!*

OUR ROUGHS AND RULERS.



POSSIBLY the immediate neighbourhood of Downing Street itself is too remote from the Home Office to enable the Government to interfere, even on the most urgent occasion, with rioters, for the suppression of disorder. No wonder, then, that a contemporary the other day announced, as follows, the institution and operations of

"A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT ISLINGTON.—Last evening about twenty inhabitants, armed with stout canes, patrolled Upper Street, Islington, for some hours; the part of a committee composed entirely of respectable inhabitants of the vicinity for the purpose of suppressing the rowdiness which for some time past has disgraced the neighbourhood on a Sunday evening. As light fines imposed by the Magistrates on the offenders have done little or nothing to abate the nuisance, the committee have resolved, at all

hazards, to administer summary justice in every case where the offenders are caught in the act."

This resolution they carried out on Sunday last week, with the effect thus narrated:—

"The committee seemed for the first hour or so to be well occupied, and a score or two of well-caned backs and shoulders will testify to the justice dealt out. The roughs were completely puzzled, and the police evidently delighted with the new state of things; and as the word was rapidly passed from one gang to another, in a very short time horse-play had almost entirely ceased. The roughs, finding their fun stopped, left the street in disgust, and parties returning from their places of worship were surprised to find that they could walk home unmolested."

What a very agreeable surprise! Inability to walk home from church without being mobbed and assaulted is by no means so slight an inconvenience as to be nothing when you are used to it. But, after you have been used to it a certain length of time, you get to take it as a nuisance of course, from which you don't expect to be delivered. When, therefore, on some fine evening, you unexpectedly find that you are, you naturally feel surprise of an agreeable nature. The surprise, however, experienced by the Islington congregations at their deliverance from molestation by street-ruffians was not so great as it might have been. They were surprised to find themselves delivered by a Vigilance Committee; but they would have been much more surprised if the streets had been cleared of ruffians by the police, acting under orders. Islington is a settlement in the far North, in a great measure necessitated to manage its own affairs. Even the inhabitants of Westminster, residing close to the seat of executive Administration, would be extremely surprised, and no less delighted, if the police, by order of Government, were to prevent the next threatened demonstration of seditious roughs. If it is not so prevented, perhaps the respectable people of the Strand and Trafalgar Square will some of them also resolve themselves into a Vigilance Committee, like the dwellers at Islington and San Francisco. In that case, also, we may hope that "well-caned backs and shoulders will testify to the justice dealt out," and that "the roughs," being "completely puzzled," and "finding their fun stopped," will very speedily leave the pavement "in disgust." No doubt the police will be immensely "delighted with the new state of things," namely, public order, and their proper function of preserving it discharged by a Vigilance Committee.

As to Islington, the above-quoted narrative concludes with the notification that

"The Committee will resume their duties on Sunday evening next."

That is to say, they will reassume the duties of the police; let us hope till further notice, until it occurs to the authorities that we pay the said police to do the work which is being done at Islington by gentlemen.

Beleaguered and Bellicose.

No wonder the French Government of Defence refused to listen to any terms of armistice which did not permit the revictualling of Paris. That Government is simply Provisional.

RHYME WITHOUT REASON.

"SUMMER FRIENDS," one of CLARIBEL's latest songs, is advertised with an illustrative stanza (on the same principle as the man who had a house to let carried about a brick as a specimen), thus:—

"Where are thy summer friends,
Friends of thy youth?
Gone with the summer birds
Back to the South."

This leaves it uncertain whether, in order to rhyme, "youth" should be sung "yowth," or "south" "suth." We shall be told, of course, that the rhyme is addressed to the eye not to the ear. By such a canon the following lines may, possibly, be deemed melodious:—

Peasant Arcadian,
Guiding the plough;
Coarse are your garments,
Your aspect is rough.

Peasant imprudent,
I hear you've a cough;
Do you feel sure
You are clothed warm enough?

Bibulous peasant,
Your voice it is rough;
You're no disciple
Of temperate GOUGH.

Home to your cottage
You hear the wind's sough,
Even the birdies
Sing hoarse on the bough.

Home to your cottage
And bend o'er the trough,
Kneading in loaves
The digestible dough.

Though the bread's heavy,
Unyielding and tough,
Chawbacop's teeth
Will get easily through.

MR. PUNCH commends these stanzas to any French ladies or gentlemen at present resident in this country who may be desirous of mastering the peculiarities of English pronunciation.

A. 1.

WHEN we read of "vessels, now at Plymouth, of the Audacious class," we feel that the more vessels we have of this class the better, for they are just the sort we shall want if we are ever obliged to go to war.

ADDITIONAL GIANT.

TUTELARY GIANTS OF THE CITY (November 9, 1870).—Gog, Fog, and Magog.

MEGA BIBLION.

THERE is, it seems, such a serious publication as *The Great Book of Public Debt of Italy*, a fact which makes one think with more shudders than one of the number of volumes a similar work in this country would occupy.

EXTRAORDINARY RISE OF FRENCH IMPORTS INTO GERMANY.

	1869	1870
Prisoners of War {	0	320,000

A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.

FRANCE is summoning to the field her married men. She is thus establishing *Patres conscripti*, though she has abolished her Senate.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

The Hog in Armour.—Q. What was his armour made of? Note. Of pig-iron.

A GENUINE "PENNY READING."—The writing on two Halfpenny Post Cards.

FROM *LA GRANDE DUCHESSE*.—Song for MR. VOYSEY, *à propos* of "the sling and the stone."—"Voysey le Sabre."

ABOUT THE WORST CASE OF A BANKRUPT PEER.—Herne Bay.



"TERMS—CASH."

Lady Bountiful. "HERE, MY GOOD MAN, HERE'S A TICKET FOR THE ORGANISING CHARITABLE RELIEF AND REPRESSING MENDI—"

Professional Beggar (with a sneer). "O, THANKY FOR NOTHINK, MUM, *HOURS IS A READY MONEY BUSINESS!*"

THE SOVEREIGN OF SOUTHAMPTON.

"P. M. DECIUS *bis* Consul," was a great man. WHITTINGTON, thrice Lord Mayor of London, was not a small one. But what was either to MR. PERKINS, five times Mayor of Southampton!

Royal families are all related. Five Mayoralities of Southampton in succession give a sum-total of dignity not far removed from Royalty. So PERKINS may be considered as fairly entitled to take that warm interest in the doings of the Sovereign and her family, which has found graceful expression in the fancy-ball he has lately given in honour of the betrothal of PRINCESS LOUISE to the MARQUIS OF LORNE. We are glad to learn from our old friend JENKINS that "the Ball was a great success: that 1500 guests were present, and that the hospitality of the entertainer merited all praise." Also that "the Lord of Lorne Lancers were danced for the first time." But the exhilaration of this thrilling piece of news is a good deal dashed by the painful information that "the MARQUIS OF LORNE was prevented from accepting the Mayor's invitation." After this it is as much as we or JENKINS can do to brighten up at sight of "the crystal star over the entrance of the Hartley Institution," with the pointed and original motto—"little less brilliant than the crystal star itself—"England and Scotland United"; to which all that is wanting to give point to the happy *double entendre* are the dates of the double event—1707 and 1870.

But the crystal star over the door of the Institute was not the star of the evening. That was PERKINS, "wearing the uniform of Admiral of the Port"!!!—"a very ancient office," JENKINS is careful to add, "conferred by charter on the town"—(and therefore fitly personified by PERKINS, who is the sublimation or quintessence of Southampton in the flesh—a sort of LIEBIG's essence of the City of Bevis)—"and held to extend"—our breath almost fails us in the attempt to follow such a sweep of power—"down to Langston Harbour below Ports-mouth"!!!!

PERKINS, in his uniform as Admiral of the Port (the colour, cut, and material of which JENKINS wisely leaves to the imagination), attended by the Mayoress, "received their guests in the Museum."

But who could have had eyes for any of the curiosities of the Museum, primeval or pre-Adamite, in the presence of PERKINS as Port-Admiral! "The company," JENKINS goes on to say,

"Included the *élite* of the town and neighbourhood, in addition to the civic authorities of other places, and many distinguished visitors from London and distant parts of the country. The dresses were rich and varied, ranging from the very primitive garb of the North American Indian to the gorgeous costumes of the seventeenth century. *This entertainment brought to a close the fifth year of Mr. PERKINS's mayoralty.*"

How Imagination pants in the attempt adequately to picture that solemn and stately close of the fifth reign of PERKINS—between a primitively-garbed Red Indian and a gorgeous CHARLES THE SECOND in a ringlet wig and yellow boots!

Shallow scoffers may say that these things are not fairly matters of more than local concern—if of that. Southampton, JENKINS, PERKINS know better. When they make them the subject of paragraphs in our London papers, shall not *Mr. Punch* point their morals and adorn their tales for a loyal British public by a resounding roo-too-it on his trumpet of fame?

Sayings and Doings.

LET'S hope, in teaching "here," at length "be facts,"

With school-board candidates about in herds;

'Tis surely time for "Education Acts,"

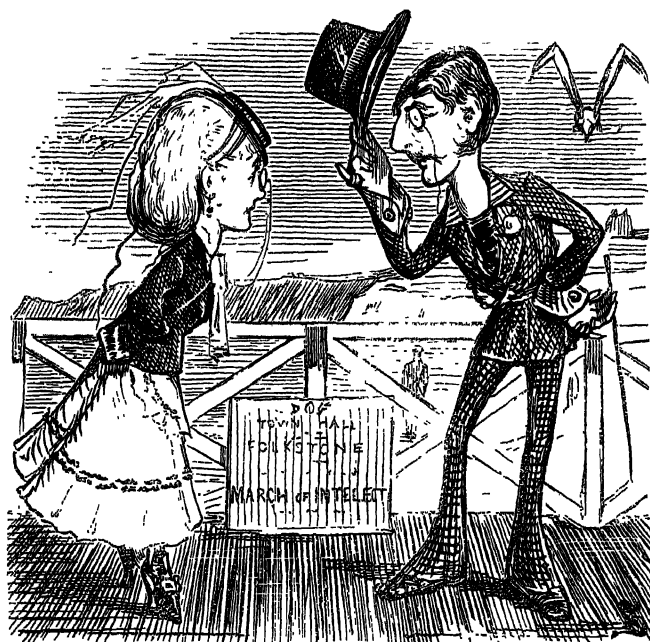
After such waste of Education words.

A NEEDLESS PANIC.

MRS. MALAPROP is puzzled to know what people mean when they talk of the present alarming Junction of affairs. She hopes it has nothing to do with the Railways, in which she has some Deference shares.

IMPORTANT.—During the present war Greece has declared herself neutral. So has the Beadle of the Burlington Arcadia.

VOTE FOR THE LADIES.



Does not this seem exactly the sort of superintendence which should be shared by ladies, who are not only really interested in education (that is a good thing, but not enough), but who are acquainted with the humbler classes, and know their habits, prejudices, and difficulties?

Mr. Punch thinks that this is woman's work, and he hopes that the three ladies will be elected for Marylebone, Chelsea, and Greenwich respectively. As for Miss GARRETT, who, to her long practical acquaintance with the above things, adds sound medical knowledge, and can advise on all sanatory questions connected with schools, she will be an invaluable acquisition to the Board; and Marylebone should be proud that the richest and most educated of the districts can send to that Council one who will render such services. MISS GARRETT and the other ladies profess no "strong-minded women's" doctrines, but those which all rational men would teach.

There are some very good men in the candidature, but they are well known, and can speak for themselves. Mr. Punch, only wishes to point out that three ladies desire to do Woman's Work, and he hopes that they will be accredited to the Board. He seldom condescends to treat of mere political elections, but these Educational Elections are important, and wise men had better look to them.

BEARS AT THE BAR.

SIR,—My husband's a Barrister, but as he only laughs when I ask him to explain legal matters to me, I refer to you.

That he should laugh I look upon as a part of the rudeness of Lawyers generally, and fully bears out the very points I had asked him about.

Isn't it the height of ill-breeding to get up and go away when anyone's speaking to you?

Yes.

And yet Sir (as I said to my husband) what do we read perpetually in the Law reports? why this sort of thing,

"Counsel was proceeding to consider the effect of the Canons of 1603, when the Court adjourned."

Isn't this rude? If I'd been the Counsel I'd have followed them out and given them a bit of my mind. If this is the effect of a "legal education" no child of mine shall go to such a school.

Then again:—

"The learned Serjeant was in the middle of his argument, when the Court rose."

It's positively indecent. But it's just what my husband does when I'm in the middle of an argument. Now I know where he picks up such manners. Juries are nearly as bad. For instance a Judge the other day had kindly "reserved a point to go to the Jury"—wonderful politeness on his part—and what did the Jury do? Why look here,

"The jury retired, and have not yet returned."

"Not yet!" and this was days ago!!

It served the Judge right, I've no doubt, if he himself had been in the habit of rising and going away when a Counsel was talking.

Two words more on the slyness of Magistrates, and I've done.

NEW POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Which, being rather less puzzling than the latest issued from the G. P. O., are strongly recommended to official consideration:—

1. THAT the Halfpenny Cards shall not be charged with a penny stamp, under certain penalties made and provided.

2. That the charge by book-post shall be one halfpenny for every book not exceeding a certain weight at the discretion of the authorities. The weight to vary from time to time.

3. Any writing or printing on or in the packet going by book-post to be considered as a letter and charged accordingly.

4. Any writing in or on a newspaper will cause the paper to be charged as a letter.

5. Any writing on or in a packet going by Sample Post if in the nature of a Letter or a Communication to be charged according to the penalties to be enforced for attempted evasions of the Act in question.

SHAKSPEARE IN COMFORT.

MR. PUNCH complained two weeks ago that he couldn't find a comfortable seat in a theatre. Having been round the theatrical world, he settled himself at last at *The Globe*. Here he had an elegant and capacious stall, plenty of room for his hat and his legs. Here he sat and saw SHAKSPEARE'S eccentric farce of *Taming the Shrew*, with *Christopher Sly* out, which is, to his thinking, a pity. Mr. Punch, on his word of gallantry, is of opinion that the *Katherine* of the *Globe* is too gentle throughout; but he really was so comfortable that he was quite annoyed when a stall-keeper, in the most civil manner possible, pointed out to him that they were covering up the boxes, and that he was the last person in the house. So he woke up and left; but it was entirely owing to the luxurious seat that he did not see the dance of the COLONNA, Ex-Princess of the Alhambra, a terpsichorean exhibition pronounced by the press and the police to be the most decorous they have seen for years.

"Off With His Head!"—Richard III.

A BOARD, from every parish in *Mogg*,
Rules all London under the Hogg!

The Middlesex Magistrates meet to discuss various matters. Their work is tedious, but they must get through it. Naturally they are hungry, and if so, why not say, "Gentlemen, the public will excuse us for an hour: let us go to lunch." But, no! they can't be outpoken: but they allow a report to appear in the paper, which says—

"The members of the Court then retired to the Magistrates' private rooms, to consider, as was believed, the more important items of the proposed estimate, and the Court adjourned."

The italics are mine. "As was believed," that is, "as they gave out." I know the sort of thing. Just as my husband telegraphs to me to say that *business* detains him at Chambers, and, a few days after, one of his boon companions comes here and lets out what a jolly dinner they'd had at the Club on that very night. Of course, these members of the Court retired to lunch in the Magistrates' private room, and were "believed" by the credulous public to be engaged in its own interest. Ah! when will women be in power!

I am, Sir, yours sincerely,

MARTHA BUZZITON.

Proceeds of Peter's Pence.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI has published a protest against the appropriation, by the Italian Government, of the Quirinal Palace. This palace he maintains to be not State property but the POPE'S own, being one of a certain number of palaces which, with their contents, belong to the Roman Pontiffs personally, having been constructed, furnished, decorated, and kept up by successive Popes, at expenses defrayed out of their privy purses. The Popes have been men of property. The successors of ST. PETER have succeeded to rather more than ST. PETER left behind him. Apostolic poverty is no heirloom to the Apostolic See.



A LITTLE FAILING.

Nervous Old Lady. "Now, CABMAN, YOU'RE SURE YOUR HORSE IS QUIET? WHAT'S HE LAYING BACK HIS EARS LIKE THAT FOR? LOOK!"

Cabby. "O THAT'S ONLY HER FEMI-NINE CUR'OSITY, MUM, SHE LIKES TO HEAR WHERE SHE'S A GOIN' TO!"

THE PONTIFICAL UNION.

A LETTER from Rome, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* represents an exalted personage in a striking attitude:—

"The POPE is carrying out his programme with unwavering rigour. For the first time during his reign, he omitted, this morning, his annual visit to the church of San Carlo al Corso, and did not solemnise the usual ceremony at the high altar of St. Peter's. Nor did he celebrate the festival of All Saints, nor hold a *cappella papale* on the 'day of the dead,' a solemnity of immemorial usage."

His Holiness, in fact, has begun to strike. If the Italian Government do not succumb to him, he will probably soon have struck altogether. Then what will the Roman tradesmen do for the customers who were wont to be attracted to the Eternal City by the papal pageantries? Perhaps he will go farther than to the mere extent of a personal strike. Not long ago he was reported to have said *La tradizione son io*. If he says that he is *la tradizione*, he may just as well call himself *la chiesa*. So, indeed, he is, in effect, now that he has been constituted infallible. Now, if the POPE is the Church in himself, he also, for striking purposes, constitutes an ecclesiastical equivalent to a Trades' Union; and is able, not only himself to strike, but can also compel the whole of his subordinate ecclesiastics to strike too. At his command, then, the priests, not of Rome only, but likewise of all Italy, may very soon be the whole of them on strike. Should any still afford their ministrations to King VICTOR-EMMANUEL and his Ministers, the Holy Father, in his capacity of Priests' Union, will have no need to employ unionists to bully, intimidate, or coerce them into ceasing to perform their functions. He will be under no necessity of procuring them to be blown up; he can fulminate against them with the "thunders of the Vatican." There will be no occasion for him to have them "rattened," and deprived of their vestments, missals, and other sacerdotal implements (not to say tools of their craft), seeing that he will have it in his power to excommunicate them, if they persist in officiating, or being "knob-sticks." In all likelihood he will put all Italy, inclusive of Rome, under an interdict, unless he is reinstated in his temporal power.

O Roma felix! as the Latin clergy sing. O happy Rome, and Italy to boot, in being inhabited by people whom an ecclesiastical strike can be expected to terrify. See what Great Britain has come to because in this heretical and degraded country, those who would care so much as a straw for it are in a small minority. Consequently, an enlightened Pontiff has no means of putting the screw on a faithful multitude with such an amount of pressure as might ultimately oblige the rulers and Government of the country to confer upon it the blessings of legislation based on the principles of the "Syllabus."

DIFFICULTIES OF RITUALISM.

A GENTLEMAN deeply interested in ecclesiastical affairs, writes to us to complain of the uncertainty existing in the best informed circles as to the right spelling and right pronunciation of the now famous MR. MACKONOCKIE's name. Is it MACHONOCKIE, or McONOCKIE, or MACKONOCKIE, or MACHONOKIE, or MACKONOKIE, or MACKONOKIE? What does it rhyme with? Can I say, asks our Correspondent, who is composing a hymn-book, noted,

Fond of Monarchy
MISTER MACHONOCKIE,

or,—

Your road is rocky
MISTER MACKONOCKIE.

Will LORD CHELMSFORD kindly, and infallibly, settle this important matter when he delivers his judgment. I hope so.

A propos of the High Church Vestment Question—a tract is soon to be issued, entitled

The Cotta's Saturday Night, or Home from the Wash. By JOHNNY COPE.

WHY will the Parisians, when the siege is over, be the most intelligent people in the world?—Because all the Asses in Paris will have been eaten.



LATEST FASHIONS.

Augusta. "O ADA, DEAR, WHAT A SWEET HEAD-DRESS! WHERE DID YOU GET IT?"

Ada. "IT'S QUITE NEW, DEAR. IT ONLY ARRIVED TO-DAY FROM PARIS IN A BALLOON, OR BY BALLOON-POST."

TWO SECRET DESPATCHES.

MY DEAR VON GRANVILLE,

Versailles, Nov. 21.

WE—Prussians—were not in your Crimean War, at least not openly. Had we been engaged, I flatter myself that at Treaty-time our representative would have saved you from a blunder, of which you are now going to enjoy the result. You took no material guarantee for the observance of Russia's engagements. So, she breaks them at the first convenient opportunity, and small blame to her. I think that (D. V.) we intend to be wiser in dealing with a little matter to which I need not more pointedly invite to your Excellency's notice.

Receive, &c.

To the LORD GRANVILLE.

VON BISMARCK.

DEAR PRESIDENT,

St. Petersburg, Nov. 5th 1870.

Now is your time. Send word to England that you must have a cheque for the Alabama claims, and an abject apology, by return of post. I think it possible that she will hesitate. Then out with your fleet, and that will keep her too much occupied to meddle in the Black Sea. In return, you will have Egypt, Pyramids, Sphinx, and all, as soon as we have garrisoned Constantinople. I would promise you St. Sophia, as the hall to an American Oriental University, but my August Master has a "fad," and wants the church for himself. Go ahead, and show that our vaunted friendship meant business.

Very much yours,

To the PRESIDENT GRANT.

GORTSCHAKOFF.

THE FIRST MUCH PREFERRED.—Some people have a voice and won't sing; others will sing without having a voice.

AN OX.

THE musical world will have read with interest the subjoined announcement in the *Times*:—

CONSCIENCE MONEY.—The Secretary of the Inland Revenue has received, by the collector of Langbourn Ward, from "B. O. S.," half-notes for £30, on account of Income-tax.

It may occur to some musicians that half-notes for £30 on account of Income-tax, will, when re-united to their other halves, amount to what is familiarly called a pretty tune. This consideration may suggest to Income-tax payers, that if the pipe of peace should be broken with Russia to the tune of some hundreds of millions, they alone will have to pay the piper. In that case, anybody who pays any more Income-tax than he can help, and voluntarily sends any money "on account" of it to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, or the SECRETARY OF THE INLAND REVENUE, may well sign himself "B. O. S." His name would be Bovis in the genitive case; he would be a beef-headed fellow, and a Blessed Old Simpleton.

A Crying Evil.

"The nuisance of the newsvendors is extreme, and must, before long, call for police regulation."

THIS was written of an Italian city, but it applies with equal force to one much nearer home—London, where deafness will soon be considered rather an advantage than an affliction, if successive (and often superfluous) editions of the daily papers continue to be allowed to be proclaimed with exasperating raucity and aggravating frequency; a nuisance rapidly growing into one almost as great as the street organ, but which some of us fancy might be brought under police regulation.



"FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT!"

Habitual Criminal (to Swell Betting-Man). "TO SEE THE LORD MAYOR! AH! IF THEY KNEWED THE LORD MAYOR AS WELL AS YOU AND I, BILL, THEY WOULDN'T MAKE SUCH A FUSS ABOUT HIM!"

"NOT LOOSE YET."

SOME fifteen years since Europe watched
A bloody bout of "Bait the Bear";
Baiters and baited were well matched,
And hard the knocks both had to share.
At last the baiters won the fight,
And left the Bear in evil plight.

With fangs knocked out, claws rent away,
And tattered ears and muzzle torn,
Licking his bleeding wounds he lay,
Spent, scarred, and sore, faint and forlorn:
Too weak to struggle, as they past
A rope about his shoulders vast,

And hugged him, a reluctant heap,
In spite of idle snarl and growl,
Up to a stake that, planted deep,
Defied sharp claws and armed jowl,
To tear up, pull down, or gnaw through,
And bound him with a chain thereto.

Since that time Bruin's wounds have healed,
His fangs and claws have grown again;
The fur, once from red gashes peeled,
Has grown o'er scars that still remain,
Till Bruin feels, with strength renewed,
Old hankers for the Turkey brood.

But each move on his would-be prey
Reveals the check of post and chain:
In vain he tugs, to wrench away
The post, his tether gnaws in vain.
The stake is strong; the chain is sound,
And Master Bruin firmly bound.

But lo, at last, a chance appears!
The Gallic cock o'er-mastered lies,
On broader wings through wider spheres
His friend the German eagle flies.
Who stays his efforts to be free?
The British Lion! What is *he*?

A poor, old, toothless, fangless brute,
Big-boned still, but no longer strong,
Crippled by sleeping at the root
Of Evil, lazily and long,
Prizing its golden fruitage far
Beyond the dusty palms of war.

"He will not lift his helpless head,
He will not ope his sleepy eye,
To splinters though the post I shred,
And make the chain in flinders fly.
Turkey's his friend; but there it ends:
He doesn't fight to save his friends."

So Bruin gave his post a tug,
And Bruin gave his chain a shake,
And roared—from Dnieper unto Bug,—
"Take heed, all! The great Bear's awake!
He doth hereby, ignore his chain,
And doffs it, ne'er to don again!"

The British Lion heard him roar,
And raised from 'twixt his paws his crest,
And, checking a suspended snore,
His sleepy bulk to speech address,—
"Ignore your chain! I wish you joy!
But you've to get it off, my boy."

"And ere you do that, brother Bear,
You'll have to square accounts with me,
As well as with our old friends there,
Eagles of Austria, Italy,
And, last, not least, Dame Turkey here,
For whom your love is so sincere,

"That, with *your* will, you'll never rest
Till she is fast between your paws,
Safe 'neath their shield as in a nest,
If she don't run upon your claws.
If *Turkey* this don't seem to see,
No wonder it's not clear to *me*.

"We tied you up to keep her safe,
When your affection waxed too warm;
Against the chain how'er you chafe,
That chain is still 'twixt her and harm.
Remember, pray, how'er sharp set,
My worthy Bear, you're NOT LOOSE YET!"

A SAD DISCLOSURE.

"BISMARCK.—What am I to do? I cannot exist without you?"

SUCH was the passionate, heart-rending appeal which appeared in the *Times* but a few days ago. There are those who believe the great German Count to be a Machiavelli: we fear now there is too much reason to suspect that he is also a Don Giovanni. We call upon him—a married man, be it remembered—to satisfy the Great Powers, *if he can*, that he has not, in the midst of war, diplomacy, the demands of Russia, and the unification of Germany, been trifling with the affections of some young and trusting female. If he cannot, and it is an Englishwoman, who has thus, through the medium of a public advertisement, made known her inability to live without the Chancellor of the German Confederation, we do not see how our Ambassador can remain twenty-four hours longer at Berlin, without demanding his passports. We must then send our Fleet into Prussian waters and submit to an additional Income-tax.

The Church in an Up roar.

Lo, Parsons MACKONOCHE, PURCHAS, and VORSRY,
All at once are before the Judicial Committee!
With long theological arguments noisy,
What a hubbub there is in Jerusalem City!

THE REAL SCHOOL-BORED.—The Scholars.



"NOT LOOSE YET."

PUNCH'S ESSAYS.

III.—AUTOGRAPHS.

"It is Byron's writing, and here is his name."—*Love's Labour's Lost*.



UR friends the Lithuanians have a proverb that a man's Hand is a man's Mind; the inhabitants of Mongrelia, deriving the idea from the Suabian, say Characters show Character; and there are experts amongst ourselves who, for a moderate fee, profess to be able to tell, from examination of a scrap of writing, what are the writer's moral qualities and favourite dishes, whether he is possessed of sterling principles and funded property, how many miles he can walk in the hour, when he began to lose his hair, at what period of his life he formed

an unrequited attachment, and many other equally interesting particulars. Perhaps the confidence they have in their discrimination of character by the test of penmanship will suffer a reverse when they hear that NERO, the cruel, wrote a dainty, graceful, feminine hand, with the loops of the e's conscientiously formed, and every i complete to the minutest point, while the benevolent JOHN HOWARD's epistles are in letters an inch long, a mass of blots and splashes, hardly legible even by the oldest playgoer.

The thirst for collecting specimens of the handwriting of famous and infamous persons is one of the most deep-seated in the human breast, and has prevailed in almost every great crisis of the world's history from the time of the Franks. To gratify it, men have before now denied themselves the common luxuries of life, and faced the densest fogs in the most tortuous lanes of the City of London. It is on record that the competition for a hasty note written by JOAN OF ARC to her dressmaker, was the origin of a duel between two rival collectors in one of the strongholds of feudalism; and SCRIBLERUS has an amusing story of an enthusiastic pastry-cook who made the Grand Tour in his pony-carriage, in search of the long-lost MS. of MRS. RUNDALL's receipt for stewed kidneys, which he found at last, at day-break, in POPE BONIFACE's hat-box. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Robinson Crusoe was not a collector, for then he would have preserved one of the most remarkable autographs ever discovered, by carefully excavating Friday's footwriting—his signature in the sand,—and bequeathing it, eventually, to the Museum belonging to his native town.

Autographs have encountered strange vicissitudes of fortune. That of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, contained in a copy of Doomsday Book in the original binding, after being exhibited for many generations in the Tower, at twopence a-head, unfortunately perished in the Great Fire of London, despite SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN's strenuous efforts to save it, continued through the whole of one night; but the diary kept by RICHARD CŒUR DE LION when he was from home on foreign service, and in which he entered what he had for dinner every day during his absence, and what the Princess said to him on a future occasion, and how the Archery Meeting went off, is still in the possession of an eminent member of the Common Law bar, and would form a desirable addition to the Camden Society's publications before the winter fairly sets in.

What would we not give for one of SHAKESPEARE's letters to ANNE HATHAWAY when they were first engaged, and while their dream of happiness was still undisturbed by the high price of provisions! How precious would be a note of SIR JOHN FALSTAFF's with the Coventry postmark on the cover! And who would not willingly forego his annual vacation to be permitted to hold in his hand, between dinner and tea, the old DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH's housekeeping book, with its methodical account of what was paid to the servants at Blenheim when they were on board wages!

The task of the Autograph collector is no slight one. He must be prepared to brave the fury of the elements, and the envy, hatred, and

jealousy, and all the other cardinal vices, of baffled rivals. He must practise economy and early rising, and retire to rest at a reasonable hour, avoiding exposure to the night air and heavy suppers. He must take long walks in the country, and ransack the cupboards and cabinets of the resident landowners. He must not show irritability, if he is roused out of his sleep, about Christmas, by a ring at the front door bell, and asked in a hurried whisper through the key-hole whether he will give ten guineas for JONATHAN WILD's mark, made in the presence of two Justices of the Peace, and lately discovered, in a fine state of preservation, in the neighbourhood of Tyburnia. Above all (if he is a single amateur), he must not hesitate to incur the displeasure of his relations, by devoting to the acquisition of the entire correspondence between ABELARD and ELOISA, those savings of a long and industrious career which would otherwise have formed the subject of testamentary dispositions.

But his reward is great, his compensation is certain. The contemplation of his treasures after a late dinner makes the frowns of nephews unheeded, and the coldness of second cousins a matter of supreme indifference. In the society of all the great spirits of the chequered past, of [all the bright orbs of the luminous present—THOMAS À KEMPIS and TOM SAYERS, MARK ANTONY and MARK AKENSIDE, MARTIN LUTHER and MARTIN TUPPER, GUIDO and GUIDO FAWKES, DON QUIXOTE (behold him on left) and DON JUAN, HORACE and HORACE SMITH, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, KIRBY and SPENCE CHAPLIN and HORNE, and the leading Members of the Stock Exchange—he can hear with tranquillity of the fall of dynasties and the decline of the Imperial purple; and absorbed in the inspection of the unique but utterly illegible sign manual of CHARLEMAGNE, or the fine Roman hand of CINCINNATUS, he can disregard the repeated applications of a fellow enthusiast (but in a different line), the tax-collector, and be forgetful alike of the movements of specie and the fashionable arrivals at St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

GOSSIP.

(Dramatic, Musical, and Literary.)

THE Wars of the Two Roses were not more exciting than the piece of *The Two Roses* at the Vaudeville. Motto of the house, "No two roses without a THORNE." Where's ELIZABETH? Here.

The *Vicar of Wakefield* will shortly be produced as a ballet. "Shortly" applies to the costumes.

An enthusiastic *habitué* being present at Drury Lane on the appearance of Miss VICTORIA VOKES as *Any Robsart*, broke out into the following impromptu:—

"The others may be clever folks,
But Miss V. VOKES my praise e-vokes."

The gentleman is supposed by the stall-keeper to have been MR. ALFRED TENNYSON in disguise.

In consequence of the enormous success of *The Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Queen's Theatre, MR. PHELPS will appear as *Othello*.

The new novel, *For Donkeys—Thistles!* by the talented authoress of *From Thistles—Grapes!* will soon be ready at all libraries.

A composer has set the Poet-Laureate to music. The new volume of twelve short poems is soon to appear with Notes by MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN. One of the short pieces is entitled (we hear) *The Gemini; or the Birthday of Cox and Box. An ode.*

The celebrated Lectures on Modern Phraseology are (we hear) to be re-published in *Fraser's Magazine*.

A Correspondent writes to say that he is very angry at being unable to procure a new novel advertised as "just out" at the libraries. He should wait until it's advertised as "just in."

From the Poultry.

"A Hen Show is to be put in operation soon at Chicago."

If this is to be a Hen and Chicken Show, there can be no more appropriate place for it than Chick-ago.

A WORD TO BISMARCK.

BIZZY, you will get no indemnity for your enormous expenses out of a ruined France. BIZZY, BIZZY, you are killing the goose which you require to lay you golden eggs.



AN AFFECTIONATE PARISHIONER.

The Curate. "O DEAR, O DEAR! DRUNK AGAIN, JONES! DRUNK AGAIN!! AND IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, TOO!!!"
Jones. "LOFSHIR (*hic*)! WHATSH THE ODDISH!! SH-SH-SHO AM I!!"

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING DOWN.

THE CAMPBELLS are coming wi' cash doon, doon,
 The CAMPBELLS are coming wi' cash doon, doon,
 In sums frae bawbees up to groats and aboon—
 For their Chief's to be kin to the Croon, the Croon.

The CAMPBELLS a giftie wad gie, wad gie,
 The CAMPBELLS a giftie wad gie, wad gie,
 ARGYLL's cousins, ilk chiel till the twentieth degree,
 Till LOUISE on her weddin' day-ee, day-ee.

The CAMPBELLS belong till a clan, a clan,
 In whilk there is mony a man, a man;
 And gin they subscribe a' siller they can,
 The tittle amoont will be gran', be gran'.

The CAMPBELLS, in List, Book, an' Guide, an' Guide,
 Fill columns fu' lang, page fu' wide, fu' wide,
 An' the Land, and Sea Service, an' Civil beside,
 Wi' relations to bridegroom an' bride, an' bride.

YE CAMPBELLS braw Scots that are born, are born,
 Expense is an obiect ye scorn, ye scorn,
 As the bonnie Princess will perceive o' the morn
 When she marries the MARQUIS O' LORNE, O' LORNE.

Beware the Bear!

HUMPTY DUMPTY had a great fall. So have the various Stocks this week in the Money Market. They, however, will rise again without the aid of the Queen's horses, by that of a comparatively few of her men. The decline was owing to the Russian demand for the revision of the Treaty which forbids Russia to rob Turkey. Thus you see its cause was a Bear speculation.

A POWER OF THE KEYS.

ACCORDING to a letter from Rome, the keys of the Quirinal Palace were demanded the other day for VICTOR-EMMANUEL. COMMENDATORE SPAGNA had consigned them to CARDINAL ANTONELLI. His Eminence had given them into the hands of the POPE. If the POPE was asked for them, and made any reply, it must have been *non possumus*. In pursuance, therefore, of an order sent by SIGNOR SELLA, from Florence, the Quirinal Palace doors had to be opened by a locksmith. Non-papists question the POPE's alleged power of the keys. They cannot, however, deny that His Holiness had the power to keep the Quirinal keys in his pocket. It is equally undeniable that, as far as the Quirinal doors were concerned, the power of the keys was exercised by a locksmith.

Another Threatened Attack.

"The Battle of Bacon, or of Bacon, as the papers now say the word ought to be written."—"Times" Correspondent.

PUNCH, old man, I congratulate you. You have had a very narrow escape; for assuredly, "The Battle of Bacon" would have produced you a good-sized clothes-basketful of jokes and conundrums. But perhaps the correction has come too late, and you have already been a sufferer through this unlucky mis-spelling. If this, unfortunately, is so, remembering that you have hardly yet recovered from the effects of similar attacks, I shall not be surprised to hear that your physician has insisted on perfect rest and quiet for you and Toby, and that you have both gone to the sea-side.

GROWLER.

"RICH AND RARE."

A VERY valuable cargo is coming to us from the other side of the Atlantic, a very precious freight,—no less than "One Thousand Gems, from the REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER." No paste amongst them, we hope.



REAL DARING.

M'Phusky (Scotch Partner). "ANY WAR NEWS THIS MORNING, BROWN?"
Brown (English ditto). "WELL, FREIGHTS ARE LOW, MONEY SEEMS TO BE TIGHT, AND CONSOLS HAVE FALLEN TWO—"
M'Phusky. "NA, BUT WAR NEWS, I MEAN."
Brown (risking the operation). "WELL, YOU WOULDN'T WISH TO HEAR WAUR NEWS THAN THAT, WOULD YOU?"

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

WITH the *Rivals* at the Haymarket. Haven't enjoyed a performance for a long time so much as this. *Falkland* and *Julia* are bores, but they always were; and we don't see *Howe* to get over the difficulty, except by introducing the knife—knife-and-Falkland—and cutting out both characters.

Ere this the *Rivals* has yielded to the new Fairy Comedy, of which, perhaps, hereafter more. After the *Rivals* came a piece, called *Uncle's Will*, which being by MR. SMITH, is, probably, not from the French. This piece is evidently designed to give the old Haymarket favourite, MR. ROGERS, a part worthy of his fame and acknowledged talents. Seldom has this accomplished comedian been seen to such advantage. But in our admiration for this gentleman's finished impersonation of —(the name of the character has escaped our memory), we must not forget the acting of MR. and MRS. KENDAL, i.e., MISS MADGE ROBERTSON.

Not a flaw in it. Charming drawing-room piece (and let us hope drawing-house piece), deserving a little theatre all to itself, and a large audience of intellectual attainments from the two-shilling standard upwards. The *Uncle's Will* is merely a scene in a comedy, just enough, and not too much.

THE RIVALS.

In the Stalls at the Haymarket.

Servant (on Stage announces to CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE), "MR. ACRES is below" (and is told by CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE to admit him).

Buzz of excitement all round the house. Hum of "Here's BUCKSTONE coming!" Ladies in Stalls hide their smiles behind fans, and commence a struggle with their laughter. The Pit grins. The Boxes turn to

A LOVE-SONG BY A SULKY SUITOR.

COME, live with me and be my wife,
 And we will quarrel all our life:
 A favour when you'd have me grant,
 I briefly shall reply, "I shan't."

When out of town you wish to go,
 My answer will be simply "No;"
 And when you want in town to stay,
 By way of change I'll answer "Nay."

If in the park you'd ride or walk,
 I'll do my best your whim to baulk:
 And when you wish your calls to make,
 Elsewhere your steps I'll bid you take.

Whene'er we meet, my joy 'twill be
 To quarrel with your family:
 My fun at your best friends I'll poke,
 And fill your drawing-room with smoke.

If a pet lap-dog you would keep,
 I will molest him in his sleep;
 Give him hard biscuit for his meals,
 And kick him if he howls or squeals.

In short, I'll contradict, dispute,
 Wrangle, find fault, and be a brute:
 Have my own way in all I do,
 And never think of pleasing you.

If, then, a husband you would have,
 Who'll ever treat you as his slave,
 And make you wretched all your life,
 Come, live with me and be my wife.

TO C.E.'s.

MRS. MALAPROP's youngest son, the Civil Engineer, is at present in India, so she has no one to tell her what the gentleman meant who has lately been reading a paper all about the Coffeedams which were used in making the Thames Embankment. She would be glad to know where she could get a good cup.

MALAPROPIANA.

AFTER reading COUNT BISMARCK's description of Paris as "a madhouse full of monkeys," MRS. MALAPROP observed that she thought it only natural that the Parisians should resort to a gorilla warfare.

one another and repeat "Here's BUCKSTONE!" and, as it were, settle themselves down to real enjoyment. Enter BUCKSTONE. Immense applause. He regards the audience without speaking. Roars. Policeman in the Pit smiles patronisingly on the people around, then leans elegantly against the wall, as if he'd got orders from his medical adviser not to laugh too much or he might injure himself.

Lover (to the object of his affection in the next Stall). If, my dearest, you would only— (Is obliged to look at BUCKSTONE and grin.)

Object of his Affections (attending only to BUCKSTONE, and feeling it necessary to apologise for her laughter). I always laugh when I see BUCKSTONE.

[Gives way. Love-making at a discount, to be resumed when FALKLAND and JULIA appear.

Elderly Lady (shaking with laughter). He is so absurd.

Languid Swell (trying to keep his countenance by adopting the ingenious method of looking at nobody in particular through his lorgnette). Y-a-a-s—he is doosid amusing, only I've seen him so often—that—(BUCKSTONE winks. End of Swell.) Ha! ha! ha! (is doubled up with laughing.)

Critical Habitue (laughing). I can't help laughing to see how every one laughs at BUCKSTONE. But after all—

Goes scientifically into the subject to show when the mode of producing laughter is "legitimate," and when not.

Gentleman from the Country (who has been crying with laughter, apologises.) You'll think it very strange (to an acquaintance), but I've Never Seen BUCKSTONE before.

[Several people hear this confession, and turn round and stare at the Extraordinary Man who had never seen BUCKSTONE, and confessed it!!!

Elderly Gentleman (who has brought his nephew to see "one of the fine old comedies, Sir," and treated a friend.) There's dialogue for you, Sir. Eh? Capital! Sir Anthony is CHIPPENDALE.

His Friend. MRS. CHIPFENDALE is too handsome for the "weather-beaten old she-dragon," MRS. MALAPROP.

Critical Habitue (joining in). True. She gives her mistakes very artistically, because with evident unconsciousness that there's anything wrong in her "nice derangement of epitaphs."

Then follows the "Uncle's Will."

Entrance of MR. ROGERS.

Gentleman who'd never seen BUCKSTONE before (to his next stall neighbour). I beg your pardon, Sir. Is that—BUCKSTONE?

His Neighbour (indignantly). No (mollifying in remembrance of his never having before, &c.); that's ROGERS. (Points the name out in the bill.)

[Everybody applauds, and MR. KENDAL and MISS (MRS.) MADGE ROBERTSON (KENDAL) are deservedly "called" twice before the curtain (no humbug about it) to receive quite an ovation.

For ourselves, we were so much struck by the confession of the Gentleman from the Country that we, contrary to all precedent, could not refrain from getting into conversation with The Man who'd Never Seen BUCKSTONE! We gave him a cigar, and shared a dozen oysters with him at the *café*, next door, which he visited then for the first time, he said, in his life. He left us there, his last words being that he should go every night and see BUCKSTONE, and make up for lost time.

Having occasion to refer to our purse, in order to defray the supper expenses, and to our cigar-case for another havanna, we could not find them. Explanation and references. Awkward, but necessary.

P.S. Purse found (empty). Cigar-case, name and address in it, also, empty. Identified them, by appointment with the police, at Bow Street. In the dock, on a charge of robbing old ladies in omnibuses, was *The Man who had Never Seen Buckstone before.*

A warning!

WAR NEWS.

MARSHAL BAZAINE interviewed by our Own Cockalorum, CAPTAIN DINGWELL. Specially communicated.



OWN RESPECTED,

THIS Gay Militaire has left the seat of War—we were sitting down before Paris at Versailles—and took a run over to Cassel to see the illustrious BAZAINE, and corkscrew the truth, and nothing but the truth, out of him somehow. This Honest Soldier, meaning Yours Truly, couldn't bear to think of a gallant Marshal being suspected, which he were, vous comprenny. So Your Own goes to propose corkscrew to him, and a fantasia on the pumps, which came off in the Marshal's own smoking-room. And here's the merry-go-round for you, all there.

Your Own enters, salutes in the true militaire style.

Your Own. Sir to you, Sir; and Sir to you again, Sir, 'arter that (pleasant as possible).

Your Own enters, salutes in the true militaire style.

Bazaine. Asseyez-vous, mon Capitaine. (Sit down, my Captain.) Comment vous portez vous? (How do you do?)

Your Own. Tray bang (very well), merci (thanks), mon Cockalorum très distingué (my Cockalorum very distinguished), et (and); here Your Own took a chair comment êtes-vous, tous, chez vous? (How are you all, at home?)

The Marshal ain't that Alexander the Great you'd expect. His hair is as white as the Chilly prisoner's was, and there's a peculiar expression in his left eye, when he winks at you, which makes you see at once that he's all there when the bell rings, and into scale saddle and stirrups.

Marshal. Si vous voulez que nous causions un peu ensemble, avec plaisir. (If you will that we chat a little together—why, with pleasure.) Est-ce que vous fumes? (Is it that you smoke?)

Your Own. Brave Hero de Metz (brave hero of Metz), j'y tout suis (I am all there).

We lighted up and puffed in silence. "Buons!" cried the gay and gallant, ringing the bell. (Let's drink.)

"Let's!" says I.

Moisteners was the word, Sir.

"Now my Conquered Hero," says Your Own, "let's know all about it. How was you to-day, and how were you to-morrow, and O dear what can the matter be?"

Marshal Bazaine. Je vous prie (I you pray) approchez vous du feu (approach you of the fire). Et, mon Capitaine, maintenant (and now, my Captain) nous aurons des grogs (we will have some grogs.)

The gay and festive sitting was thus begun. After a few preliminary questions as to his having been vaccinated in accordance with the provisions of the Act, and as to his having had the measles early, whooping-cough, scarlatina, chicken-pox, and so forth,—

"Now," says this intelligent and light-hearted Soldier, "Y'a-t-il longtemps que vous exercez la profession de Maréchal de France?" (Is it a long time that you exercise the profession of Marshal of France?)

[By the way, Your Own Light-hearted Soldier being no end at languages generally, but not parleyvooing in that greased-wheel style which is his forte in German, hit upon the admirable plan of an interleaved Conversation Book, as a sort of easy question-putter; and this Ingenious Militaire selected a chapter on "Engaging Servants," which, with a little fitting up and arranging, and a touch or two of Your Own's peculiar mixture, came in quite the correct card, my Noble Marquis.]

"Oui, mon Capitaine," he answered. (Yes, my Captain.) "Encore des grogs?" (More grogs.)

Your Own. Mon galant Cockalorum, (this is my own French,) Quel âge avez-vous? (How old are you? That's from the Conversation Book.)

Marshal (accurately). J'ai— (But that's a secret. The downy old Hero also hinted at the date of his birthday. Wasn't he tickling for presents? But this Acute Soldier's name is sometimes Walker on the Grampian Hills.)

Your Own. Êtes vous marié?

Marshal (sighing). Oui. (Yes.)

[More grogs.]

Your Own. Savez-vous monter à cheval? (Do you know how to go on horseback?)

Marshal (indignantly). Moi! (Me!—not that Lindley Murray he might be, eh?) (Emphatically) Non. (No.)

[More grogs.]

Your Own. Savez-vous panser un cheval? (Do you know how to take care of a horse?)

Marshal. Très bien. (Jocosely) Je prends garde d'un cheval, toujours. (Cheers, tears, and laughter. More grogs.)

Your Own. Eh bien! mon invulnerable Jo Miller de Metz, êtes vous toujours propre et bien habillé? (Are you always quite the Noble Marquis and well costumed?)

Marshal (smirking). Oui. (Yes.)

Your Own (pointedly). Why did you come out of Metz, my Unsubdued Cockalorum?

Marshal (winking knowingly). 'Cos I didn't stay in. [Takes grogs.]

Your Own (having noted down the above answer). Now, then, my Conquered Hero, weren't you horrid bustled when the Frooshians came?

Marshal (much affected). Horrid.

[More grogs.]

Your Own (wiping a trickler from his manly cheek, and passing the bottle). Don't cry, my Vanquished Cockalorum! There's more (alluding to the trickler) where that came from. Now, look here. Weren't your officers and men all over the shop (tout sur le magasin)?

Marshal (proudly). Oui, mon Capitaine. (Yes, my Captain.)

[More grogs.]

Your Own (sternly). Vous grisez-vous? (Are you given to drinking?) The Marshal (at his tenth grog—enthusiastically). Oui! Vive l'Empereur!

"Hooray!" says Your Own, ever ready to sympathise with misfortune; and round the room we went to a festive measure which this Gay Marquis carolled.

"A bas BISMARCK!" shouted the Hero, dancing.

"Bah, bah, black sheep, or Blackheath!" cries this wild child of Nature's own regiment.

"Encore des grogs!" shouted the gallant Conquered Hero, disappearing beneath the three-legged mahogany. So Your Own left him alone in his glory.

And now you've had the truth from the Marshal's own lips, don't you believe anything about American Correspondents having "interviewed" the Hero, as this is the only full, true, and particular account.

This Gay Marquis is back to VILLUM again. Swagger a bit, and put on "side" in the streets of the gay Versailles. The Hereditary Grand owes me a fiver. Will you discount the same for

Your Own,

DINGWELL.

P.S. I mentioned my affaire de cœur, didn't I? No go. Rather too much "side" on. Let other lips and other hearts their tales of love, et cetera. Not me, GEORGE.

THE BRUTE CREATION.—Husbands who beat their Wives.



BENEVOLENT NEUTRALS.

First Newsboy. "ER' T' ARE, SIR. SE-COND 'DITION. STARVATION IN PARIS!"
[Whistles popular air.]

Second Ditto. "GAE OOT WI' YE! THIR-RUD EDITION OF THE NORTHERN
LIGHT. REFUSE O' THE PROOSHANS!"

Third Ditto (with a yell). "YAH! HERE'S THE LATEST TILIGRAMS. GARRIBANDI BATEN ALL TO SMITHEREENS! VICT'RY O' THE FRINCH, AN' MORE KILT AN' WOUNDED THAN BOTH O' YE PUT TOGETHER!"

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

AT THE VAUDEVILLE.—The character of *Elizabeth*—not the Princess of *Aze and Crown*, but the "Good" *QUEEN BESS* as drawn by FROUDE, LINGARD, and MISS STRICKLAND—is a fair subject for burlesque. The skittish Queen who drank old ale, called her courtiers nicknames, boxed the ears of the EARL OF ESSEX, struck her waiting ladies, and danced and flirted at the age of fifty, could find no representative of her own sex on the stage, and falls, therefore, fitly into the hands of MR. THORNE. The *Whiskerandos* of MR. JAMES belongs, as it did in SHERIDAN'S *Critic*, only to burlesque, and he is immensely funny. The Lord High Admiral, *Sir Francis Drake*, has a marvellous make-up, and in this part MR. HONEY makes good use of his "profound bass." The piece has been written partly in prose, partly in rhyming couplets, and partly in blank verse, the author's intention being to break through the arbitrary rule which had hitherto compelled the writer of burlesque to fetter himself with jingling couplets. The first attempt of this kind was made in the *Frightful Heir* at the Haymarket, and followed up by the *Princess* at the Olympic. By the way, actresses who undertake burlesque parts, would do well to take a lesson from MISS NEWTON'S performance of *Sir Walter Raleigh*; it is played by using her head, and not her legs only. The part-song, "*Down in the Valley*," is admirably sung, and is deservedly encored. It is a pity that English taste will not support *opéra bouffe*; *Elizabeth* would have offered an excellent opportunity for an Offenbachian piece. Perhaps, as the melodramatic ruffian observes, "A time will come"—and exit.

OLYMPIC.—The *Old Curiosity Shop* does not lend itself to dramatic treatment. *Little Nell* and her *Old Grandfather* are, in the story, perpetually living in a vale of tears, and the Child, like *Master Paul*

THE PHILOSOPHER'S JOY.

WITH daily pleasure I peruse
The movements of the rich and great,
Conning the fashionable news,
Which to my betters doth relate.
A certain sense of mild delight,
As runs mine eye the column down,
The gentle names of them excite,
Arriving in, or leaving town.

Myself I fancy in the place
Of one of those, the Social Best;
And O, I think, were that my case,
How thoroughly should I be blest!
O heaven, to have, on income sure,
A handsome Income-tax to pay,
A house above my head secure,
And three meals certain every day!

To be in decent garb arrayed,
And keep a hospitable board,
Yet never feel a bit afraid,
'Twas more than Prudence would afford.
O rapture, to bestride a steed,
Or in a carriage to recline,
And think "This is my horse indeed—
Ha, ha! this vehicle is mine!"

Now, by imagining all this,
I cease awhile with care to groan,
And do enjoy another's bliss
By making it appear my own.
It is a precious gift to be
Endowed with a benignant mind,
Which happy always renders me,
Happy when I behold my kind.

"Bella, horrida Bella!"

THE Spanish Cortes indulged itself with a remarkable row on the day PRINCE AMADEUS was elected King. The President ZORRILLA broke two silver bells in his efforts to ring down the rioters, and then sent for a huge brass bell with which members are summoned to divisions. Armed with this portentous weapon, he stunned the malcontents. Imagine the Speaker of the House of Commons raging like an angry dustman and ringing wildly for order, and then sending for Big Ben.

Dombey, seems to have been killed because she was getting troublesome as she grew up and got older.

Granting this, *Little Nell* is perhaps about as well dramatised as it could be, and is certainly in capital hands, that is, as regards the leading personages in the drama. MR. BELMORE'S *Old Grandfather* is, we venture to say, DICKENS'S conception to the life, and the same remark applies to the *Quilp* of MR. CLARKE, than whom no one on the stage could play it better. His *Quilp* is an awful little demon, a snarling, wicked, cruel, ugly lump of deformity: add but a heavy supper after the play, and if *Quilp* doesn't haunt your perturbed sleep then never again trust the nightmare powers of a Lobster salad.

MISS FLORENCE TERRY has made her first appearance here in the by no means easy rôle of *Little Nell*. She is very promising.

Now for our before-the-Curtain Story of

NELL.

Attentive Person in Stalls. I've never read *The Old Curiosity Shop*.
Well-Informed Friend. Ah! you ought to have. Can't understand the piece unless you've read the book.

Sensitive Lady (at the appearance of Quilp). O! what a dreadful creature.

Attentive Person (to Well-Informed Friend). Who's this? (Alluding to FRED TRENT, who enters with DICK SWIVELLER).

Well-Informed Friend. That's (refers to the bill) Fred Trent.

Attentive Person. What does he do?

Well-Informed Friend. Well, he—O, you ought to have read the book. [They attend to the piece.]

After Act II.

Attentive Person. Why does *Quilp* follow *Nell*, and her *Grandfather*?
Well-Informed Person (bore). My dear fellow, if you'd only read the book—

Attentive Person. But I haven't. What is the reason? I can't make it out from the play.

Well-Informed Friend. Well—(thinks)—*Quilp*, I suppose, follows them—(thinks again)—because—(honestly)—well, the fact is, I never could make out what the story was, in the book.

[*Attentive Person is satisfied.*]

ACT IV.

Critical Habit. MISS JOHNSTONE plays the *Marchioness* capitally.

Sensitive Lady. Yes. But O that *Quilp*!

Last Scene in the Snow.

[*Sensitive Lady* (seeing *NELLY* going up to heaven among angels, and her Grandfather kneeling below on a tombstone), looks nervously round, then wipes her right eye, then her left, then puts up her fan. Ladies generally cough slightly, and use pocket-handkerchiefs and fans.

Attentive Person (suffering from *hysterica passio*, thinks to himself). Glad the lights are down. [Wipes his eyes furtively with one finger, and when the lights are full on again smiles cheerfully.

Critical Habit. Ah! Yes. Seen it done in *Queen Katharine's* death at the Princess's and *Faust*. (To *Lady*.) It made you cry.

Sensitive Lady Yes, I— (apologises) couldn't help it. (*Habit* had carefully used his *lorgnettes* when the touching part came.)

People generally, and Ladies in particular, on leaving the Theatre). O that *Quilp*!

STRAWBERRY LEAVES.

A SELECTION FROM THE VERY LATEST LETTERS OF THE HONOURABLE HORACE WALPOLE, OF STRAWBERRY HILL. FAVOURED BY OUR PRIVATE SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

You ask for news, my good Sir. What news should there be? I can send you a *bagatelle* or so. I can just inform you that England is ruined, that we are going to war with Russia, America, and half-a-dozen other powerful and well-armed nations, against whom we shall oppose an Army that would rather crowd my blue-room, and a Navy that would not seriously incommode the gold-fish in my pond. Shall I give you six months to see England a province, or shall I haggle for eight? It is not worth wrangle. The interesting question is whose slaves we are to be. Will Mr. Gladstone be left in office as Count Gladstonoff, or will he be superseded in favour of the Honourable George Frederick Train? The White Sea, or the White House, from which shall our new ruler come? You tell me we should not "despair of the Republic." True; but we are not a Republic.

Meantime, though *la situation ne manque pas de gravité*, let us laugh, by all means. Man is the only laughing animal—he is proud, and snubs his poor first cousin the hyena, in spite of family likeness—and to laugh must therefore be manly. We lack no provocation to mirth, surely, with a savage war devastating the Continent, and another preparing for ourselves. Was it Crassus who never laughed? Pooh, my dear Sir, he lived in Pagan days, and knew not what sport meant. I am Democritus. We live in the Christian era, when men love one another, and show it.

What can I tell you, but these levities? Do you care to know that a King who ought to be in Rome prefers to linger outside it, and amuse himself with an American wild-beast circus, which his Majesty ordered, by telegraph, to await his royal coming? Also, that he had leisure to be enchanted with a couple of lion-pups, given him by the Yankee showman? This is the aspirant to the throne of the Cæsars—my beautiful busts of them blushed for him, when I read out the paragraph. O, you don't care about Kings. Very well, but how much higher must I go? Will you have details from the Criminal Courts? There is nothing there. The culprits are as stupid and unimaginative as if they stole plays instead of spoons. Our highest Court of all is solemnly engaged in considering whether a Brighton parson may wear a *bilette*. Therefore, with bishops and archbishops and all the company of the heavenly-minded, the Keeper of the Conscience is sitting to sentence Geoffrey Muffinap for putting on his cap in church. Since my dear old Palmerston's story of the great engineer who erected a steam-engine to draw the cork of a ginger-beer bottle, sure nothing has been so droll. Yes, there is something droller. None of them see it. *Oculos habent et—so forth.* But you ask me what is a *bilette*? Alas! I never saw one. But 'tis thought to be a hatter's translation of *nimbus*. Are you wiser?

A good little bird told me that sundry native and imported dukes, and the like, were coming to see me on Tuesday; so I left Margaret's ghost in charge, and flew to Brighton. The first person I met was my Butcher, the second my Baker, and the third my Candlestick-maker. However, they were better than the home-grown and exotic dukes. I saw many handsome faces, at least as much of them as the owners did not conceal with paint (which is, you must know, their way of being modest), but I would not be presented, though several dowagers

were ready to be hailed. At sixty, one cannot pay compliments, or if one does, it is at one's peril. When saying pretty things, stop, if you hear yourself laughing at yourself—it is an *echo*.

As they have not water enough to be seen for nothing at Brighton, they are making an Aquarium, where they will pay to see water with every kind of sea-beast in it. I submitted a motto for it from *Hudibras*—

"For as on earth there is no beast
But in some fish in sea's expressed,
So in the wicked there's no vice
Of which the saints have not a spice."

But it failed to please. Butler is not witty enough for the present generation, whose divine mirth loves blacking on the face and slang on the lip. Butler, however, need not pout in Elysium. *Othello* has no chance now unless he be really the thick-lips, and sing Yankee tunes. You and I, my dear Sir, remember when thoughtful acting, and judicious delivery of splendid poetry, would fill a playhouse. But do not say this aloud, or you will be called a *laudator temporis acti*. It is safer to smile with fools than at them.

Bless the newspapers for one thing! they state the weather every day. To be sure this is a heartless and wholesale robbery of a Briton's conversational stock, but Master Dishonesty is in fashion now, and walks in new silver slippers presented by the Emperor of the Russias. Moreover, I know nothing about the weather, except that I refuse to recognise it. The Sun (if there be one still in the firmament) can play no tricks with me. I have yellow glass windows which extort sunshine as easily as our rulers extort Income-tax; and whether he looks coldly on me or not, I care not; my private sun comes from Newcastle. But I suppose there is weather, and that it is execrable and unwholesome; for whenever I look out I see doctors galloping over the country, seeking whom they can hinder from getting well, and smiling their thanks to the unbenevolent skies. Thank you, we have no sickness, except that daily produced by reading the murders committed by Kings and Generals, and that I cure with a dose of Dante's first volume, varied at times with a certain Vision of Don Quevedo, who went down and saw all the Kings.

Adore my happy quotation! It comes into use again after eighty years. There was a certain young lady who was particularly desirous to wed the son of the Duke of Abergyle, and in my letter to the delightful Miss Berrys, on the 2d June, 1791, I called her "the Maiden all For-Lorn." I perceive that our friend *Punch* has been much afflicted with this jest lately, but I acquit any one who sent it him of knowing much about me or my writings.

I make no rash promises of correspondence. I leave such things to young school-girls, who are not responsible creatures. But if anything worth telling occurs—if there is a fall of thrones, stocks, or meteor-stones, you may expect to hear from

Your devoted,

HORACE WALPOLE.

AN UNLUCKY APPOINTMENT.



PUNCH, my bosom friend and confidential adviser, I did congratulate you, seven days ago, on your escape from the "Battle of Baccan"—when lo! the ink was hardly dry before the election of COLONEL HOOD to the Chairmanship of the Metropolitan Board of Works made me tremble again for your safety. I fear

you must have suffered this time. It is hoping against hope to suppose that any punster could withstand the temptation offered by the new Chairman's provoking name. Indeed, I feel sure that long before this note of condolence brings its comfort, you and the letter-carrier of the district in which your official residence is situated must have said very hard things of the hour in which the Board, too regardless of the comfort of others, made such a fatal choice.

Has not the inkshed been enormous? You will, of course, give statistics. I am glad that it is not hot weather. How earnestly you must hope that the Chairman of the new School Board for London will not have a name upon which jokes can be founded! Meanwhile, sustain yourself in this season of trial and suspense with the reflection that there is one who feels for you in your sympathising

GROWLER.

THE FITTEST FOOD FOR POWDER.



WITH the very natural feelings of an officer and a gentleman, GENERAL CODRINGTON, writing in the *Times*, denounces the enlistment into the Army, from Luton, of habitual criminals. The General says:—

“‘Habitual’ criminal means, I believe, a felon—the thief, the forger, the garrotter, the incendiary, the burglar, or the perpetrator of other crimes—the term is not limited to the mild ‘chicken tealer.’”

The authorities charged by GENERAL CODRINGTON with utilising live sewage by converting it into soldiers, are the Luton Magistrates. “They had,” he ob-

serves, “their moral cesspool to empty,” and they emptied it into the Army. Rubbish, the General thinks, must not be shot there. Unhappily he is right. An Army, such as the British, must needs be composed of valuable materials. Alas, that they should be liable to be shot, and not the rubbish. But so it is. We cannot depend upon an army of blackguards in these days. Long ago, indeed, a great Commander told his Commonwealth that, for soldiers, “we want men who have a conscience of what they do.” Now, more than ever, do we need the salt and not the scum of the earth to fight our battles—the battles forced upon us by foreign burglars and garotters in the wholesale line. But, O what a pity this is, and what a bore! How grievous it seems that we cannot put our scoundrels to use by employing them in the hardest work that has to be done. Military active service is oftentimes more painful than penal servitude. If any member of the community must needs suffer the torments which have to be endured by wounded soldiers, who should they be but the criminal classes? Who but they are the proper persons to undergo the severest hardships and privations that any man can, and some must? If there must be food for powder, of whom ought it to consist but brutes who are good for nothing else? The impossibility of making them available for that material seems to be an anomaly in the nature of things. Why is convict labour inadequate to military service? Is it, possibly, because war is an evil avoidable by wise and just counsels; a calamity which people always owe to either their fault or their folly?

War would have some visible use, like that of thunderstorms which clear the air, if belligerent nations could use up their rogues and ruffians by setting them to fight together. In that case some appropriate alterations could be satisfactorily made in military nomenclature. Regiments, brigades, and battalions might be named after rascals of special kinds. The British Army might then have its larceniers; for example, its horse and sheep stealers, its footpads, its light and heavy felony, and so on. If it were but practicable to reorganise our Army on the basis of the regimental system above indicated, war would in some measure be a blessing. It would enable us to utilise our moral sewage according to the deserts thereof, by disposing of it on the field of battle.

A CONJUGAL TRANSACTION;

OR, THE WIFE'S PROPERTY.

SCENE. Breakfast Table—MR. and MRS. HENCOCK.

Mrs. Hen. When do you mean to pay me that £10?

Hen. What £10?

Mrs. Hen. Why, that £10 you borrowed of me to help pay your tailor's bill. I've got your note of hand for it.

Hen. But that was last Christmas.

Mrs. Hen. Very well.

Hen. I don't owe it you now, then. It's barred by the Statute of Limitations.

Mrs. Hen. Fiddle-de-dee! The Statute of Limitations is six years.

Hen. Appoints six years, dear. A statute is one thing, and a term of years is another.

Mrs. Hen. You know what I mean, very well.

Hen. What I mean you don't perhaps know.

Mrs. Hen. What do you mean?

Hen. To me last Christmas seems full six years ago. Every month has been at least a year morally.

Mrs. Hen. Yah! Morally. When you refuse to pay your just debts. Talk of morality—you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I'll tell you what—if you don't pay the money, principal and interest, by to-morrow morning, I shall instruct my solicitor to proceed against you in the County Court. So there!

Hen. 'Pon my word, I haven't the money by me just now. But there's an instalment (offers a coin).

Mrs. Hen. That, indeed! Stop, though. Give it me (snatches it away from him). A shilling (rings it on the table). 'Tis a bad one. You false wretch, you! I'll be as good as my word. I'll County-Court you, I will.

Hen. Serve me right for having once courted you.

Mrs. Hen. You courted me for money.

Hen. So you threaten to court me.

Mrs. Hen. Yes, but not for your money—for my own. I'll make you pay. I'll get judgment. I'll distrain.

Hen. On what? Your own furniture?

Mrs. Hen. On your walking-stick. On your gun. On your cigars. I'll have you committed, and sent to gaol.

Hen. You can't get blood out of a post.

Mrs. Hen. Post! You know your own value, then.

Hen. Talking of post, come—Uncle John's little property is settled on me—I'll give you a post-obit.

Mrs. Hen. Your Uncle John may live these dozen years—I want my money now.

Hen. What for?

Mrs. Hen. What's that to you? Now women have got their rights—that is, a few of them—they are not going to allow their husbands to pry into their circumstances and what they are going to do with their property.

Hen. No, dearest; but it may be the privilege of a fond consort to make a suggestion, and to offer disinterested advice. With regard to that little sum of £10, I acknowledge the debt. I have been joking. It was foolish of me; but never mind—I will write you a cheque at once for the £10 if you like; but you can do better than take that. Suppose you convert the debt into an investment?

Mrs. Hen. In what way?

Hen. Let the money remain in my hands, on legal security, bearing interest. I will give you 5 per cent.

Mrs. Hen. What's the security?

Hen. Freehold. The little garden attached to this cottage is my own. Your security, love, shall be a part of the land. You shall have a mortgage on its most productive portion; the asparagus bed.

Mrs. Hen. Can I trust you?

Hen. Don't ask me. Consult your solicitor. Ten pounds at five per cent. will be ten shillings a year, a nice little sum for pocket-money, and there will be the principal in case anything should happen to me, to be realised if you want it; anyhow a nice little provision for the future.

Mrs. Hen. You are sure you will pay me the interest punctually?

Hen. Will I pay my rates and taxes? To be sure. And if I don't, then you can foreclose.

Mrs. Hen. Four what? Clothes! How do you mean?

Hen. Oh, ho! (laughing) your lawyer will tell you all about that. I should mention one thing: you know I shall be able to pay off the £10 at any time if I like.

Mrs. Hen. O yes.

Hen. But then, of course, you would cease to receive interest.

Mrs. Hen. H'm!

Hen. There, never mind. I shall be quite willing to do what you like, for that matter. So perhaps you might find it convenient to put another £10 to the investment, and make it twenty, and I can mortgage you the cabbage-bed as well. Eh?

Mrs. Hen. I hardly know what to say.

Hen. Say yes, Kizzy, as you spoke that word once, when (his voice falters)—when (mentally, aside) you answered a fool according to his folly.

Mrs. Hen. Very well, then, yes if you like.

Hen. Once again Affection answers in the affirmative, and I am a happy man. Do you happen to have a ten-pound note about you?

Mrs. Hen. (producing a portemonnaie). I think I have. Yes (pulls out a bank-note). Here. (He offers to take it.) Not so fast. Wait till the mortgage deed is drawn up, ducky.

Hen. Goosey, rather. I ought to have known I was dealing with a woman of business. I'll give you another note of hand (writes) for the money meanwhile. There (handing acknowledgment).

Mrs. Hen. And there (she gives him the bank-note).

Hen. That is all right. Let the necessary legal documents be prepared as soon as possible; in the meantime permit me to seal our little contract—so (kissing her). A good husband requires no statute to compel him to respect the rights of women.

Curtain.



LITERAL !

"NOW, THAT'S YOUR RIGHT FARE, CABMAN. I HAPPEN TO KNOW IT'S WITHIN THREE YARDS OF THE TWO MILES."

"AH! YOU MAY TALK O' MAKIN' MONEY GO A LONG WAY! I NEVER KNEW A LADY MAKE A SHILLUN GO SO FAR BEFORE!"

JOHN BULL'S MIND ON THE MATTER.

I DON'T want to fight, but I'll fight if I must;
And I must, if to fight is my duty.
And my duty, just now, is my veto to thrust—
Fist, if need be,—'twixt Bear and his booty.

FROUDE, FREEMAN, and MILL, may all argue their fill,
That to fight in this quarrel is frantic;
That all I shall get by 't in Europe's ill-will,
And a back-trip from o'er the Atlantic.

Though the gains of upholding pledged faith be but far gains,
The loss, purse and personal, nigh,
Still I hold they that make can alone unmake bargains,
That what sev'n tied one cannot untie.

When the CZAR says he's free his engagements to shirk,
My reply, firm if bland, must be "No;"
And if, after that, he make free with the Turk,
I must follow my word with a blow.

I have counted the cost, and I know 'twill be heavy,
With a muddle I'm safe to begin;
I've an army to organise after I levy,
And the piper to pay, lose or win!

But there *are* things more costly than going to war,
And such are good faith and fair fame;
And there's one loss than all war can bring worse by far—
That's to lose caste, and not feel it shame.

In *Geist's* strength MATTHEW ARNOLD may dub me Philistine,
BRIGHT against me league Manchester school:
War is waste; it is peace to my mill that brings grist in:
I am hot, when 'twould pay to be cool:

But a treaty's a treaty for all who set hands to 't:

And while Turkey fears Bear's sudden spring,
As JOHN BULL then gave *his* undertaking, he stands to 't,
And for gage, FLINGS HIS HAT IN THE RING.

JUSTICE TO THE BEAR.

It is surely to the credit of England, that at a time when the Bear is about the most unpopular of animals with us, the strong arm of the law is stretched out to protect him. At Kingston, the other day, two Germans who had been torturing a poor old blind bear in order to "amuse" sundry spectators, were seized on a warrant by the authorities, and the Mayor, MR. HARDMAN, inflicted a heavy fine upon the wretches. We wish that he could have given them a flogging as well, if only for the defence they had the impudence to set up. "There is no law against ill-treating a ferocious animal." This poor old bear was not ferocious at all, but if he had been, he would have been rendered so by a cruelly short chain and brutal beating. *Mr. Punch* fears that there is a great deal of this kind of thing going on in low-class provincial shows, and he hereby encourages the police to hunt up such cases, and hunt down the malefactors; and he further encourages all Magistrates before whom the culprits may be brought to imitate the Kingston example. It is bad enough to import a poor beast, and keep him, ill-fed in a narrow "den of little ease," without torturing him that his yells may entertain a gang of animals much inferior to himself.

The Great Busy B.

THE *Pall Mall* lately contained the announcement that:—

"COUNT BISMARCK was a little unwell the other day, but is now himself again."

BIZZY is therefore able to attend to his business. Wouldn't Paris be glad if he would go about it?

A NEEDLESS QUESTION.—"Do you want a Loan?"



THE RUSSIAN GAROTTER.

RUSSIA. "NO ONE LOOKING! NOW'S THE TIME TO HIT HIM!"

[But BULGARIA is "all there" round the corner.]

NEIGHBOURLY NOTIONS;



WHAT a blessed privilege is that of knowing what our dear foreign friends and neighbours are accustomed to say about us! Perpend these extracts from certain "Notes from France" in the *Post* :—

"In the first place there is no doubt about the people of France feeling intensely satisfied at the prospect of England being dragged into a war, which the language of LORD GRANVILLE, in their estimation, renders highly

probable. It will, they exclaim, estrange England from Prussia, and oblige England to approach France. . . . Other papers are very practical in their observations. They say, 'If England wants to save France to assist her in fighting Russia, let her take a serious resolution, and land at any of our ports a considerable number of artillery guns, munitions, and 100,000 men. In six weeks there would not be a Prussian in France.'

More probably a great deal there would not be an Englishman. Our little contingent would, in six weeks' time, have been annihilated. This would be a hopeful way, indeed, for a commencement, of going to war with Russia. The old English doggerel saw used to say :—

"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin."

If we were to take French advice, we might adapt the ancient rhyme to present circumstances, somewhat thus :—

"If you mean to vanquish Russia,
First plunge into war with Prussia."

In continuation of the foregoing "Notes" we are told that :—

"You do not meet with a Frenchman who, when speaking of the somewhat insulting attitude of Russia towards England in her despatches concerning the revision of the Treaty, fails to exclaim, '*C'est bien fait!*'"

And the Note-writer adds :—

"This is very natural; if not benevolent, it is human nature, wicked human nature."

Foreign nature, rather—wicked foreign nature. No doubt it is natural enough for the average Frenchman to rejoice in the prospect that we English, hating war as we do the Author of war, shall be obliged to engage in it against our will. It is natural for the Frenchman as a foreigner. But, if natural of him as a foreigner, it is, just now, rather stupid of him as a Frenchman. If we are to go to war with Russia, that undertaking will be business amply sufficient to engross all our attention. We shall have quite enough to do to mind our own business, and shall certainly not concern ourselves, if we can help it, with that of anybody else. France will not be the battle-ground on which we shall send troops to fight the Prussians when as many soldiers as we can spare will be wanted to fight the Russians elsewhere, and most likely to defend Canada against our kind American cousins. We shall be much too busily engaged even to take any opportunity which may present itself of trying to negotiate a peace between France and Germany. Our excellent French well-wishers, who say *c'est bien fait* that Russia has insulted us, will perhaps, on consideration, discern that, on the contrary, *c'est mal fait* as regards its likelihood to conduce to our giving them any assistance.

A DRAMATIC WARNING.

GAROTTERS belong to a class of persons mostly destitute of education. Some of that class, however, capable of reading, may be impressed with a salutary admonition by the announcement, in the playbills of the Royalty Theatre, of Mr. RESCE's new "civic" burlesque, entitled *Whittington Junior and his Sensation Cat*. The passing ruffian, able to make those words out, will very probably be reminded by them that he had better not commit robbery attended with violence, because, should he be convicted of that crime, he will have to experience the sensations excited by the instrumentality of that most disagreeable Sensation Cat, the Cat-o'-nine-tails.

To Correspondents.

PUNCH really does not undertake to answer questions which may be solved with the aid of a shilling dictionary. But having taken the trouble to say this, he may as well add for the benefit of the "group of gentlemen," that the word is spelt neither "Kerb," "Cerb," "Curb," nor "Kirb," but Kurb, though it is derived from the Latin *Curbum*, an edging, which is again derived from the Syriac "Coor-haim," used two or three times by HERODOTUS in his famous account of the Eleusinian Mysteries of Udolpho.

THE BEST "WAR NOTES."—Bank notes for the Sick and Wounded.

WHOM THE CAP FITS.

PURCHAS has a church, as
All folks know, at Brighton.
Creed, too, if you'll search, as,
He says, is *the* right 'un.
Rites he cometh various,
Which the Brighton talk are :
"CÆREMONIARIUS"
Eke he hath, called WALKER.*

Low-Church fiends exhibited
Articles 'gainst PURCHAS;
Wanted him inhibited,
False to English Church as !
And amongst the charges,
Made in this dead set a-
Gainst him, very large is
The Cap called *biretta*.

The cap called *biretta*
Black is and four-sided :
Skull-cap, called *zucchetto*,
It hath sewed inside it.
For its senses spiritual,
What 'tis round and square for,
WALKER see, his "Ritual
Reason why and wherefore."

For the ritual school's caps
BULL thinks he has found ones
With more point (as fools'-caps)
Than or square or round ones.
But should curious talker
Ask what's that *zucchetto*,
Which is worn (see WALKER)
Inside the *biretta*.

This is what he gleaneth—
Heads and roots are some kin—
That *zucchetto* meaneth
Simply, "little pumpkin."
Whence a fancy nimble
May, if faith but guide it,
See in cap a symbol
Of the head inside it.

PUNCH this exposition
WALKER gives, in season
For the Next Edition
Of his "Ritual Reason."
Not left in the lurch, as
Some books that cause talk are—
While there is a PURCHAS,
There'll be sale for WALKER !

Change 'twere for the better
If he dropped the story,
That *bir-* and *zuch etta*
Typify priests' glory.
And had substituted—
Type of truth more staring—
"Pumpkin-heads are suited
Pumpkin-caps for wearing."

* See this gentleman's letters on the *biretta* and *zucchetto* signed "C. WALKER CÆREMONIARIUS," of St. —, Brighton, author of *The Ritual Reason Why*."

Stable Advice.

THE wisest course to be pursued by a stable-minded gentleman who has a large landed estate, when he finds he runs a risk of ruining his property by his horse-racing proclivities, is to exercise at once his legal Right of Turbary, or of cutting the turf.

ALEXANDER NICOLAIJEFF.

OLD NICK, ALICK, OLD NICK's son;
Going on like OLD NICK YOUNG, NICK has begun.

"TIRED NATURE."—A Yawning Gulf.



BEREAVED.

First Pitman. "THOU HESSENT BEEN AT THE TOUN LATELY, GEORDIE. HOO'S THAT, MAN?"

Second Pitman. "THOU KNOWS THE DOG'S DEED, AND AW KENNET GETTEN ANOTHER; AN' A CHAP LEUKS SA FOND WIVOUT A DOG!"

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

No. IV.—MY AUNT'S GREAT POLICE CASE.

MR. SHARPLY I notice has a quick eye and a surprised head of hair, which gives one the idea of his having been interrupted in the process of being brushed by machinery.

He has a sharp, crisp manner, and is evidently inclined to be what people call "short" with everyone present—specially the Clerk and the Solicitors.

He stands up with the air of a man who is not to be badgered or put down, and places his hands on the table-desk in such a springy and elastic way as to suggest, that, on the slightest provocation, he will vault over, dash in among the papers and inkstands on the Solicitors' table, "scatter his enemies, and make them fall."

Everybody's breath is quite taken away by his sudden and unexpected appearance.

While animation, as it were, is being restored, MR. SHARPLY observes, rapidly, "Gentlemen, I regret the accident that brings me here. I have a great deal of business in the other Court which I haven't got through, and to which I must return. Therefore, I am sure I may rely upon you, Gentlemen, to assist in pushing on the business *here* as quickly as possible. Now, what is it?"

This sudden interrogation is addressed to a Solicitor who has risen in front of the Magistrate.

The Solicitor will not, he says, detain the Magistrate one second longer than he can help—

Here MR. SHARPLY cuts him short with, "Well, well, what is it? What's the case?"

"The fact is," says the Solicitor, evidently not accustomed to this way of doing business, "the fact is"—here he puts on his spectacles—"that I have an application to make to you, Sir,"—here he produces some papers, and MR. SHARPLY, who has been leaning forward on his elbows, as if to give him every attention, sets himself bolt upright again, as if determined to do nothing of the sort.

WHAT PRIDE SWALLOWS.

HORSES, donkeys, dogs, and cats,
Think of eating; mice and rats!
So in Paris people do,
By vainglory brought thereto.

Frenchmen may by choice eat frogs—
Eat, for hunger, cats and dogs:
Horse and donkey, may deem nice,
But can't relish rats and mice.

Fancy bow-wow, fancy mew,
In your curry or your stew;
Or salmi you could bespeak
By the name of bubble-and-squeak!

O the pleasures of a siege,
Come of warring for "prestige!"
Never to devouring rat
Let us be reduced by that.

Donkey for Dinner.

If horse is good to eat, donkey is twice as good. An ass in Paris sells for 600 francs; a horse fetches no more than 300 francs. Donkey is accounted a delicacy by the besieged Parisians; they call it *âne*, and it eats like veal. Thus at least says a voyager from Paris by way of balloon. The similitude of the taste of donkey to that of veal is remarkable when that fact is considered in connection with the circumstance that, in a psychological sense, Calf and Ass, as applied to a certain kind of person, are convertible terms.

Knows it to His Cost.

"EXTENSIVE Show-rooms for Costumes and Mantles." PATERFAMILIAS, strolling down Regent Street, the other evening, in the dusk, mistook the first word in this notice in a draper's shop window, and read it "expensive." It was not a very extraordinary mistake to make.

A PRIMA DONNA.

It is said that Italy, with respect to the Eastern Question, is disposed to act in concert with England and Austria. In this concert let us hope that Italy will sustain a part equal to her musical renown.

The Solicitor continues, "It arises, Sir, out of an ejectment—"
This word sets MR. SHARPLY off.
"We really haven't any time for this. It must go to another Court. What's the next case?"

A Wavering Policeman, whose duty it is to call in the next case, looks from the Solicitor to the Magistrate, helplessly.

The Solicitor persists. "An assault, Sir, arising out of an ejectment." The word "assault" catches MR. SHARPLY's ear, and (after evidently muttering to himself, "Hang the assault!" or something stronger) he says, petulantly, "Well, where is he?"

"He?" says the Solicitor, astonished.

"Yes," repeats the Magistrate, "where is he—the complainant?"

Now, my dear Sir, *do* make haste!

The Solicitor explains that the complainant is a "she."
"Well," says the irascible MR. SHARPLY, in a tone that means anything but "well"—"Where is she? *Do* get on." And here he looks at his watch.

MRS. SOMEBODY is thereupon called, and comes into the witness-box. She is rather vague, to commence with, on the subject of her name, but having succeeded in making the Clerk understand it (MR. SHARPLY, to expedite matters, positively invents a name, which the complainant repudiates), she waits to be asked a question.

The Solicitor commences—"You were, I believe, in—"
"Now," interrupts MR. SHARPLY, "Do let her tell her own story! We must get on."

This, however, turns out to be about the worst way of "getting on" that could have been hit upon, as the complainant's story is chiefly about what Somebody else said (which the Magistrate won't hear), and what she told Somebody else to tell to a third person, not present (which the Magistrate won't receive as evidence).

"I really can't listen to this," says MR. SHARPLY, frowning at the Solicitor, as much as to say "You ought to know better." Then, to the Policeman, "Call the next case."

The unfortunate complainant leaves the box, and disappears, utterly bewildered. The Wavering Policeman is about to call the next case,

when it, as it seems, calls itself, for a short man advances between the dock and the Solicitors' bench with a bag full of papers, and addresses his Worship.

The Magistrate places himself on his elbows, and bends towards him with both hands up to his ears.

"Now then, Sir," he says, as briskly as ever (always on a sort of "one down, 't'other come on" principle), "Who are you? What do you want? Go on, Sir."

The Gentleman with the Bag commences. It appears that he wants a great deal. It also appears that he has been before that Court several times before, and has an application to make. The word "application" settles his business at once.

"I really can't take up the public time," says MR. SHARPLY (meaning his own time) "with applications. Stand down, Sir."

But the Man with a Bag hasn't come there to stand down. He insists upon the Magistrate hearing him.

"A case, Sir," the Man with the Bag goes on, while MR. SHARPLY stands aghast at his perseverance, and looks round the Court at the people and police with the kind of air with which HENRY must have said of THOMAS-A-BECKERT, "Have I no one who will rid me of this utter bore?" I think the Wavering Policeman has some passing idea of removing the Man with a Bag, but he can't make up his mind to any decisive step.

The man proceeds—"A case, Sir, has arisen out of a matter of trespass—" MR. SHARPLY frowns, and resumes his attitude of attention, as much as to intimate that he'll give him a chance, and just see what he's driving at—"of trespass, which is of great immediate interest to the persons concerned, and to the public in general"—movement of impatience on the part of MR. SHARPLY—"and I should say that in this case"—MR. SHARPLY refers to his watch—"I am the complainant and the solicitor." MR. SHARPLY all attention again. Man with Bag continues, evidently aware that the thread of his discourse may be snipped at any moment—"The ground landlord of Number Two, Fuller's Gardens, received the sum of ten shillings and sixpence pre-

vicious to his bankruptcy, and"—here he warms with his subject, and addresses the Magistrate forcibly—"on the second of June in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-seven—"

"O, I can't listen to this," says MR. SHARPLY, shaking his head. "Call the next case."

"But, Sir," says the Man with the Bag, appealingly. MR. SHARPLY is down on him. "Don't bawl at me, Sir. Good gracious! is it to be a question whether you are to be heard, or I? No, Sir," seeing the man beginning again, "I won't have it. Go away, Sir. Here!" (to Wavering Policeman.) "Remove that person. Now, call the next case."

The "person" doesn't wait to be removed, but removes himself, bag and all, and retires, explaining his case to the Wavering Policeman, who evidently does his best to comfort him, without committing himself to any view which may compromise him in his official character.

A vagrant, all dirt, rags, and tatters, has stepped into the dock. "Poor fellow!" says my Aunt; the first words she has uttered since the advent of MR. SHARPLY, who has utterly staggered her.

A Policeman is in the witness-box, and takes his oath on a Testament with the greatest ease.

"Now, then," says MR. SHARPLY.

The Policeman deposes that he was on duty, &c., &c., and saw, &c., &c., and warned, &c., &c. And it all rolls off his tongue as pleasantly as possible, and the Vagrant is asked if he has anything to say to MR. SHARPLY on the subject; and it appearing that the Vagrant has nothing to say to him, after giving him one second to think it over, he (MR. SHARPLY) has something to say to the Vagrant, which is, that he is committed for a month with hard labour; and this being all done, settled, and dismissed at high-steam pressure, the Vagrant is taken away by a Policeman, and justice being satisfied, MR. SHARPLY darts a look at his watch, and calls for "the next case."

We have all along been expecting that ours is the next case, and my Aunt is in a frightfully nervous state, and very pale. The Rum Lady, too, is becoming excited, and has her eye still fixed on "that FURKISS."

OUR CALCULATING GIRLS.



UCH has been said 'about the great cleverness of certain calculating boys, but we have met with many girls, who in feats of quick arithmetic, are every whit as wonderful. We have now the happiness of knowing a young lady who, within five minutes of her entering a ball-room, can calculate the cost of every toilette present, down to the minutest article comprised in it. So rapid are her acts of mental mathematics that we would back her, after throwing but one glance round the room, to enumerate the details of at least a dozen dresses, naming the right number of flounces on each dress, and even of the bows of ribbon worn as ornament. Give her a clear five minutes' talk and she will astonish your male mind by appraising the costume of all the partners you have danced with: distinguishing which dresses are put on for the first time, and which have seen a season's, or it may be two years' service; and counting how many yards of muslin, silk, or satin are contained in every dress, and what amount of lace and labour were expended in the making. She will calculate, moreover, how many times Miss SKIMPY must have worn that coral wreath, before, by way of novelty, she added the green seaweed to it; and how often poor Miss HARDUPPE had her pink skirt turned, before, to hide its shabbiness, she sewed that cheap black crape on it. Besides this, if you ask her, she will calculate the sum that MRS. SKYNFLYNT pays per annum to get her daughters' gloves cleaned; and she will count up what Miss CROSTUS (to whom you were so attentive that you danced twice running with her) would, at her present rate of usage, expend annually on scents, if it were not for the fact that her Papa (as you, of course, have heard) was a perfumer.

The Courier of St. Petersburg.

DANIEL O'CONNELL used to boast that he could drive a coach and six through an Act of Parliament. The CZAR OF RUSSIA has tried his hand at driving his Imperial carriage through a Treaty.

PERPLEXING.

"Produce market. Jute. Steady. On the spot about 500 bales have changed hands. B C L, in heart, No. 4, at £22; and David's M D No. 4 new crop, at £21 15s. per ton."

WILL some one high up in the mercantile world, some City prince with a few moments to spare from Turkish and Russian Securities, explain to a bewildered intellect what connection there can possibly be between a Bachelor of Civil Law or a Doctor of Medicine and—Jute?

Circulars and Sovereigns.

A GANG of American coiners, under the name of a firm, have been sending over from New York a number of business Circulars recommending, as especially eligible for passing as genuine, a peculiar description of base sovereigns which they have manufactured. The arrival of these Circulars concerning base Sovereigns, simultaneously with GORTSCHAKOFF'S Circular on the part of his Sovereign, is a remarkable coincidence.

The New Style.

SIMPLICITY is fast disappearing from our language. Be fine, be grand, or you are nothing. So a writer in a weekly periodical must think, to give this heading to his article—"New Elements of Hand-Railing." Will he not follow it up with "New Rudiments of Spouting," "New Germs of Gas-piping," "New Constituents of Draining Tiles," &c.?

Birds of Bad Habits.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* states that a pair of house-martens were observed the other day (November 19) flying about in the High Street of Great Marlow, Bucks. These members of the Swallow family remind one of jolly companions who won't go home till morning, also of those who, though sober, dance, and stay dancing at balls and evening parties up to hours equally unseasonable. They are late birds.

AT THE ANTIPODES.

THERE are Swells all over the world. From a review in the *Times*, we are delighted to find that New Zealand as well as Old England has its "Hau-hau Sect."

DR. JOHNSON'S LAST.—(By Our Own Medium).—Sir, Don't talk to me of self-sacrifice. Sir, the man who would sacrifice himself has less sense than an ox.



ADVANTAGE OF A MUSICAL EDUCATION.

Cook (from the Kitchen). "TELL HIM HE'S VERY LATE WITH THE BUTTER, AND THE LAST HE BROUGHT WAS HALF LARD!"
Housemaid. "COOK SENDS HER COMPLIMENTS, AND YOU'RE A LARDY-TARDY SWELL!"

THE LAY OF THE LONDON LODGER,

IN QUEST OF A QUIET STREET.

'Tis the voice of the Lodger, you hear him complain :—
 Of peace and of quiet my quest is in vain;
 For a place of repose, alas! seek where I may,
 Vile noises disturb me by night and by day.

At the first blush of dawn I'm aroused from my sleep,
 By a cry far-resounding that belloweth "Sweep!"
 Then my ears are assailed by the mewling of cats;
 Till the postmen begin their discordant rat-tats.

Single knocks then are heard, and the clamour of "Pots!"
 That tells of late suppers and beer-bibbing sots.
 While echo bears onward the shrill "Milk below!"
 And mingles the sound with the cry of "Old Clo'."

Next I'm tortured by hearing a voice scream "Cats'-meat!"
 While my so-called pork sausage I placidly eat:
 And tho' neither for haddock nor herring I wish,
 My ears are besieged with the charms of those fish.

Street organs arrive ere I've broken my fast,
 And till midnight their torments unceasingly last;
 While to madden me more come united the tones
 Of the harp and the cornet, the banjo and bones.

Then my ears are assailed by the bawling of boys,
 Who "Second Editions" proclaim with great noise:
 And, much as I sigh for a moment of peace,
 'Tis in vain for my aid that I seek the police.

O why was I born with two ears in my head?
 Even one were too much in the life that I'm led.
 Be warned by my fate, quiet friends, I entreat,
 And ne'er hope for peace in a quiet back-street.

WHO'S AFRAID?

WHO'S afraid of the CZAR? Who fears going to war with Russia, if forced? Not the people of England. It is unlikely that England would be invaded. Not our soldiers and sailors. They are all volunteers, hired to fight, at comparatively small wages, and care no more for death or mutilation than, on an average, two-pence-halfpenny a day. Nobody fears, or needs fear, a Russian war, except those classes of the community who are chargeable with Income-tax, and by whom alone the expenses of all wars which the nation at large may hereafter engage in at any time are to be defrayed. CZAR ALEXANDER and PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF may rest assured that no objection which these persons may entertain to bearing the whole burden of war expenses will have the slightest effect in withholding the British Government from pursuing that course which this great country thinks requisite to vindicate its honour.

An Answer to Advice.

"JOHN BULL," say foreign friends, "you've been
 A long time serving Mammon.
 Serve Moloch now." "See any green,"
 Says JOHN, "in this eye? Gammon!"

One of the Mysteries of Literature.

"Music arose with its voluptuous Swell."

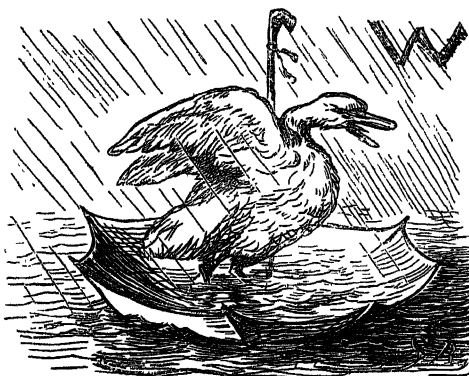
Childs Harold.

"A FASHIONABLE Admirer" is assured that we have spared no pains to answer his query (as the attendants in the British Museum Library know too well), but cannot discover that any editor, commentator, or critic has even hinted at the name of the anonymous Swell to whom BYRON alludes.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

WHAT Place of Worship, in old English times, represented the Church Militant?—Battle Abbey.

CHARMING MILITARY SUGGESTION.



OMAN'S WARFARE" is the title of the following letter, addressed to the *Post*. It contains a suggestion which comes very naturally from one of the better half of mankind:—

"Sir,—So intense is my interest in, and sympathy for, the French, that, in spite of myself, I keep turning in my mind every possible and impossible means by which they could get the

advantage over their exacting foe. It has just occurred to me that if some night they were to let loose upon the Prussians all the wild animals of the Jardin des Plantes, it would spread terror and dismay among their ranks, as well as secure a certain diminution of their number. I would suggest that the animals should be kept with little or no food for some days previously, so that they might be well disposed to do the State good service. This proposal may not be exactly in accordance with the Articles of War, but these are not times to stand upon punctilio, and 'in love and war all stratagems are admissible.' Will you kindly give this letter a place in your journal, and thereby much oblige a warm friend of France? M. A. C."

Of course no lady, except the kind of one commonly called "the old soldier," can be expected to see the practical difficulties which forbid the trial of a wild beast's battalion for warlike purposes. No man can wonder that "M. A. C." overlooks the probability that the denizens of the Jardin des Plantes, if turned loose upon the Prussians, would, at least as soon as they got under fire, most likely turn tail and attack their proprietors the Parisians, unless GENERAL TROCHU caused them all to have firebrands tied to their tails, like SAMSON'S foxes. It can scarcely be conceived to have occurred to her that probably the *carnivora* in the Parisian Zoological Gardens are nearly all starved by this time, if they have not been eaten. Nor, as she is "a warm friend to France," could her head even be imagined to have ever been entered by the moral consideration that the "exacting foe," who is merely seeking to exact security that the other foe, who attacked him first, shall not again commit a breach of the peace, is not, of the two foes, the one upon whom it would be the rather fitting to set loose wild beasts. But, putting these and the like oversights aside, every well-constituted mind must see what a happy thing it would be for humanity if it were possible that the nations who delight in war could, when they assail those who detest it, be encountered not with men, but with savage and ferocious brutes, like themselves—lions, tigers, bears, wolves, and hyenas.

There is something specifically, and therefore delightfully, feminine in the idea of "spreading terror and dismay among" the ranks of an army by letting lions loose upon them. For, as *Bottom* observes, "to bring in . . . a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living." One quite enters into M. A. C.'s fancy that wild lions let loose would terrify armed soldiers. If, indeed, those soldiers were Amazons, they would be likely enough to be sent to the right-about by a charge of such four-footed antagonists, and indeed by smaller quadrupeds. The "gentle hearts" of the gentler sex, we know, "do fear the smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor;" and doubtless a moderate number of mice as assailants would suffice to rout a considerable force of female warriors.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE OF FASHION.

IN *Le Follet's* "Fashions for December" there is a gleam of reason resembling the faint sunlight which now and then breaks through the masses of clouds that mantle and muffle the sky these dark mornings:—

"Elderly ladies can never appropriate toilettes suitable only to youth without adding to their age, to a degree of which it would be almost impossible to convince them; and *vice versa*, young unmarried ladies, dressed in matronly robes and ornaments, lose the charm of elegant simplicity so becoming to them, and show a lamentable ignorance of the first and most immutable canon of good taste—suitability."

There is an intelligence in this remark really amounting to common sense, and there is a feeling of art quite sufficiently high to discern at least one of its rudimentary principles. We only hope that the above-quoted passage from the *Follet* is not very much above the comprehension of most of its readers.

A RHYME FOR THE TIME.

(*A la MILL, if not à la BULL.*)

WHY shouldn't GORTSCHAKOFF
Treaties à tort shake off,
Ships from Turks' ports take off,
With Black Sea forts make off?

Pray think, ODO RUSSELL,
If it came to a tussle,
With the Russ and the Pruss all,
And, to boot, Yankee "muss" all,
It might go with us ill.

Safe JOHN BULL would nuzzle,
Stick to shop, gain, and guzzle,
And eschew broil and bustle,
And let Turkey turn Russ all,
E'er, muzzle to muzzle,
About a cramp puzzle
Of *Gentium Jus* he'll
Face Bear's hug and hustle
And BISMARCK'S war-muscle!

Shall GRANVILLE fire GLADSTONE
To challenge, in lad's tone,
And talk in mad rad's tone,
Of flinging war's sad stone,
If the CZAR take his dad's tone?

Prithee, GLADSTONE, check GRANVILLE,
While BULL on his anvil,
Swords and rifles, by vanful,
To ploughshares beats, manful.

Of the *Old* British Lion
The Young one's no scion;
The main chance he's an eye on,
And himself can't rely on
The foe's throat to fly on;
And the field he'd once die on,
He now would fight shy on.

So do stave off a tussle—
O do, ODO RUSSELL!

MELODY AND MEMORY.

HARMONIOUS MR. PUNCH,

YOU, who remember everything, need hardly be reminded that BEETHOVEN was born a hundred years ago; and I fancy you can estimate the blessings he conferred on musical humanity, if you reflect that in the century elapsed since he was born scarce a note of all his music has descended to the barrel-organs. Surely, it is fitting to pay homage to such genius, even though we, some of us, lack knowledge to appreciate it. And the way to gain that knowledge is the way to do him homage, namely, to go and hear, as often as we can, what his music has to say to us. Depend on it, if we have brains to back our hearing, we shall not listen long without profit from the pastime. Don't think me a bore, then, if I take up some few inches of your valuable space in telling half the Universe—I mean to say your readers—that BEETHOVEN may be heard now, in this his first centenary, played to perfection, weekly, by the Crystal Palace band, and at the "Monday Pops" by charming ARABELLA GODDARD. Not an omnibus in London has a cleverer conductor than HERR MANNS, the Crystal Chief; and not a church in London gives us better music weekly than MR. ARTHUR CHAPPELL. This is no puff, but a fact: and so believe me yours in earnest, although I write jokingly,

ONE WHO PLAYS.

Forthcoming New Work.

"The author of *Red as a Rose* is *She* is engaged on a novel which is meant to appear with the next spring flowers."

It will be observed that the title is not mentioned, but we believe it is no secret in literary circles—*Buttercups and Daisies*.

A KNOWING BIRD.—The "Downy" OWL.



ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

Customer (in a great hurry). "A SMALL BOX OF GENTLES, PLEASE. SHARP! I WANT TO CATCH A 'BUS'!!" AND LOOK

THE SORROWS OF WERTER.

(Latest Edition.)

ESCORTING your rich aunt for a walk in the Park, and finding she expects you to carry her fat poodle.

Wearing a tight boot when you go to have your portrait taken, and want to wear your sweetest smile and your most amiable expression.

Being asked to 'dinner by a newly married couple, who conceive it is essential to the happiness of all their guests that baby should be handed round to taste before dessert.

Receiving from a kind friend an extract from an amiable review of your new novel, recommending it to people for after-dinner reading as an excellent narcotic.

Being cast for "Joe the Fat Boy" at an amateur performance in the middle of the dog days, and having to perspire in the thickest suit of padding that you may "look the character."

Some officious idle fellow whom, for reasons, you can't kick, having, to amuse himself, got up a testimonial to you: being invited to a banquet where the thing will be presented, and where you will be sickened by the butter you must swallow.

Living next door to a girls' school (termed in the advertisements a "seminary for young ladies") at which, although it is "conducted upon truly Christian principles," the pianos begin firing at five o'clock A.M., and the *Battle of Prague* is fought a score of times ere breakfast.

Supping with your old chum DROWSY on the first night of his farce, with the consciousness that you fell fast asleep before the close of the first scene, and the certainty that LYNXEYE, your mutual friend, will tell him so.

In a flutter of delight at being asked to show your skill in part-singing at sight, finding you unluckily have come without your spectacles.

Having the repute of being a good-natured fellow, and being therefore asked to do a lot of things you hate, because your friends are certain that you won't say *No* to them.

Posing some pretty girls for a drawing-room tableau, and making your wife jealous by the zeal which you display in so trumpery a matter.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says she likes going to a play on the first night of its performance, because she sees so many imminent men present, and a lot of crickets from the newspapers.

WAR NEWS.

(From our own Cockalorum.)

DEAREST COCKALORUM,

In these excited times don't go a trusting nobody but your own Professor of Real English. He's all there when the bell rings. Depend upon him for being in the front *which ever way the army's going*. This gay Marquis don't quite so much take to the looks of things as he used to did. In the midst of victorious unfriendlies all over the shop, you won't find this Light-hearted Soldier much about. No, not me George. I've packed up everything but a tooth-brush, as GENERAL NAPLIER observed, and shan't stop to say good-bye to Hereditary Grands, if shuffle's the word.

Meeting a young man who's here for the Journalistic King, he remarked to this gallant Marquis that "times is changing." To which, I observed, that "it wasn't all cream just now." We wunk at each other, smole, and said Adoo. Which it were.

This Gay Cavalier was having a chat with old VILLUM and The Hereditary Grand, and says old VILLUM, "if I catch that slibustering humbug, GARIBALDI, hang me if I don't hang him. Why didn't they keep him in Caprera, and let him write novels for the English people?" "Yours to command," says this Sprightly Militaire, agreeing with Sweet VILLUM, every word of it. An American gent, here, observes that GARIBALDI can't go to America, as they're "after him" there, he having set up a store somewhere, himself and partner (GARIB. & Co.), let in the Yanks and bolted. Not such a fool as he looks. But then this Light-hearted Soldier is neutral tint, and loves 'em all. Which he do.

Mr. HOME, the Spiritualist, has been here giving us no end of rum-ti-iddities. Your Own rather injured that Noble Marquis's feelings by offering him a *Medium* cigar. In revenge he called up the spirit of a deceased creditor, and this before VILLUM and the Hereditary, both of whom are old enough to know better. The deceased creditor went on rapping out particulars about this Cheery Commander's private history

until, being riled, Your Own rapped out a strong expression which broke up the entertainment.

"VILLUM," says this Confidential Cockalorum, "don't you go in for the *Dulce Domum* business. You've been uproarious and glorious up till now; but look out, or if you take up with spirits, I'm blessed if you won't find the tables turned."

He laughed heartily, and an hour afterwards Your Own was put under arrest. This gay proceeding will rouse the British Lion. It will serve 'em right if * * *

It's all over, shouting and everything. The Hereditary Grand, BIZZY, SINGAMARINGY, and the whole biling, have been here and implored me to make it up.

"Hereditary," says this child of Nature, "yours ever."

It was a touching spectacle; even BIZZY saying he'd never seen such a game in all his born days. This in German, of course. However, Your Own took the opportunity of announcing the melancholy intelligence that he must leave them to be present at the turning-off point in the existence of the MARCHIONESS OF LOBNE, as is to be; and hence the preparations for moving. This cut 'em—this remark did—right into the flannel. There were lots of Gay Young Hereditaries (not Grands) trying to wire in in that direction.

The truth is that the cheerful Prooshians are horrid bustled just now. * * * An orderly is waiting to take this to the post. So no more at present

From yours ever,

YOUR OWN DYNWELL.

P.S. Back in Plum Pudding time.

On a Theatrical Nuisance.

PERCHED in a box which cost her not a *son*, GIGLINA chatters all the evening through, Fidgets with opera-glass, and flowers, and shawls, Annoys the actors, irritates the stalls. Forgive her harmless pride—the cause is plain—She wants us all to know she's had champagne.



COUNTRY-HOUSE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Major Dangle (quartered in the Neighbourhood). "YOUR MOTHER ASKED ME TO YOUR BAIL NEXT WEEK, TOM. I SUPPOSE I MAY BRING ONE OR TWO FELLOWS IN THE REGIMENT! EH?"

Tom. "O YES, CERTAINLY, MAJOR! VERY DULL AT OUR PLACE! BRING HALF-A-DOZEN THAT CAN RIDE, AND SHOOT, AND DANCE, AND SPOON A BIT, YOU KNOW!"

ILLUSTRATIONS OF FAME AND GLORY.

THE heroes of the present War have hitherto none of them been honoured by being constituted the involuntary sponsors to boots. The tailors, however, have taken hold of them for advertising purposes. A weekly publication, called the *Tailor and Cutter*, which circulates in the trade, has issued prints with two of its Numbers—a print of the KING OF PRUSSIA and the CROWN PRINCE in one, and of COUNT BISMARCK and M. JULES FAYRE in the other, on separate leaves, for the convenience of exhibition in shop-windows. The faces are copied from photographs; the figures and their attitudes are due to the invention of an artist by whom the expression of countenance has also been suitably modified. The CROWN PRINCE, in full evening costume, is represented leaning on his right hand, supported by a table, holding a note in his left, his legs being crossed with the most demonstrative air of elation in displaying a fashionable exterior. KING WILLIAM stands by the side of his son, habited in a splendid dressing-gown, beneath which appear the terminations of faultless trousers, and a pair of corresponding boots; his right hand rests on his hip, and his left holds a brand-new shiny hat. BISMARCK and FAYRE are delineated in the characters of two jaunty and rather scampish-looking swells, in morning dress, on the lounge. JULES FAYRE carries a small overcoat on one arm. Each sports a stick, FAYRE'S being planted on the ground, whilst BISMARCK bears his cane with the "nice conduct" of a riding-switch, held, dangling, in the manner of an idling fop, between his fore and middle finger. The mien and bearing of all four are, with happy ingenuity, made to appear those of so many thoroughly impudent cads, who have hired themselves to act as dummies for a tailor, and, possessing some sense of humour, enjoy the consciousness of being got up to resemble the distinguished individuals whom they personate. With the exception of the Works of Art which illustrate this periodical, these are about the most meritorious which have been lately exhibited in any of the shop-windows.

THE TWO DOVES.

O DOVE, that in the young Earth's day of doom,
When the Heaven's floodgates stood no longer wide,
Loosed from the Ark, a white gleam on the gloom,
With weary wing sought land above the tide—
Though long and lone thy flight, a happier quest
Was thine, O Dove, than that whereon they speed,
Thy progeny, that o'er Earth's blood-stained breast,
From Paris wing their way, in her last need.

Thy quest was gained, the foot's-breadth of dry land,
A patch of green above the waters grey,
Where branch to rest on, twig to pluck, might stand,
Which won, thou couldst wing back thy happy way.
But these—in vain some point of ruth they seek,
Rising above Hate's sea of blood and fire,
Nor find one spray, green still, 'mid flood and wreck,
Of Peace's Olive, that crowned *thy* desire!

To Publishers.

ANOTHER instance of a mistake caused by the title of a book, has just come to our knowledge. ALBANY YORKE saw advertised *Stories for Darlings*, and immediately ordered it, feeling that there could be no more appropriate Christmas present for the young lady who is delighted to consider herself *his* darling. He now finds that the book is for "Boys and Girls," so has to look out for another, DORA WILVERTON being twenty.

STEREOSCOPY.

"Melancholy Ocean."—*Mr. Disraeli.*
"Streak of Silvery Sea."—*Mr. Gladstone's* (his).

STRAWBERRY LEAVES.

A SELECTION FROM THE VERY LATEST LETTERS OF THE HONOURABLE HORACE WALPOLE, OF STRAWBERRY HILL, FAVOURED BY OUR PRIVATE SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.

To SIR HORACE MANN.

Bless your innocence, my good Sir! So you congratulate me on having addicted myself to tea in an evening, and are pleased to be facetious at the idea of Mr. H. W. distinguishing himself at a tea-party. My dear child, I forgot how long you have been out of England. It is in the afternoon that we, *nous autres*, take our tea, when we visit ladies and acquire scandals from them. Coffee is certainly handed round after dinner, and none but fools take it, the object of the attention being to display the huge silver tray, which the host may have inherited from his fathers, or picked up at his uncle's. It is an affecting sight to behold a great big-bearded heavy officer, at one of the afternoon symposia, fidgeting over a tea-cup, and desperately groping therein for an idea to help out his gallant conversation. But I forgot again; you believe in big officers. I never disturb a man's superstitions.

We have been electing a School Board—now, don't ask me to explain to you all about it, because I never could explain anything in my life. I honour the Hibernian who stated that the way to cast a cannon was to take a long hole and pour brass round it. We are to have a sort of School Parliament, to vote primers and birch—no, by the way, the latter is an aristocratic luxury, a duke's son is birched, a cheesemonger's has a lecture read to him on self-government and his duties to the State. London has chosen her men, and women. Two of the latter have got in, and I do not see why they should not prove the best members. One of them, a delightful lady, a friend of mine, and a Doctor of Medicine, headed everybody by a terrific majority. I sent her this on one of our halfpenny cards, and probably you will think the verses just worth that sum:—

"In medical language, Miss GARRETT, we're sure,
Can by skilled Exhibitions 'accomplish a cure';
Now, deeper she'll go, and with Pinnocks and Priscians,
Teach Scholarship how to obtain Exhibitions."

I need not tell you, who know something of British fanaticism, that there has been furious war over the selections, and that the Sects have fought like Sinners. One very worthy old lady protested against the Arabic numerals being taught in the Schools, having heard, as she said, that the Arabians were some kind of Mahometans. But, being a sound Protestant, she allowed that this was better than anything Roman.

Do not ask me about wars, the word sickens me. I am thinking of giving up all my newspapers, until Janus slams his door. Everything that a civilised being can take an interest in is excluded for details of the savagery. I believe a paper that would shut out all war news, except the curtest record of the fall of a city, or of a dynasty, would be gladly welcomed. Good Heaven, my dear Sir, does not the world go round, with all its wonders; and are we to close eyes and ears to everything except the chronicle of gigantic murder? However, I suppose that this must be coming to an end, and I dare say musicians are busy over a new *Te Deum*. A new one, indeed, is wanted—but you do not care for my moralities—and I dare say are at this present flat on your stomach over a big map, sticking in pins—of blue and red wax—with the eagerness of a witch working at a charm—*que movere ceras imagines*. For shame, my dear Sir. *Surge, carnifex!*

You have no children, and I have none, which is a comfort for many reasons. But my non-paternity does not prevent parents from consulting me about the education of their valued offspring, and you know how grave I can be on compulsion. Lately I have been much asked whether boys ought to be allowed to play at foot-ball. This seems a simple query, but, my dear Sir Horace, do you know to what our exquisite civilisation has attained? There is a game largely played at our schools—to judge by the boys' letters, it is the final cause of education,—and it consists in a savage scramble for a big ball. To play this game properly, a lad furnishes himself with a thick boot, with a horribly acute tip, sharpened, that the kick may be more brutal, and the dear delight of our young athletes is to kick one another's shins until they are a mass of blood and bruises. The amiable operation is called hacking. Cornish wrestling clowns used to be denounced as worse than brutes for this practice some years ago, but now it is the charming amusement of our highly-bred young gentlemen. Its chief seat is at Rugby. One would pity the poor, proverbially hungry Rugby boys—perhaps, like Palamedes, they forget their hunger in a game,—but they despise one's pity, and declare that their sport is the noblest, manliest, refinedest, gloriousest thing in the world, and the *servum pecus* echoes them. I am not a milksop, but the sight of a stalwart young fellow kicking the shins of a child till the tears came to its eyes, would not much delight me. I thought the process was considered almost harsh when it was employed as the only means of successfully cross-examining a Nigger witness in the West Indies. I

know, however, a woman who thinks nothing about her children's legs being viciously kicked in this way, but who quite howled when I applauded Judge Byles for ordering the cat to a garotter's shoulders.

Please admire Bob Lowe, though Lord Holmesdale says he is the most hateful man in England. A sham letter, purporting to be from some artisans, was got up, complaining that Robert, as Master of the Mint, starved them, by refusing to coin certain silver for a Colonel Tomline, their employer. Lowe answered that it was not his business to buy silver which the Queen did not want, that there were plenty of people ready to buy any amount, and that a yokel whose pig a butcher declined to buy, did not say that the butcher starved him by refusing to buy his pig. I fancy that Silver Pig will squeak in the House one of these nights.

What you tell me about the domestic warfare between Mr. and Mrs. X. does not surprise me. Rely upon it that the wives of men who have always been well off are kept in much better order than the wives of men who have had to fight their way up after marriage. In the battle the two have been on so equal a footing that if one takes the command afterwards, it won't be the man. To say nothing of his memories of troubles which they have shared, and which render him indulgent, unless he is a brute. But he who can make a settlement, can make a row, and therefore it is seldom necessary for him to do so.

I have not any news for you—I mean the sort of news you like to tell in the *salons*. You should invent it, as you want it, the foreigners know nothing about us. Yes, you love Kings, and I suppose, Queens. Well, Queen Emma, of the Isles of Sandwiches, is not gone *ad majores*, only some kind of dowager. I believe Her Majesty to be a very worthy person, and I am glad she is well. I hope that her lady-of-honour, whom I saw with her at the Royal Academy, is also well, for so colossally beautiful a personage I never saw before or since. If the Academicians had had a grain of my taste, they would have presented a petition begging the lady to sit for Judith, Jael, or Proserpine. But perhaps they had never heard of either, and she certainly would not have come well into a scene from the *Tour of Wakefield*. That's all, but if your Countesses want news, tell them that the Archbishop of Canterbury is daily drawing nearer towards Rome. It is quite true, look at his itinerary.

Madame de Girardin says that fidelity is a luxury, for it is time lost. I love luxury, and beg you to believe me ever,

Your faithful Servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

OUR EDUCATIONISTS.



AN we extract from the names of the newly elected members of the London Education Board any gleams of hope and crumbs of comfort for the future? Let us see. The City of London is faithful to an alderman—that alderman will Cor-ton to his work. In a CROMWELL Chelsea has secured a Protector; in a FREEMAN, it may be an advocate of gratuitous teaching, it may be an unpledged, unfettered representative. Well done, gallant Greenwich, and gallant Marylebone! Your chivalry will be rewarded: EMILY

DAVIES and ELIZABETH GARRETT will not be the least useful members of the new Council. Hackney is leaning on a REED—a bold experiment, but likely enough to succeed: this division, fortified by SHERIDAN's well-known interrogation, "What's in a name?" and disregarding the natural fears of youth, ventures on a CROSSMAN, who will probably turn out one of the most amiable men at the Board, and has also taken care to select a *Pick'lan*. In Lambeth STIFF was at the head of the poll by a great majority, so all jokes about the contest being a stiff one are null and void: of the other successful candidates in this borough few had of course the fewest votes, but still ten thousand take a long time to count. The names of the members for the remaining Metropolitan constituencies do not appear suggestive, but Westminster supplies the indispensable SMITH, and a very good workman he will make.

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

NO. V.—MY AUNT'S GREAT POLICE CASE.

HOWEVER, the next case (though my Aunt is thoroughly prepared to jump up at a minute's notice, and, indeed, can hardly be said to be sitting down) is that of a stout man, without collars, against a thin man in high collars.

"Now, Sir," says MR. SHARPLY, so suddenly that the stout man looks as if he is going to have a fit, and must have his neck-tie loosened, "what is it?"

The stout man (much to the thin man's delight) seems to have some difficulty in stating his case. Whereupon the Clerk, underneath the desk, and therefore out of the Magistrate's eye, attempts to help him.

"You charge," says the Clerk, "MR. SNIGGS with refusing to allow—"

For one instant the Magistrate is puzzled as to the quarter from which the voice proceeds, but it suddenly occurring to him that it is the Clerk's, he reaches over the desk to look at him (if he had a stick it would be exactly like *Punch* with the *Clown*, when the latter appears at an unexpected part of the Show), and says, with cutting irony, "I don't know what may be your custom *here*, but I always conduct the cases in my own Court myself."

"But, Sir," says the Clerk, "I—"

"I don't care, Sir. I must beg you won't interfere. Now then, Sir." This last to the complainant.

But whatever matter the stout man might have had originally against the thin man, the altercation has quite put it out of his head. He looks helplessly at the Clerk, then at the Solicitors (who despise him for not having employed one of *them*), then at the Policeman, and finally at the thin man, who laughs contemptuously.

"Put that man out of Court!" says MR. SHARPLY, nodding his head angrily at the thin man in a way which quite takes the laugh out of *him*. "I won't have it," meaning the thin man's laughing. "If you can't behave yourself, Sir, you'd better go out."

The Wavering Policeman eyes the thin man imploringly, as much as to say, "Do mind what he says. Don't compel me to take you up."

"Now, Sir," says the Magistrate, for the third time, to the stout complainant, "Are you going to keep us here all day? What do you charge him with?"

I believe it to be quite a chance that the stout man, being utterly confused and muddled, didn't answer "Burglary" on the spur of the moment. His lips move, but he is silent.

"Stand down, Sir," says MR. SHARPLY, utterly disgusted with the man's imbecility. "Now, next case."

The stout man is led from the box in a wandering state, and is joined by the thin man and the Wavering Policeman, who shows them out; and on the other side of the door, I suppose, they will forgive one another, and weep in each other's arms.

The next case is my Aunt's.

THOMAS MUDDOCK, the Cabman, is called. He steps into the witness-box, looking very respectable, and totally unlike the drunken man who couldn't drive my Aunt on the memorable night of her visit to my house.

THOMAS MUDDOCK takes his oath, and tells his story. He drove the lady from Jummin Street to Squedgely, ten miles out of town, where he waited for her five hours, and he claims thirty-two shillings.

Which is all clear enough.

So far the Cabman has it entirely his own way. My Aunt has come out of the pew, and is clutching me by the elbow. "Where shall I go?" she asks, shaking all over.

I am hot and excited. I beg of her to keep cool. She is called. The clerk says, "HENRIETTA!" and then adds the surname.

The Magistrate only catches half, and asks, abruptly, "Where is he? Where is HENRY? Why doesn't he—"

My Aunt is beckoned by the Clerk. She has heard of people "being accommodated with a seat on the bench," and she thinks she is to go and sit by the Magistrate, out of consideration for her sex, and tell her plain unvarnished tale confidentially. She is shaking her head, and explaining in dumb show to the Clerk that she doesn't see how to get there without climbing over the Solicitors' bench, and crossing the table, when—

"Now, then," says the Magistrate, impatiently, "where is HENRY?" he can't catch the other name—"I can't wait. We must call the next case."

And the "next case" would have been called there and then but for my Aunt trying to get into the dock, from which she is taken by a policeman, who informs her that she can stand behind the Solicitors.

She has a sort of reticule on her left arm, she has given me her parasol to hold, and she places her right hand on the back of the seat.

Seeing this figure before him, the Magistrate arrives at the conclusion that HENRY is a surname, and addresses her with—

"Now, Miss HENRY, what have you got to say to this?"

Up to this moment she has had a great deal to say, but it appears to

have suddenly gone from her, like KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR's dream, and she can only admit that THOMAS MUDDOCK *did* drive her, *did* wait for her about five hours, and that she hasn't paid him.

"Why not?" asks MR. SHARPLY. Then, while my Aunt is looking piteously at me (I studiously avoid catching her eye, not wishing to appear before I am absolutely required), he turns to the Cabman,

"Did you agree for a certain sum for the job?"

The Cabman reflects.

"Did you, or did you not?" asks MR. SHARPLY, who can't wait for thoughts.

"Yes," says the Cabman, with such an air of uncertainty as to the statement that MR. SHARPLY eyes him distrustfully, and then wants to know "How much?"

"Well," answers MR. THOMAS MUDDOCK, recovering himself a little, "the lady said fifteen shillings."

"For the job?" says MR. SHARPLY, suggestively.

"For the job," replies the Cabman, not clearly seeing what the result of his answer would be.

"But," says my Aunt, now beginning to be quite at home, "I said distinctly that he might have to wait."

"Not five hours," says MR. THOMAS MUDDOCK.

MR. SHARPLY looks from one to the other.

"Yes," says my Aunt, "I said it might be one hour or five."

"Did you agree as to time?" asks MR. SHARPLY of the Cabman.

"No," says the Cabman, "I didn't—that is—in a way—Yes."

"I don't believe a word you're saying," says MR. SHARPLY; whereat my Aunt, plucking up, and addressing the Magistrate, says, "I didn't pay him, your Worship," (she is very near saying "My Lord"), "because when I wanted him at night he was so intoxicated that he couldn't drive me."

MR. SHARPLY looks fiercely at the Cabman, and wishes to know what he has to say to that.

MR. THOMAS MUDDOCK hasn't much to say to that, but he is understood to deny the charge in an undertone. The Magistrate eyes him suspiciously, and is about to make an observation when my Aunt lugs me into it.

"Here's my nephew, Sir, a barrister, saw him; he'll tell you, Sir." Whereat I feel that the eyes of Europe (specially, unwashed Europe) are upon me, and become very hot and uncomfortable in consequence.

"O!" says MR. SHARPLY, "there are witnesses. Now, Sir!" to me.

The Cabman comes out of the box, and I go in. A stout Policeman hands me a Testament, and I take my oath to what I am going to say.

I notice that, if not badgered, it is surprising how very soon one's nervousness wears off in a witness-box, and what a strong temptation there is to become confidential with the Magistrate or anyone who "wishes to ask this witness a question."

"Now, Sir, tell us what happened."

I detail the facts of the Cabman's being unable to find the road, and attempt some pathos about my fear for my Aunt's safety. Having finished my facts, and got quite pleasant with MR. SHARPLY, I should now like to romance a little, and introduce a joke or two, just by way of lightening the entertainment. I have a sort of latent idea that MR. SHARPLY will ask me to step into his private room, or send me, by a policeman, an invitation to dinner that night. I fancy that with the second bottle of port, or the first cigar, he would say, "And now, old fellow, what *was* the truth about that Cabman, eh? I suppose he really *was* drunk, eh?" But this is an ideal SHARPLY at home, and not SHARPLY the real on the bench.

This occurs to me in the few seconds that MR. SHARPLY takes to consider the case, and he interrupts my reflections with—

"What do you consider the right fare to your house?"

I answer boldly, "Eight shillings," this being rather a fancy price of my own than what I am obliged to give when I take a cab from town to my Cottage near a Wood, at Squedgely.

"Twelve shillings there and back, you would consider quite sufficient?" asks MR. SHARPLY, giving the finishing touches to the case.

MR. SHARPLY decides in a rapid, off-hand manner. "You'll" (to my Aunt) "pay him twelve shillings. Cabman pay his own costs. Now, then, call the next case."

I think the next case must be that of our friend the Ram Lady, as I see the dreaded PURKISS rising to address the Magistrate as we are leaving the Court.

I look back once, tenderly, at MR. SHARPLY, with a sort of lingering idea that he will yet send me the invitation to dinner, or, at all events, wave his hand to me genially from the bench. Nothing of the sort. I and my Aunt's case have gone clean out of his head, and he is telling MR. PURKISS "that he really can't listen to this; that he hasn't got time for these details;" and becoming once more so irritable that even the dreaded PURKISS will be quenched, and the Ram Lady remain unheard.

[On mature reflection, it occurs to me that MR. SHARPLY is the right man in the right place, and his brisk method of sifting the Wheat from the intolerable amount of Chaff, is, on the whole, beneficial to the public.]



BEAUTIES OF NORTH LONDON.

(HAMPTSTEAD—SUNDAY AFTERNOON.)

INSURING THE PREMISES.

I'm a hard working man, on the old-fashioned plan,
Of course I'm aware it's Philistine—
Of doing for home wife and bairns what I can,
And for taxes and rent getting grist in :
An old-fashioned house I keep over my head,
With a moat, and a roof that stands weather,
And a shop with a pretty complete stock-in-trade,
At no little expense got together.
I'm not in the way to throw fireworks in play,
But for neighbours on all sides I've them as is ;
So I think it's quite clear, though the policy's dear,
That it's worth while insuring the premises.

I've some Manchester friends that this notion offends :
Insurance, they say, is a blunder :
Not insured, but insurers, it helps to their ends :
They thrive on their customers' plunder.
Heavy premiums you pay, year on year slips away,
Unburnt, house and shop keep their places ;
While the money that should have warmed life's rainy day,
Has melted, without leaving traces :
And the more England pays, the more fires people raise,
As if one drew down t'other for Nemesis !
In short, none but donkeys—for that is their phrase—
Would think of insuring their premises.

Now I've come to the season when grey hairs weigh reason,
This Manchester school's a rare talker,
But practice to set against preaching's no treason,
And by that test my answer is " Walker !"
Though insurers be ninnies, who squander their guineas,
Still the un-insured house is a rare house ;
And e'en Manchester's self, in nine streets out of ten is
Insured, mill and mansion, and warehouse.
Then I'll do not as Manchester says, as she does ;
And with fire all about—that, my premise is—
Hold no cash so well spent as the money that goes,
And shall go, in insuring my premises.

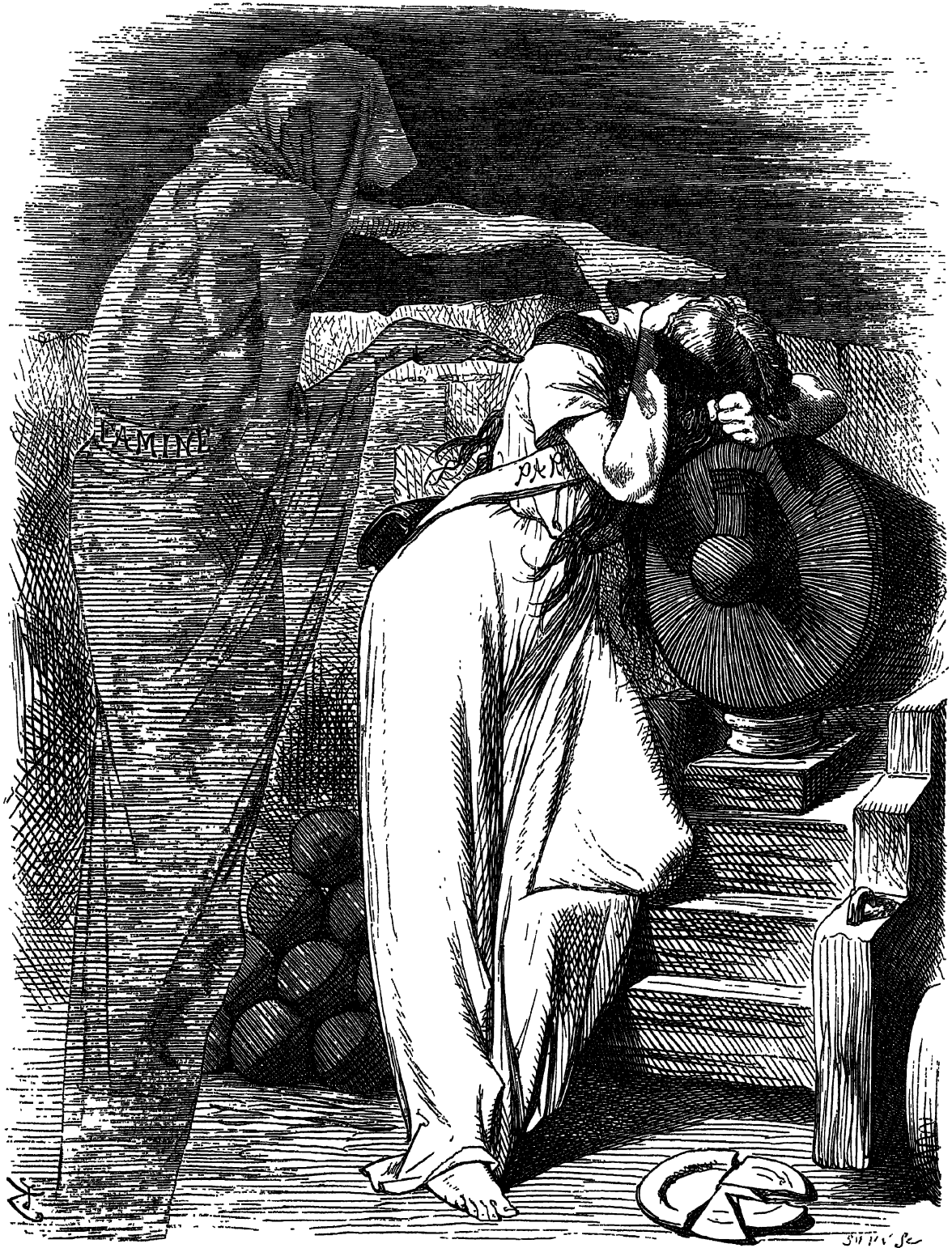
To defer it were crime in this terrible time,
When fireworks and fire are folks' crazes ;
When my cool German neighbour spurns reason and rhyme,
And from books rushes wildly to blazes.
When every man over his neighbour's yard-wall
Is preparing to fling squibs and rockets ;
When on gunpowder trains, laid in corners, you fall,
And find crackers alight in your pockets.
Ere my house the fire enters, escapes, fire-preventers,
All against conflagration *ad rem* as is,
I'll provide at all cost ; none shall call money lost
What is spent in insuring the premises.

THE FACE AND THE FLOUR-DREDGE.

WHEN, in broad daylight, a fellow's eyes happen to be in the vicinity of a young lady's face whereon the light falls, her cheek, in many places, will present to them the appearance of a certain asperity, occasioned by a white pulverulent substance extending over the skin. After a walk with her, on an evening, he may find his coat-collar and sleeves whitened with a similar substance, of which he will too probably mistake the nature. Fellows, therefore, should know that this apparently cutaneous efflorescence is not of an exanthematous character. It does not arise from exfoliation of the cuticle of Beauty's cheek, and exhibits merely the semblance of a furfuraceous and desquamatory state of integument. So good an imitation, however, is it of that sort of thing, as to require the eye of a medical man to distinguish it from a morbid product. It is, however, on the contrary, a mere external application, for which there is no necessity and for whose use there is some difficulty in accounting. Vanity, one would think, could not possibly be the motive of a self-defacement which simulates dandruff. One can conceive why a girl wants her face to look like a peach, but what can induce her to give it a similitude to a mealy potato ? Surely flour upon a fair face is matter out of place. It should whiten no man's lips.

" ONE Small Head can carry all I know."

Writer on Halfpenny Card.



GERMANY'S ALLY.

A PASTORAL TO MR. MACKONOCHE & CO.

From the Eastern (Central) Archimandrite PUNCH, greeting:

Health, Happy New Year, and a Merry Christmas to you, Gentlemen, and Dear Brothers all.

It wounds our paternal heart to see you, Brothers, Gentlemen, and Scholars sheltering yourselves under such paltry subterfuges as no men of honour, not ecclesiastics, would, in their ordinary dealings with one another, for one moment either adopt, defend, or tolerate. Gentlemen, be honest, fearless of consequences [when you are as sure as you can be that you are right] and be outspoken. Do not style yourselves, or allow yourselves to be styled "Fathers," that title having been long since dropped by the English Church, is, as genuine "wholly Romans" will tell you, only properly applicable to what they call Religious.

Gentlemen, Gentlemen, don't humbug yourselves and your congregations.

Your loving Archimandrite is for freedom of opinion everywhere, and outside the pale of the Thirty-Nine Articles you can think and do what you please, but you have no more *locus standi aut gressuendi* in the English Protestant Church, as by Law (by Law, Gentlemen, observe) established, than have DRS. MANNING and NEWMAN, MR. SPURGEON, MR. BRADLAUGH, or any members of the Irvingite, Wesleyan, Shaker, Quaker, or Jumping Methodists' Connexion.

And, Gentleman, you know this as well as your loving Archimandrite does.

You are playing a game—a game dangerous to your own morality and that of your party-spirited followers, who almost believe in your infallibility.

You do a great deal of practical good, and are hard workers, no doubt, among the poor; so also are the Plymouth Brethren, notably; but, brothers, they are not paid by the Established Church as you are, nor have they given their solemn assent to the Anglican formularies as you have.

Under these words, and, if you cannot become wholly Roman or wholly Greek, set up for yourselves, but do not remain the ecclesiastical mermen you are at present.

Wishing well to you, brother MACK, and all other Thirty-Nine Articled clerks, we remain

Your loving Archimandrite,
PUNCH.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



AYMARKET THEATRE. Play, "The Palace of Truth."

Club Man (who comes to be amused). Do you know anything about this piece?

Elderly Habitué. No, or else I shouldn't be here. (Quite annoyed.) I hate knowing what a piece is about before I come.

His Friend (exhibiting programme). But they print the argument in the bill.

Elderly Habitué. Hate arguments. Have enough of 'em at home. Don't want 'em at the theatre.

[Consoles himself with the remembrance that he is en garçon for the present, and surveys the house through his lorgnette.]

Young Lady (to Friends whom she has just met). EDWARD was here the other day, and he said we ought to see it, so I got Papa to come.

[She says this as if apologising for being there.]

Papa. Yes (grumpily). I very seldom move out now, on account of the cold. (More cheerfully, after looking at programme) Ah! I'm glad to see BUCKSTONE's in this. [Laughs by anticipation.]

Several other people having discovered that BUCKSTONE is in it, also smile.

The Fairy Comedy commences.

Club Man (making a discovery). Why it's an extravaganza. (After a little time he alters his opinion). No, it isn't an extravaganza.

Enter BUCKSTONE as a King in burlesque. MRS. CHIPPENDALE as a

Queen, something between MRS. SIDDONS as LADY MACBETH and Queen Anybody-you-like in one of the old Lyceum Extravanzas.

Club Man (altering his opinion again). O, it is an extravaganza.

Lounger from "the Rag." There's not much fun in it. (Yawns.)

[Club Man and Lounger begin to look upon the piece as a sort of theatrical fireworks with the bang taken out.]

A surly old man, MR. ROGERS, and a cheerful old man, MR. BRAID, holding some official positions at Court only to be found in the Palaces of Extravaganza, talk a little; then a Prince and Princess talk a great deal.

Club Man (with some uncertainty). It's—it's blank verse, isn't it?

Lounger (listening). Yes, I think so; at least (giving his standard of judgment) it seems to be uncommonly flat. And (arrives at this conclusion after half an hour of Act I.) there are no puns.

Indignant Amateur (of the pre-Raphaelite-microscopic-detail-and-recondite-humour school, overhearing the above remarks). Puns! bah! why, it's like an Arthurian poem. It's charming. So subtle. Such delicate touches.

Charles (his Friend, who "dabbles" in studios. Simply). Yes. Nothing vulgar.

Enter AZÉMA, a coquette. She has nothing to do with what there is of a plot.

Azéma. I am not modest, though I seem to be, &c., &c.

[Business, of showing her foot and ankle; she makes a few more broad remarks, an assignation and then retires.]

Pit. Male Stalls. } Bravo! Capital!

[Some Ladies in Private Boxes smile knowingly on one another. Some others (and there are Ladies and Ladies) raise their fans. Perhaps the Theatre is a trifle warm. The men chuckle. All subside into their former decorous state on commencement of the stately blank verse.]

High Art Amateur. Really charming.

Charles (his Friend). Yes.

High Art Amateur (speaking to a Lady). Such an utter absence of anything like vulgarity.

Lady (avoiding the point). Yes it's very nice. Very pretty indeed.

[She says this much in the way that SAM WELLES told one of the Bath footmen that he "liked his conversation much; it's werry pretty."]

End of Act II.

Elderly Habitué (thoughtfully). I should think it would be better to read than to see acted. If it wasn't for BUCKSTONE, it would be a little dull.

Lounger (stretches himself). Ya-as. The girl—the coquette's not bad. Eh? Rather French, eh? Where she—

[Chuckles. His Friend chuckles. They all then chuckle. They look round at the house through their opera-glasses, and talk about beauty and the other theatres, and what's doing generally. War News avoided.]

Pit (going out for refreshment). I like to see BUCKSTONE in something as makes you die o' laughing. When I comes out I like to have a good laugh. We've enough t' other way in reg'lar every-day work (refreshes himself).

High Art Amateur (at the conclusion of the piece, to his friend CHARLES, who has ventured to observe that he had not been quite so much amused as he had expected). My dear fellow, this is a sort of thing over most people's heads. (CHARLES is flattered.) You don't want always to be on the broad grin. (CHARLES is more flattered than ever, and tries to look philosophic.) The stage has a higher aim than merely to excite spasmodic laughter by grinning through horse-collars.

[Feels that he has read poor CHARLES a severe lesson. CHARLES thinks that next time he goes to the play he'll choose a pleasant companion. At present he does not press his High Art Companion to stay, but remains himself, to thoroughly enjoy the genuine fun of "Uncle's Will," admirably played. House in roars. ROGERS in great force. Success generally.]

Club Man and Lounger (going off arm-in-arm). Capital! the Uncle's Will! The other—I don't know what it is—(yawns)—but think it wanted music. Come along. [Exeunt, smoking.]

Misleading.

CATTLE Show Exhibitors are hereby cautioned against making a journey to the British Museum, to inquire about the "Swiney Lecturer," his subject being Geology—not Pigs.

NOT FORBIDDEN BY THE RUBRIC.—One more bow for MR. MACKONOCHE. He is required to bow to the decision of the Privy Council.



A VERY GREAT MAN.

Extra Intelligent Policeman (to Tourists). "THIS MONUMENT IS FOR A COUNTRY-MAN O' MA AIN—JAMES WATT, THE INVENTOR O' STEAM."

FOOD FOR THE FEMALE MIND.

DEAREST PUNCH,

YOU know of course that PROFESSOR HUXLEY is delivering a series of lectures at South Kensington for the instruction of women in science and art, it is so kind of him, isn't it? One of these lectures on the subject of "Physiography," was published in a newspaper, out of which I clip what follows:—

"The Thames carries down to the sea not less than 14,000,000 cubic feet of solid material, either dissolved or as mud, every year; at the present rate of denudation the whole basin would be washed down to the sea level in 1,000,000 years, and the surface of Britain would everywhere be washed down to a plain level with the sea in less than 5,000,000 years."

How awfully old the world will get, if it lasts long enough! And what a terrible age it is of even now! Everyone who is not a very great Stupe must be able to understand as much as that from the end of PROFESSOR HUXLEY's lecture:—

"As to the length of time which it may have taken to scoop out the basin of the Thames, PROFESSOR HUXLEY suggested that some idea might be gathered from the fact, that two thousand years would not probably have made more than three inches of difference on the general elevation of the surface."

Of course so clever a man as PROFESSOR HUXLEY must know all about the Thames basin and the "Physiography" of its contents, and there can be no doubt that, by looking into it, and examining them, he is able to make some calculation, as above, of the age of the Earth. Now, therefore, poets and other writers, will have to leave off applying to the Earth a word they are very fond of. It will not do for them to call it Mother Earth any more, because although Mother may be proper enough, meaning old, yet in that sense it makes out the Earth to be an old Woman. Now, no woman, young or old, ever tells her age; but the age of the Earth, up to some millions of years at least, has been told by the Earth itself to PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

How sad to think that in 5,000,000 years' time Britain will everywhere be washed down to a plain level with the sea! It will be a very plain level indeed. In 5,000,000 years one can well imagine Britain

INVITATIO A LATERE.

MACKONOGHIE, MACKONOGHIE,
And all you Ritualists that be,
No more be tossed abroad at sea,
But come to me, sons, come to me!

Then you shall lift what you desire
So high that it can go no higher;
And do the kneeling you desire,
That all beholders may admire.

You claim to dogmatise, and why?
Boast you Infallibility?
Infallible alone am I—
So now between us there's a lie.

If Reason is to be controlled,
It must be by prescription old.
Stand out no longer in the cold—
Enter Unreason's genuine fold.

WHO WOULD WISH TO READ THEM?

IMITATION has been termed the truest form of flattery; but we doubt if many authors would feel themselves much flattered, if their literary successes were found to be succeeded, at the hands of other writers, by imitative sequels such, for instance, as the following:—

Sweet as a Nut: a Sensation Story, written for the readers of *Bitter is the Root*.

The Mouser's Mission, a stirring Tale of Feline life: for the amusement of those who have been pleased by *The Cat's Pilgrimage*.

Pots and Proprieties: a handbook for the table; published as a pendant to *Cups and Customs*.

Echoes of the Future: an imaginative poem, founded on the novel *Beyond these Voices*.

Purchased for a Song: a Sequel to the Story of *Bought with a Price*.

Meandering 'mid Malachites: a book of foreign Travels, by a student and admirer of *Zig-zagging among Dolomites*.

Printed and Published to Amuse: a companion Story to follow *Bound to Please*.

Born with a Blessing: a Novel to be read after *Baptised with a Curse*.

will have become a plain old thing. Indeed, the wonder now is, that Britain still preserves any beauty at all, what with the tall chimneys, and one horrid object and another, and some of the brick-and-mortar spots on Britain's face, are dreadful! I wish PROFESSOR HUXLEY would direct attention to those blemishes on the "Physiography" of Britain. His lectures are so interesting, they make one think, as you see from the letter, which I conclude by signing the name of

Your ever affectionate

LOUISA.

P.S. I am so fond of mental food. Chocolate isn't to be compared with it for a moment. It is so nice.

STAGGERING ADVENTURES.

O MR. DAWSON BURNS! O Reverend Sir! Surely you, and the United Kingdom Alliance, and the Temperance League, must have been scandalised by, if you have seen, the announcement, for publication early in December, of a new work under the disreputable title of:—

"ZIGZAGGING AMONGST DOLOMITES. By the Author of 'How we Spent the Summer: or a Voyage en Zigzag in Switzerland and Tyrol.'"

How much alcoholic liquor did the party of tourists who went zig-zagging amongst the Dolomites usually take at a sitting to make them zigzag? What kind of liquor was it; beer, wine, spirits, of what sorts, or a mixture of liquors of all sorts? Truly their tour, a zigzag tour, must have resembled the tour of "Drunken BARNABY." Did no accidents come of zigzagging in such dangerous places as the mazes of the Dolomites? Perhaps the voyagers "en zigzag" exemplified the adage, according to which such travellers are celestially cared for. Let us hope their number included no ladies; for the condition wherein people go zigzag, bad enough in a man, is unpardonable in a woman. Wandering amongst the Dolomites, zigzag, they must now and then have had occasion to ask the way, and then perhaps the simple mountaineers of whom they inquired, sometimes answered, "as straight as you can go."



THE PURSUIT OF SCIENCE.

Pretty, but Scientific Governess. "PRAY, CAN WE OBTAIN A SPECIMEN OF THIS MINE?"

Miner (gallantly). "WELL, MISS, THIS HERE'S A WORKED-OUT MINE, AND US THREE'S THE ONLY SPECIMENTS LEFT. AT YOUR 'UMBLE SERVICE, MISS, I'M SURE!!"

PROGRESS AND PEACE.

STEAM has worked many wonders, many more has electricity, Which were expected greatly to increase mankind's felicity, And Chemistry of marvels has accomplished a variety— 'Twas hoped they'd much conduce to the advancement of Society.

We've many faithful likenesses effected by Photography, And even lovely woman now is learning Physiography; We've all sorts of conveniences, and comforts, and facilities, Invented and contrived by men of curious abilities.

Successive wars and bloodshed, upon land and upon ocean, Have been immensely furthered by our means of locomotion, Cheap Press, magnetic telegraph, and rapid information, May we derive more profit from extended education!

A PLEA FOR THE PIBROCH.

ON the 30th of November, being St. Andrew's Day, of course the friends of the Scottish Hospital Corporation celebrated their anniversary festival. The baggis, and collops, and brose, and parritch, with a variety of other creature comforts, and likewise the Farintosh and the Glenlivet, not to mention the Chambertin, and Lafite, and Château D'Yquem, were served up to the assembled brother Scots and Freemasons at the Tavern of the latter. The MACCALLUM MORE, otherwise called the DUKE OF ARGYLL, presided, and proposed the health of his Royal Sister-in-law that is to be with his usual felicity. The toast of the evening was, "The Scottish Corporation," and setting aside the banquet, we may, having a reasonable ear for music, present the following as an account of the treat:—

"The DUKE OF ARGYLL's piper made the circuit of the room several times during dinner, playing 'The Campbells are Coming,' and other appropriate airs, in a duly boisterous and highly applauded manner. The band-boys of the Caledonian Hospital also roused the enthusiasm of the company by their clever manipulation of the Scotch national instrument."

Considering the effect, which, as in the case above related, the bag-pipe is capable of producing, a musician must wonder that at the higher class of Concerts, we are never gratified by a performance on that tuneful instrument. Why should it not be introduced into the "Monday Pops" immediately, and next season into the Philharmonic? Suppose a Bag-pipe Oratorio, the orchestra playing the accompaniments to consist exclusively of bag-pipes, were produced at Exeter Hall. It might be entitled "St. Andrew." HANDEL having appropriated "Judas McCabeus."

BALL-PRACTICE AND BALLOONS.

IN a letter to the *Times*, describing his aerial voyage from Paris in a balloon, M. DE FONVIELLE relates that, in passing over the Prussians, he was hotly fired at by them from below. "Firing," he says, "did not prevent the balloon from continuing its way, and ascending to 3500 yards, when firing ceased." It is more brave than wise to fire at an enemy's balloon. By throwing out ballast the aeronaut can soon rise out of range. But suppose that, for ballast, he has taken up a quantity of grape-shot, and, when he wants to ascend above the reach of his foes, drops some of it on their heads. He is beyond the range of their missiles, but they are within that of his, and the higher he rises the heavier his shot must come down upon them.

Verses by a Vestryman.

THIS here Education Board interest creates:
One thing I knows; it'll heighten the Rates.

PUZZLING HER TRADESMEN.

THE other day MRS. MALAPROP rather astonished the Chemist with whom she deals by asking him for some mitigated spirits of wine (for her egg-boiler). It was some time before it dawned upon him that she meant "methylated."



"NO SUCH LUCK."

Young Lady. "IS IT HUNGRY, THEN? COME ALONG, LITTLE DARLING, IT SHALL HAVE ITS DINNER."

Street-Sweeper (overhearing, and misapplying). "HERE Y' ARE, MISS! RIGHT YOU ARE! I JEST AM!"
[Ah! but it was Fido she was speaking to!]

"LAST SCENE OF ALL!"

"The last struggle [at the Cattle Show] lay between the Devon heifer and the shorthorn steer which had been the crack beast of Birmingham Show, and this fine steer was decreed the victor. This is MR. PULVER's great winner of the year, which, having carried off £121 worth of honours at Birmingham, £124 worth of prizes before that, now takes £110 more; making in all £355 of winnings. It has been sold to a butcher of Gloucester for £100."

THIS is sad. After all its honours and prizes, after being admired, and extolled, and decorated, at Birmingham and in London and other applauding places, after flattering notices in the public prints, and beautiful portraits in illustrated papers and on omnibus panels, after drawing all London and half the country to gaze on its handsome form and perfect proportions, after being discussed and criticised by the best judges of cattle-flesh in England, and patted and stroked by some of its fairest, softest hands—to be bartered for a poor, paltry hundred pounds, to be sent, in cold blood, by its ungrateful owner—for whom it has won so much money and glory, making the name of PULVER for one whole week as familiar to thousands and tens of thousands as BISMARCK or GAMBETTA—to the butcher! It is hard.

O, PULVER, PULVER! We do not envy you your feelings, and cannot trust ourselves to think of the heart-rending separation between the doomed ox and its faithful herdsman. Poor short-horned and short-lived steer! thy fate, we fear, is irrevocable; but can no plan be devised to save thy rosetted successors in years to come at Islington from the shambles and the slaughter-house? The Smithfield Club, the Royal Agricultural Society, the Royal Humane Society, the Society of Arts—will not these and other bodies co-operate to guarantee future champion Devons and Herefords an honourable retirement and a happy old age? We only plead for them, but it is not without a struggle that we are mute on behalf of the leading sheep and the more eminent amongst the pigs.

Her New Lobby.

MRS. MALAPROP is collecting autocrats, and will be grateful for any specimens of the hand-writing of extinguished characters.

A CONQUEROR'S NEW CROWN.

HAIL, EMPEROR OF GERMANY,
Arisen from Prussia's King!
Some glory, if not gain, to thee
This dismal war will bring—
To thee and FRITZ, thy valiant son,
If e'er he mount thy throne;
To whom besides, when all is done,
The truth if thou wilt own?

He who, survivor of the war,
Lives, having lost a limb,
That loss what shall repay him for?
Will glory comfort him?
What's to console the widow, left
In desolate estate,
And all the fatherless bereft
O what can compensate?

United Germany! That's good
For all mankind to see,
Thereby if human brotherhood
At all advanced may be.
Meanwhile mankind doth march, not on,
But quite the other way;
Thy people will be taxed anon;
That's all that we can say.

Full well and bravely have they fought;
Whereby what will they get?
As far as eye can yet see, nought
Except a load of debt.
The plight of France will be the worse,
Aggression's righteous due;
But Germans will partake the curse
Of war, severely, too.

Victorious Germany, of France
Will be avenged, no doubt;
But for her murderous advance
On Denmark gets paid out.
There is a Nemesis that metes
Out justice, oft, to crime;
So that some warriors rue their feats
Here, on this shoal of Time.

O pious Prince, that Heaven dost praise
For thy permitted deeds,
Thy meed, perhaps, just Heaven delays
To life which this succeeds.
For all thou wilt receive below
Is that Imperial Crown
Thou must, at longest, soon forego,
Thou soon mayst have plucked down.

THREE BRITISH BLUNDERS.

WE made three great mistakes in our conduct towards the United States Government respecting the *Alabama* affair. In the first place, we should never have admitted that we might possibly have been to blame at all. In the next, on the contrary, we ought to have complained to them for not having agreed with us to abolish privateering. In the third, we should have sent them in a tremendous bill on account of the loss which we had to sustain in consequence of the Cotton Famine. These are the things which, had our places been reversed, they would certainly have done themselves.

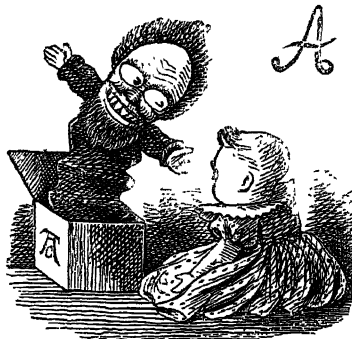
Warning to War-Makers.

M. CHAUDORDY has issued, for European perusal, a circular setting forth in detail the ravage, pillage, conflagration, slaughter, insult, and humiliation which the German troops, acting, he alleges, systematically under orders, are inflicting upon France. Horrible atrocities. Let us hope the French people will never, by abandoning themselves to Napoleonic ideas, and being led to invade their neighbours vaingloriously, draw the like upon themselves again.

INTELLECTUAL TREAT INDEED.

If you 'd like a first-rate intellectual supper,
To St. James's Hall go, and hear TUPPER read TUPPER.

DR. MANNING ON RIGHT AND WRONG.



ARCHBISHOP MANNING is always contributing to public amusement. "He has issued a Pastoral protesting against the occupation of Rome by the Government of Florence." This reasonable manifesto contains these words:—

"It is not, then, in the power, because it is not in the right, of any nation to destroy that which is the joint inheritance of all. Neither is it in the right of any people, for the gratifying of political aspirations, to destroy the fundamental order of the Christian world. To do so, is to apostatise from that Christian order; and no nation has

a right to apostatise from the laws or the civilisation of Christianity. It is held, indeed, by certain modern politicians that a people has a right to choose its religion. But the right to choose carries with it also the right to reject; and no nation has a right to reject Christianity. It may, indeed have the power to apostatise, but it can never have the right."

No, certainly not. The right of the POPE, as the Vicegerent of Omniscience and Omnipotence, to reign absolutely over the Roman people, is with evident justice regarded by DR. MANNING as "the joint inheritance of all" Christian nations. So he naturally says, "We look with amazement and fear at the apathy and silence of the Governments of Europe." As to the inheritance of an absolute Pope-King of Rome, doubtless, the Governments of Europe too truly represent the peoples. Strange to say, they do not appear at all disposed to vindicate their inheritance! At this indisposition DR. MANNING may well look "with amazement and fear." He cannot look on it without fear, and that on his own account, if he expects to be the next Pope. In that case he has the strongest reason to fear that he will not be allowed to govern unwilling subjects with his nod. His amazement is itself not at all amazing. No wonder DR. MANNING does not see that Governments and peoples must naturally consider that the less secular power a Priest who claims Infallibility can wield, the better. Of course they would think the more he had the better, if they did think him really infallible, as DR. MANNING believes him.

Our titular Archbishop's notions of right are admirably sacerdotal. He admits no distinction between political right and theological right. No nation, he says, has a right to apostatise from Christianity. Theologically this is indisputable by Christians. But a Turk might also say, No nation has a right to apostatise from Mahometanism. Theologically, this would be equally undeniable by Mahometans. Let the Turk be anathema. Christianity and Popery, in DR. MANNING'S view, are synonymous. Protestantism was an apostasy; the Protestant denominations have no right to exist. But they, like heretics as they are, think they have; then how is the question to be settled, except by fighting it out?

On the Continent there is only a little fighting now going on. Couldn't it be considerably extended? Nations fight for "prestige." Can't they also fight for the POPE? Oughtn't they? Ought there not to be a European war at present raging for the purpose of replacing the POPE on his temporal throne? What if it should prove another Thirty Years' War?

The only alternative to a religious war is the recognition, for the sake of peace, of the altogether to be condemned principle that Christians shall have the political right to turn Jews, if they like, and, if discontented with their existing form of government, to change it for another, even should they choose MR. MOSES or MR. SOLOMONS to reign over them. DR. MANNING, of course, would, on the contrary, have such apostates delivered over to a secular arm under ecclesiastical guidance. And thinking, as he must, that the only right system of government in the world is the Papal, no doubt he would, if he could, allow of no Jews anywhere but in a Ghetto.

Critical Reporting.

THE *Bristol Daily Post*, in giving a report of a political dinner, says, a certain toast having been proposed,—

"MR. — replied, and misquoted four lines from *Marmion*."

That's all. MR. PUNCH heartily approves of this style. Generally adopted, it would save readers from boredom, and orators from blundering.

THEATRICAL.

The Green Bushes is again being played at the Adelphi. This piece is so perennial that it might fairly be called *The Evergreen Bushes*.

AN OBJECT OF PITY.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM sorry for him. He has my pity, my commiseration, my sympathy. Perhaps he did not foresee what he would have to undergo; perhaps he does not even yet realise the seriousness of his position. Was there no one at hand to warn him, to point out to him all the consequences of the step he was taking? I fear it is now too late; but that he may not hereafter say he went to his fate without a single friendly caution, I will lift the curtain, and display to his startled gaze what there is awaiting him in the coming future.

All his life long he will have to raise his hat.

His autograph will be in great request; possibly there may be a demand for portions of his hair; perhaps some very enthusiastic admirer will pay a large sum for the glass out of which he drank, when he "alighted for refreshment" at the *Nonpareil Hotel*, *Shardlemere*.

He must make up his mind to go to the Royal Academy and see himself on the walls in the Highland garb, in full evening dress, in the robes of the Order of the Garter, and in the Windsor uniform.

He will have the pleasure of reading biographical sketches of himself, and examining his own face and figure engraved on wood in the illustrated papers.

He will be a lucky man if he escapes being "interviewed" by the reporters for the Press.

He will have to make the acquaintance of Mayors and Corporations, Provosts and Bailiffs; to receive addresses, and to return suitable replies; and to dance the first set of quadrilles with the Lady Mayoress.

He will have to head subscription lists, to visit Bazaars and Fancy Fairs, to preside at public dinners and propose the toast of the evening, to attend the meetings of Associations, to sit on Royal Commissions, to inaugurate Exhibitions, to deliver speeches at distributions of prizes, to lay foundation stones and make bows in acknowledgment of one hundred and seventy-five purses, and to be conducted over gaols, hospitals, infirmaries, lunatic asylums, museums, reformatories, ruins, sailors' homes, and all the other places of local interest.

He will become K.G., K.T., D.C.L., P.G.M. (he must of necessity be a Freemason), and F.R.S.; a High Steward, an Honorary Colonel, an *ex officio* Trustee, a Patron of the Anniversary Meeting of the Charity Children at St. Paul's, an Elder Brother, a Lord Rector, a Benchor of the Temple, a Doctor of Civil Law, a Governor of the Charter House, a Freeman of the Cities of London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and a Member of the Fishmongers' and Merchant Tailors' Companies; and it will be his duty to purchase and wear in public all kinds of antique and extraordinary uniforms, dresses, robes, costumes, and decorations.

He will go to and fro escorted by Rifle Corps and Yeomanry Cavalry, and be received by a Guard of Honour of the Honourable Artillery Company.

He will be constantly in the Court Circular.

He will have poems, plays, essays, and Christmas Books dedicated to him; and essences and perfumes, waltzes, galops, and quadrilles called after his name.

He has been, and will be, the subject of thousands of conundrums and acrostics.

And lastly, but not leastly, he will be the prey and victim of photographers at all times of his life, at all seasons of the year, and in all sorts of attitudes and costumes. Already the epidemic is raging—"LORD LOBNE (just out)." "MARQUIS OF LOBNE. Beautiful *carte* portrait, in Highland costume, 1s. 1d. by post." "According to the *Glasgow Herald*, a photographer in that city has received orders from a London House for 60,000 photographs of the MARQUIS OF LOBNE." "MESSRS. SWAMP & SWUMP have had the honour of taking an admirable photograph (*carte de visite* size) of the future husband of H.R.H. the PRINCESS LOUISE," &c.

I conclude, MR. PUNCH, as I began, by saying I am sorry for him—for the MARQUIS OF LOBNE.

THE MAN WITH THE EYEGLASS.

P.S. How fortunate it is that the PRINCESS LOUISE having lived so much in Scotland has grown accustomed to the melody of the Bagpipes!

Episcopal Expedience.

"At the foundation of a New Church by the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, about £250 was collected on the spot: no small amusement being caused by the Bishop putting a practical end to the 'Bag v. Plate' controversy, by passing round his own Collegiate cap for the purpose of receiving the contributions."

SOME pious folks have nurtured mental qualms,
If it be fit in plates to gather alms;
Wise WINTON, of their qualms a modest quencher;
Not to be dishd, sends round his humble trencher.

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

NO. VI.—MY MILITARY ACQUAINTANCE—BEING MEMOIRS OF PIPKIN.



is five feet five and a half in his slippers, and five feet seven in his boots, when new. As his boots get older so his martial height diminishes. He, as it were, lowers the standard.

I don't know any man more military looking—for his size and circumference.

I mention circumference because he prides himself (at his tailor's) on having a very big chest. According to his own description he is all chest, developing the farther you get from chin downwards. But, after all, anatomical nomenclature is arbitrary, so why shouldn't little PIPKIN call it

chest if he likes? By every law he has a right to do what he likes with his own, nay even to performing the Japanese Tommy Trick of the Happy Despatch with his own sabre—if he had one. His whiskers are a kind of regulation clip, not unlike a pair of worn-out hairbrushes after coming out of the soda-water wash, and of about that brilliancy of colour. He is shaved late in the day, down some remote alley, for twopence—the Barber putting a penny on to his usual charge on account of the respectability of the connection.

Being shaved, as I have said, late in the day, there is, up to about three in the afternoon, a gentle tinge of blue about the lower part of his expressive countenance, which, being of a settled sunset hue (I mean it never gets below a certain point of colour), looks, on the whole, like a sort of Perpetual Perambulating Providential Promise of fine weather to-morrow. He would make an excellent sign for the Rainbow Tavern in Fleet Street, whenever that ancient hostelry may require an advertisement. Indeed, it would pay PIPKIN to have his likeness taken in brilliant oils, and sell replicas of it to various public-houses. As a sort of MARQUIS OF GRANBY, Junior, in any uniform, he would be invaluable to no end of landlords up and down the country from Land's End to the North Pole. In previous states of existence he must have been a lobster boiled, then a rabbit, then a guinea-pig, and then he appears in the present stage of progression. But what he will be—except found out a humbug—it is impossible to speak with anything like certainty.

My Military Acquaintance, from having passed the greater part of his life in some place where there were barracks perpetually changing their occupants, has, himself, a really large circle of Military Acquaintances, of whom he talks, individually and collectively, as his bosom friends; that is when he is pretty sure that the person he is addressing is not well informed on the subject. This is a peculiar trait among other peculiar traits—in the character of my Military Acquaintance; every one is “a capital fellow,” or “a first-rate chap.”

“Do you know CHIPTON, of the Forty-first?” PIPKIN will ask you. If you do happen to know CHIPTON intimately, and if CHIPTON be at all likely to turn up, then PIPKIN will be guarded in his statement respecting CHIPTON, of the Forty-first, and will merely say that “he knows him,” without a qualification of any sort, except a sort of a knowing look, meant to imply that he could say something about CHIPTON if he liked, but he won't. In this case it is most likely that he has once met CHIPTON at the Regimental Mess, to which he has at some time or other induced one of the youngsters to invite him, where he perhaps sat next to CHIPTON, or remarked to him before dinner that it had or had not been a fine day. For on the strength of as much as this, PIPKIN would ask CHIPTON to do him a favour, and think nothing of it.

If, on the other hand, CHIPTON, of the Forty-first, being the subject of conversation, is in India, then little PIPKIN will be sure to “know him very well—intimately, his dearest friend, best fellow out—old CHIPTON!” and here he will break off, as if words failed him (which, indeed, they often do, specially good ones), to express all CHIPTON's immense merits.

Martial ardour once led little PIPKIN into the Militia. The tailor, I

believe, knowing PIPKIN (he was to have been a Captain—perhaps he is; indeed, I fancy that I have heard him say so, at one period of a long evening, but he is a trifle silent on his Militia exploits, as a true hero always should be)—the tailor, so the legend runs, knowing our friend PIPKIN, requested money for the uniform in advance, which somewhat disgusted this tremendous warrior, and he resigned his command, after paying for one week's hire of military costume from NATHAN'S—period unknown.

His term of endearment is “Old Man,” for any one from eighteen to forty. I should say he knows very few men past forty; they know him by that time. The older PIPKIN becomes, the younger must be his intimates.

I see him from the Club window, lounging down Pall Mall. Here come his little legs, looking as symmetrical as a Punch doll's, encased in tightish trousers, half ring-man, half trainer, with not the slightest trace of the cavalry officer in either legs or boots, which look as if they'd been picked up second-hand and widened out at the toes with a glove-stretcher. Even his trousers seem as if they'd been left him by a friend. Every one knows of the absurd conditions annexed to certain wills; some men have to drive a four-in-hand every day for a hundred thousand a-year; others to wind up a watch twice in an afternoon, or visit the Monument after dark, or anything else equally absurd and ridiculous. I think little PIPKIN must be enjoying a legacy on condition of wearing one pair of trousers, or never coming out in anything but secondhand clothes and boots, the second gloss well on the former; and the latter past polishing. He is dingy by daylight, but as they say, “lights up well at night.” Indeed, to see PIPKIN in a stall at the theatre, seated mind you, is a real imposition. PIPKIN, in a stall, as a half-length portrait, has a military bearing. One glance at PIPKIN, full length, dispels the illusion. He eschews gloves, except at evening parties, and then his gloves and tie can be done well at eightpence the lot, and a profit to the cheap haberdasher. His hands are in keeping with his military tone generally, and are, so to speak, uniform with it, being of an emphatic and undisguised red.

For his moustache he uses a great quantity of some horrid stuff called (I believe) “fixature,” which makes both little stubby points stand out as far as they'll go, like a clipped LOUIS NAPOLEON. They have about as much point as PIPKIN's jokes, which, indeed, are of the flattest kind. Apparently he melts down the fixature and washes in it—as a made-up beauty is said to do with some sort of paste—as he has for the most part a gummy appearance, as if a postage-stamp would adhere to his cheek affectionately *propria motu*, and without any external emollient aid.

Yet have I heard ladies ask, “Is MR. PIPKIN in the army?” and I confess to a pleasurable feeling in being able to answer in the negative. But for all this he is my Military Acquaintance.

(To be resumed with our next Cigarette.)

BRAVE WORDS.

SAYS GENERAL FAIDHERBE, in his Proclamation to the “Army of the North”—

“M. GAMBETTA has declared that, to save France, he requires from you three things—discipline, morality, and contempt of death.”

How can contempt of death be bred except by familiarity? When a man has died he may feel contempt for death, if he exists better off. Before death, to contemn death, if he thinks, he needs to be sure that death is contemptible.

Hyems and Hymen.

THE marriages continue to be vastly out-numbered by the births and deaths. One day last week the *Times*, announced eighteen births and as many as forty-one deaths, but only seven marriages. The cold weather may co-operate with the Married Women's Property Act. The sea-side is now not eligible for the honeymoon. Young couples would be likely to catch cold there, and then, if they took the most agreeable of remedies for that affection, their honeymoon would become a rum-and-honeymoon.

The Irish Papists' Petition.

THE Irish Church you severed from the State;
Choose their own rule, you say, let foreign Powers:
Now, then, impose the reign which Romans hate
On Rome, because the POP's religion's ours.

“UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH.”

EVEN in the realm of Nature all is not natural. The influence of our artificial state of society seems to be felt in scenes where it might have been thought all would be simple and unstudied, for in the last monthly history of the weather in the *Times*, we are surprised by the intrusion of “the conventional black cloud.”



A FULL STOP.

Elder Sister. "Now, when you see a little round dot like that at the end of a sentence, it means you're to stop."
Harry. "I will—and go and play."

* BETWEEN THE HOSTS.

LIKE him of old, when the plague's arrows sped,
 And life sank blighted by that scathing rain,
 We stand between the living and the dead,
 Lifting our hands and prayers to Heaven in vain.
 While those that faint upbraid us from dim eyes,
 And those that fight arraign us as they fall,
 And French and German curses 'gainst us rise,
 And, hating none, we rest unloved of all.

Till in a bitter stress of doubt we wait,
 And hardly dare or know to shape our prayer,
 Beyond the aching wish to see abate
 This woe and waste that darken all the air,
 And make the winter fog seem like a pall
 Laid on the death-struck earth, and hiding heaven
 From the fierce eyes of those that fight and fall,
 And theirs, to whom the wearier lot is given,

To sit, with innocent and unarmed hands,
 And listen to the guns, far off or near;
 To watch war's ravage trample down their lands,
 And sweep off growth and storage of their year,
 And heap with death's swathes, sow with corpses' seed,
 Fields bared of kindly grass and feeding grain;
 To see their furrows filled from wounds that bleed,
 And mark on wall and hearth-stone death's dull stain.

Shall we dare counsel baffled, bleeding France,
 As she creates defiance from despair,—
 "Throw up the lost game; bow to conquest's chance,
 And tame thyself the vanquished's lot to bear"?
 When 'tis this stubbornness, that, in her place,
 Our prayer and joy 'twere in ourselves to find:
 When what we love best in her worn, wan, face,
 Is the bent brow that speaks the unyielding mind.

Or shall we dare advise the German foe,
 As with firm step, clear purpose, iron will,
 He moves on to his goal through waste and woe—
 "For all thy sons' blood thou hast had to spill,
 For all thy treasure thou hast had to spend,
 Thy breaking up of homes, and wrench of hearts,
 With less than retribution waive thine end,
 For love of thy foe's charms and witching arts"?

We own the provocation, foully given,
 That knit a nation's hearts in bonds of steel;
 But think a shattered throne, great armies driven
 In rout, or held beneath the conqueror's heel,
 Set-off sufficient for that traitor-stroke—
 Imperial ruin 'gainst Imperial raid—
 Yet pity for this people how invoke,
 That brooks no pity and implores no aid?

We love French wit, love France's courteous cheer,
 And skill in arts that make life fair and bright,
 As we respect the German soul sincere,
 Thoroughness, learning, patience, faith in right;
 Nor scorn we France's false and fickle brood,
 Hating all truth that frets its self-conceit,
 More than we loathe the German's stolid mood,
 That travels to its ends with iron feet.

And so we stand with a divided soul,
 Our sympathies for both at war within,
 Now eager for the strong, to reach his goal,
 More often wishing that the weak could win.
 Only *one* feeling will not leave our minds,
 Hate of this hate, and anguish of this woe;
 And still war's scythe-set car rolls on and grinds
 Guilty and guiltless, blent in overthrow.

And first we interpose a useless hand,
 And then we lift an unavailing voice,



GAUL TO THE NEW CÆSAR.

“DEFIANCE, EMPEROR, WHILE I HAVE STRENGTH TO HURL IT!”

While still Death holds his way with sword and brand,
Still the Valkyrier* make their fatal choice.
Still stormed on by ill-will from either side,
Be we content to do the best we can—
Give all that wealth, peace, goodwill can provide,
For war's poor victims who their helpers ban.

We have no right to wait for men's good word,
No right to pause before men's unearned hate:
No right to turn the ear, when threats are heard
Of what will, some day, be the neutral's fate.
"Do right and fear not" must be England's stay,
As it has been, let wrath say what it will.
So with love's unthanked labour let us pray,†
And do our best to ease war's weight of ill!

* The Norse "Choosers of the slain."
† Qui laborat orat.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



SUCCESSFUL the Holborn Theatre has been with *Jezebel*, which, without that deliciously sensational piece Odds, will prove sufficiently attractive. The construction of MR. BOUCICAULT'S last act is most artistic.

PRINCIPAL DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

George D'Artigues (an amiable and impulsive Bigamist) MR. NEVILLE.
Cristal (a comic Bigamist) MR. HOLSTON.
Madame D'Artigues (a wicked Trigemist).

ACT I.

Room in GEORGE D'ARTIGUES' House.

Madame Jezebel (sweetly). I want two thousand million francs.

Gentleman in Stalls (who

has come in late—to his Friend). What for?

His Friend (who was in at the beginning). I don't know.

[They attend to the piece.

George (welcoming the Tragic Nautical Doctor). Ah, my old friend! Let me introduce you to my wife.

[Nautical Doctor starts, and drops wine-glass. MADAME JEZEBEL starts. GEORGE starts.

George (beginning to be a trifle suspicious). Hallo! (Dissembles.) Now we'll go out. [Exit with Nautical Doctor.

Enter sharp little Soubrette, with Letter.

Madame Jezebel (reading letter, starts). Your husband has quarrelled with Monsieur Somebody.

Attentive Man (in Stalls). Who's he?

His Friend. Don't know. (Refers to bill.) He's not down.

Madame (to herself). They will fight! (Starts.) GEORGE is a first-rate swordsman.

Enter GEORGE, he starts and scowls at her. She starts and dissembles.

N.B. Great deal of starting and dissembling in this piece.

George. I'm going to fight MONSIEUR THINGUMMY.

Madame (startling). Ah! (dissembling) Dear me!

(Aside). I'll poison him. [Pours poison into GEORGE'S glass. GEORGE sees her and starts.]

George (violently). I see'd yer do it.

Madame (startling). Ah!

George. MONSIEUR THINGUMMY (can't catch the name) was your Lover. I have killed him.

[Starts. She starts. Attitudes. Enter Nautical Doctor. He starts.

Nautical Doctor. I will suggest another start. Let your wife think you're poisoned, and we'll start off together.

[They start off together, leaving MADAME JEZEBEL to start by herself.

Enter Soubrette.

Soubrette (starts). Ah!

Madame Jezebel (starts). Ah!

[Goes into fits and starts.

Prompter starts and lets down the Curtain on Act I.

ACT II.

The Curtain rising discovers Comic Bigamist at breakfast. His name is CRISTAL.

Cristal. I was once hung for being a bigamist, but was restored by COMMODORE BREITMANN, who is my benefactor.

Enter COMMODORE BREITMANN, author of the *Breitmann Ballads*.

Commodore. I will fight anybody who says anything against MADAME D'ARTIGUES. She is my niece.

Madame Jezebel (meeting him). Thank you.

Commodore (starts). Hallo! You are not my niece, and I've fought six duels on your account already. GEORGE D'ARTIGUES is married.

Madame Jezebel (starts). Ah!

Cristal (recognising JEZEBEL, starts). Ah! my wife!

[Exit.

ACT III.

GEORGE at home as an amiable Bigamist.

Mrs. D'Artigues (Number Two). This letter!! (starts). What does it mean?

George starts and exit. Commodore starts and remains.

N.B. By the way, a really capital scene here between MR. PARSELLE (never better than in this), and MISS LYDIA FOOTE, excellent.

Enter Madame D'Artigues (Number One).

Madame D'Artigues (seeing Number Two). Ah! (Starts.)

Madame D'Artigues (Number Two). Ah! (Starts.)

George (entering). Hallo! (Starts.)

[Very awkward this for poor GEORGE.

Enter CRISTAL. Madame Number One starts.

Cristal (to Madame Jezebel). But you were married to me. But you were married before. Ergo you oughtn't to have married me. Ergo you're a trigamist; I'm not really a bigamist; and GEORGE isn't a bit of a bigamist. The police will remove you, and there being nothing more to say, we will have the Curtain down at once on this capitally contrived situation which the audience will applaud.

End of Play.

Attentive Person (to Friend). But I don't quite understand—His Friend (much pleased with the piece.). No more do I. Bravo! (Applauds enthusiastically.) Doosidly well acted. Very good.

A CLAP OF STAGE THUNDER.

WORTHY MR. PUNCH,

CYNICS say that there are no dramatic critics now-a-days, for what is now called criticism is nothing but false praise. Puffery reigns supreme, they think, in this department of the Press, and public writers are so awayed by private motives towards laudation that anything like censure never comes from their paid pens. Well; this may be true in general, but there are certainly exceptions, as witness these remarks in a recent bit of criticism in the *Daily News* :—

"He had no story to tell which was worth telling . . . he had not even the faintest idea of how to handle a plot . . . nor is the delineation of character exactly his forte . . . his dialogue is weak and diffuse . . . his scenes, as a rule, lead to nothing, while his acts invariably terminate with an anticlimax."

A pleasant breakfast must the author have had after his "first night," if he found upon his table many notices of his new drama such as this! But, supposing there be fair grounds to justify such censure, I cry "Bravo!" to the writer who has the pluck to pen it. I consider that in pointing out the weak points of a play, a critic merely does what he is privileged and paid to do. As a writer for the public, it is his business and his duty to tell the public truly his opinion of a piece. When a play should be condemned, it is his province to speak plainly, and so prevent his readers from wasting time and money on a worthless work. The public have a right to look for censure in the newspapers when censure is deserved; and, failing this, the critics may be viewed as merely hireling manufacturers of puffs. Too many write with rosewater where they rather should use vinegar; and if severity in criticism is ever to become still rarer than it is, we may live to see the public tendering their thanks for it in some such form as this :—

"Mr. Punch begs to express the gratitude of the public for the sensible severity wherewith the Press has criticised the stupid play produced on Monday evening last. The critics have so seldom the courage to condemn, that a special word of thanks is in this instance their due; and, speaking in the name of British playgoers in general, Mr. Punch would fain express their gratefullest acknowledgment of the way in which a clumsy, dull, and ineffective play has most deservedly been doomed."

Leaving you on due occasion to carry out the hint, I remain,

Yours most admirably,

Tartarus Place, Tuesday.

RHADAMANTHUS JONES.



POLICE TYRANNY.

Policeman (to obtrusive Tramp). "NOW THEN, WHAT D'YE MEAN BY SHOVING YOURSELF IN BEFORE THESE POOR PEOPLE OUT O' YOUR TURN? YOU STAND BACK, OR—(thinking deeply)—YOU SHALL HAVE SUCH A WASH!!"

POOR LOOK-OUT FOR PUDDING.

An alarming decree the Tours Government utter,
British Lion at food-time 'twill cause thee to roar;
They forbid exportation of salt, eggs, and butter—
We're beginning to find that the War is a bore.

England's housekeepers cry, with anxiety brooding
On provision for Christmas at hand and in view,
"Badly off we shall be for mince-pie and plum-pudding.
For without eggs and butter, O what can we do?"

Well, there's one consolation for Paterfamilias
And Mater, which ought to make fond parents smile;
Christmas fare, if less rich, will make children less bilious,
Give their elders, too, less indigestion and bile.

WOMEN'S NATURAL RIGHTS.

THE question of Married Women's Property has not yet reached a settlement. On the evening of Monday week a meeting of the Victoria Discussion Society was held in the Cavendish Rooms to discuss it. Opinions were expressed by ladies and gentlemen in a succession of speeches which led to no conclusion; but SIR ERSKINE PERRY, who occupied the Chair, made a significant remark:—

"The Chairman observed that the subject about to be discussed was one of great importance to every household. It affected both heads of families and their children, and affected them in the most serious and important manner."

No doubt. The subject of Married Women's Property is one about which a husband and wife may differ, so as to quarrel and rave. Thus it may affect the heads of families very seriously. And, as affections of the head are often hereditary, it may indirectly affect their children likewise. These considerations must make prudent men think, not twice only, but three or four times, or more, before they marry, unless

they propose to marry a girl without any but naturally personal property; oftentimes the cheapest as well as the most generous marriage.

There was something also in what was said by another of the speakers:—

"MR. HOSKYNs . . . contended that the married women of England had hitherto been very unfairly treated with regard to property. He, MR. HOSKYNs, contended that husbands should treat their wives as equal human beings. He did not consider that they had been so treated hitherto."

Very true, HOSKYNs, in a measure. On the whole, perhaps, women have not been treated like equal human beings. However, they are always helped first at dinner, and men usually stop at a door, and let their female companions enter first. And this is right. Persons of the ruder sex, meaning to be rude, often make a remark which is truer than they imagine, for them at least. "Woman," they say, "is the inferior animal." "Yes," may be the reply, "but she is the superior human being." Let every husband, therefore, duly resign to his wife the liver-wing of a fowl, unless she prefers the gizzard, and let him at least give her the refusal of the pheasant's leg.

Incomplete Charade.

GORTSCHAKOFF! What imports
This Statesman's nomination?
With "my two last" it sorts
To shake off obligation.

Educational Colours.

THE *Post*, in a leader on the subject of education, has the following remark relative to "street Arabs" and "gutter-children" who will be educated in the new national schools:—

"But the colourless religion which will be part of their mental phylum will be better than their present no-religion."

Ought not religion, pure and simple, to be colourless? Light is of no colour until it is decomposed.

STRAWBERRY LEAVES.

A SELECTION FROM THE VERY LATEST LETTERS OF THE HONOURABLE HORACE WALPOLE, OF STRAWBERRY HILL, FAVOURED BY OUR PRIVATE SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.

To SIR HORACE MANN.

WE have snow! Come, my dear Sir, do not pretend not to understand the word. An Italian of my name has told you something about it. Take him out of my friend Theodore Martin's book (as charming a rendering of Latin poetry into English as we shall see)

"Enough of snow, enough of direful hail
Hath Jove in anger showered upon the land."

I used to like it, but *labuntur anni*. This year, moreover, I regard it with abhorrence, for I think what this weather means to the poor wretches who, by the will of Kings and Republics, are lying hideously wounded. I send you the *Times* newspaper. Be pleased to read, if you can bear to read, a Correspondent's account of what he saw after the great *sortie*. Translate it to your Countesses who prate of glory. I wish that there were some way of disclaiming one's share in this world's wickedness. I would go to London, even in this weather, and with my gout, to sign the deed. But would it be enrolled in the supreme Chancery?

People speak of Christmas. It has long ceased to be anything but a word, and a disagreeable one for me. But I am glad to help those to enjoy the season who can. The Day falls on Sunday, and my old housekeeper, Margaret, is indignant, and accuses the Government of some kind of mismanagement in allowing this. I have seen as well-founded charges made against Mr. Gladstone. Folks, "whose talk is of bullocks," tell me that the Beast Show is the best that has ever been held. I wish an Aladdin's magician could fly away with the whole, and set it down in the middle of Paris.

The Eclipse philosophers have gone forth to seize the precious two minutes. Ladies are with them, I suppose to dust up the sun and moon and make them fit for inspection. Doubtless the expedition has a wonderful object, but I decline to incur the headache which would be the price of my understanding it. A little girl asked me why the sun and moon were made round and not square, and I told her that if they had been square their corners might have been knocked off in eclipses. I believe the Government dawdled terribly in giving the assistance which the astronomers required. The Americans showed a hundred times more zeal and sense, of course, as they always do. They reverse [the religious and gracious King Charles's rule, seldom talk wisely, and never act foolishly. They will annex us one of these days, and then there will be some hope for this worn-out old island. I hope they will let me keep Strawberry, even at the price of knocking out all my poor painted Kings and Queens, harmless as such folks are—in glass.

I did not mean to allude again to the horrid war, but I could not help thinking, the other day, of M. Thiers. The forts about Paris were, you know, his work. They belled and roared so hideously in the last affair that Russell was reminded of Sebastopol. Can't you imagine little Thiers listening to the noise, and saying, with John Dennis, "By Jove, that's my thunder!"

We had a play condemned—that is the polite word in spite of the late Bishop of Exeter—last week. It was by a nobleman, too, Lord Newry, and it was called *Bearté*, and brought out at the Globe. It did not please the public, which induces me to think that there must have been something good in it. For the present generation of playgoers is so intellectually demoralised that its censure involves a compliment. In the course of the evening, the Manageress, Miss Alleyne, provoked at the failure, addressed some sharp words to the audience. I like her courage. Had she been a deep-mouthed, masculine tragedian, who could have bullied them with growls, and told them he was "ashamed of such un-English conduct to artists who were doing their 'umble best," the scolding would have been applauded, and the piece saved. But they had courage to go on jeering a woman. The play has been withdrawn, "on account of the Manageress's indisposition," a final defiance which I also like. Not that most pieces do not deserve to be condemned, but that audiences who admire our present sort are not competent judges. When, as I told you years ago, the pretty men and the Templars went to damn a piece brought out by Garrick, and he was impertinent about it, I defended them. But then they knew good plays from bad.

The Scotch are going to hold festival on the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott. This is right enough. I have an interest in Scotland. My father, "old Sir Robert" (would I had half his sense and goodness), paid the Scotch Members ten guineas a week during the Session, and by a singular coincidence they all thought him a very great man—during the Session. I hope that the affair will not be muddled, as was the case with the Burns and Shakspeare Centenaries. It would be an agreeable variation from Scotch rule were it solemnly announced that none of the orators should quote from the

said Burns, but this is too much to expect. *Dios me libre de hombre di un libro!*

I have no politics for you. The Liberals have been trying to eject Douglas Straight, a rising young barrister, whom the Conservatives got in for Shrewsbury. The proceedings were a farce; there was no sort of case against him. Whig as I am, I am glad of the failure, for the Liberals lost the election by their own blundering, and sought an unworthy revenge. In the present state of parties, my good Sir, we can afford to be dispassionate. You and I remember other days in Shropshire, when all its twelve Members were returned by that amiable Indian philanthropist, Lord Clive, and were irreverently called his apostles. The county has not distinguished itself much of late years. Disraeli was the last notable elected by the proud Salopians.

I have looked at your friend B——'s book. I am not much illuminated, though his puffs, like those of old Vauxhall, announced that we were to have twenty thousand additional lamps. He would reduce everything to the standard of reason. *Bon*. But when I find he means the standard of his own reason—*adieu*, Mr. B——. I have lived in a better Arcadia. He will do no good, but neither will he do any harm, but pray don't tell him this latter fact, as it will put him into the greatest of rages. Why is it that nobody likes to be called what all should seek to be, namely, harmless?

A very great man—that is to say a Duke, which means the same—met an Arctic friend of mine the other night at a crush. Despite the weather, the room was awfully hot. "Ah! Captain —," says the Duke, "this is more like the South Pole than the North, eh?" I told it to a lady friend of his, who did not smile. I remarked on this. "I ought to smile," she said, "for I am really pleased to hear that he knows there are two poles." I think he must have refused her something, she is generally honey on velvet. If she has missed anything (you know her) it was not for want of asking. She would stop a jockey in the finish for the Derby, and ask for a lock of his hair, if it occurred to her that she could get anything by giving it to somebody.

"Miss V—— likely to be looking out for bridesmaids!" My dear child, you don't read my letters, or don't heed what I tell you of marryings and givings in marriage. Why, she, by her long-worn name of matron, is looking out for godmothers, and I hear that she has pounced on your friend Mrs. * * * *. I know no one more capable of instructing a godchild, as enjoined, "in the vulgar tongue." Her vulgarity is natural, but I am not sure that some of her ignorance is not assumed. There was astronomical talk the other night at Sir Wrock Tapper's (the geologist), and he offered to fetch a spectro-scope. She desired him not to bring such a thing into the room, she hated ghosts and all their belongings. By the way they tell me that instrument, or no I believe it's another called a polariscope (bless their jargon), reveals whether light be original or borrowed. If such a thing could be invented for the benefit of a book critic, who usually knows nothing of a subject but what he learns from the work he is patronising or abusing?

When I have got down to *her* and to critics, you will say that it is time to get a little lower, and sign myself

Yours affectionately,
HORACE WALPOLE.

MEMS BY A MUSICIAN.

(Driven wellnigh mad by an overdose of WAGNER.)

Mem. To have my ears shaved and stuff my nose with gun-cotton, when next I am invited to listen to *Tannhäuser*.

Mem. To order a few score of slides and roasted snowballs to cool my temper afterwards.

Mem. We won't go home till morning, and not even then if the overture's in earshot.

Mem. To box my nephew's compass, for whistling, "Gee woe, WAGNER!" when he comes to call on me.

Mem. I am engaged to dine to-morrow with the EMPEROR OF EGYPT, at the Egyptian Hall in the liver wing of the Mansion House.

Mem. To ask him if he knows the Sphinx, and whether she can answer the riddles of *Tannhäuser*.

Mem. Don't let him uncork his fine old crusted periwinkles, or cut up any critics in your oyster salad.

Mem. In the middle of next week I am the Gipsy King, ha! ha! Ter-remble villain! Aha, my Warbling Waggoner, won't I warm your coppers for you!

Mem. Boiled fiddlestrings and buttered trumpets are the best substitutes for lemonade at breakfast.

Mem. Did you ever hear the sound of a codfish? Its natural pitch is in deep C, but its diatonic scales are suited to B sharp.

Mem. O if I had some one to love me, I would make her a present of the Music of the Future!

Mem. Did you ever troll for turnpikes? Mind you trol an air of WAGNER's when you want to worry them.

Mem. Next time I meet a bagpipe, I'll ask him if he plays the music of *Tannhäuser*.

NO SENTIMENTAL PERSON NEED APPLY.

"WANTED, by a Steady Widower, with a good home, aged 40, with children, a suitable Woman, as HEAD SERVANT or WIFE."—*Advertisement.*

WHAT an accommodating widower! How humble, how easily satisfied! He only wants "a suitable woman" to act "as Head Servant or Wife." She may undertake either the one post or the other, whichever she pleases—there is little or no difference between them in the valuation of her intending employer or husband. Each is a place, a situation, to be taken and filled; and if the woman lucky enough to be engaged, after a month's trial or so, "does" for her "steady widower" to his satisfaction, gives him comfortable meals, keeps the children in order, and proves a careful tidy body, her title, at all events, will be changed, although her position in the household may remain much the same—the "head servant" will become the second wife, and there will be a plain, a very plain wedding, probably celebrated by the Registrar, with no superfluities of bridesmaids, or bells, or new garments, or marriage gifts, or ridiculous luxuries.

As wife she must not expect to have the control of much ready money, for we would wager the "steady widower" will be purse-bearer, and not given to opening it too often or too wide; nor hope to exercise more power and authority than she possessed when "head servant;" and as for love, affection, endearments, and the like, what business has a man of forty with such encumbrances, especially one who is indifferent whether he takes "a suitable woman" into his kitchen as servant, or into his bosom as partner.

There will be a multitude of applicants, and they will send their characters and references, and some their photographs. We should like to see their letters, their portraits, and, before all, themselves; and if *Mr. Punch* thought the advertising widower could care for such a vanity as personal appearance, a comely face and a comfortable figure he would affectionately urge him not to engage any one of the competitors either as domestic or consort, without a personal interview, the "party" chosen for inspection, of course, to pay her own travelling expenses, and to remain at a respectable public-house in the neighbourhood, at her own charges, during approval.

Is there not some permanent Committee or Convention which looks after Woman's rights and wrongs? *Mr. Punch* lays this case before them at their next meeting, with the deferential expression of his opinion, that if a deputation composed of two or three of the very strongest-minded of the members could wait upon the "Widower," they might, by tract and argument, at all events, induce him to withdraw his ungallant advertisement.

SCIENCE IN A GOVERNMENT OFFICE.



LOOK DOWN TO THE CORNER ON THE LEFT, FOR THE OBJECT OF A SCIENTIFIC PROCESS.



LOOK UP TO THE CORNER ON THE RIGHT, FOR THE OPERATORS IN A SCIENTIFIC PROCESS.

A GREAT DAY.

THERE have been grand doings at Windsor, at the South-Western Railway Station, in celebration of the return visit paid by the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE to HER MAJESTY at the Castle. No doubt the EMPRESS has addressed an autograph letter of thanks to the Directors and officials, in acknowledgment of the extraordinary preparations they made for her reception, with a disregard of expense (and coal) which even in this country of pomp and display has rarely, if ever, been equalled. For what do we read? That the "suite of Royal waiting-rooms opposite the arrival platform were in readiness, and fires had been lit in order to insure the comfort of the visitors."

We have emphasised, by the aid of the italic letter, the words last quoted, because it may not occur to all readers that the day of the EMPRESS's visit to Windsor was Monday the 5th inst., when a fire was considered an indispensable necessity by everybody who could afford a scintille of coals. The next dividend of the South-Western Railway is not likely to suffer through any reckless profusion on the part of the Company in receiving their Imperial visitor.

Strange Food in a Siege.

BENEATH the Bridge of Marlow
"Bargees," in days gone by,
Our youth, how smart their parls, O!
Asked who ate Canine Pie?
The same interrogation
Might now, no taunt inane,
Alas for Civilisation!
Be answered on the Seine.

Loss and Gain.

THE POPE complains that the Italians have deprived the Church of St. Peter's Patrimony. Now, ST. PETER was a married man. Let his Holiness allow Priests to wed. Let him restore to the Church St. Peter's Matrimony.

WHY are the beaten candidates for the School Board like the World? —Because they are depressed at the polls!



ASTONISHING FACT.

Lady, (who is rather plain). "MY DEAR CECIL, WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN, YOU SHOULD ALWAYS GO TO A GOOD PLACE, WHERE THE MAN IS AN ARTIST. I HAD MINE DONE THE OTHER DAY, AND IT IS QUITE BEAUTIFUL!"

WATKINS IN EXCELSIS.

(AN ODE.)

"MR. JOHN WATKINS, of Parliament Street, had the honour of attending at Windsor Castle on Saturday last, and taking several photographs of PRINCESS LOUISE, the MARQUIS OF LORNE having previously given sittings to him. MR. WATKINS is also engaged on portraits of the eight peers' daughters who have been distinguished by selection as the Royal bride-maids."

HAIL, well-starred WATKINS! well-starred WATKINS, hail!
No more *obscura* shall thy camera stand!
To work! Develope, tone, print, mount, wholesale,
For dealing out in packs, about the land,
Court *Cartes* of our LOUISE and of her LORNE—
And bear aloft thy head, and rear on high thy horn!

Two negatives, our schoolboy grammars told,
Of one affirmative the force attain:
But these two negatives a rank shall hold
Apart, alone, for glory and for gain—
And positives, comparatives, outflown,
Be reached to by superlatives alone!

All other cynosures of eyes they'll rob,
The nine-day lease of shop-front life defy:
And to the question, "Is JOHN BULL a snob?"
Ten millions of affirmatives supply—
Proving, whatever else JOHN BULL may be,
Sublimest snob of all Earth's snobs is he:

That JOHN BULL loves a lord, has oft been said,
And shown, since lords have been for BULL to love:
But how he loves a lord who woos to wed
A Royal Princess, still remained to prove,
And show how in JOHN's coat the broadcloth fine
The filthy dowlas of it serves to line.

For when, to back the snobbishness of JOHN,
You call JOHN's loyalty, our fancy seems
Rapt into heights beyond great JENKINS' own—
Region of Flunkeydom's divinest dreams,
Where rank is both the guinea-stamp and gold,
And man as man but dross and dirt we hold:

SCHOOLING FOR SAVAGES.

ELEVEN garotters at Leeds,
Were flogged on last Friday in gaol;
Each reaped the reward of his deeds,
Whilst howls rode aloof on the gale.
Henceforth, when they rob, to garotte,
Likewise, they will probably cease:
Beneath twenty-five were the lot—
They had twenty lashes a-piece.

E'en ruffians have feelings of touch,
Affections whereon whipcord tells;
Those same it affected so much—
Some fainting were borne to their cells.
Then, if you garotters would win,
Appeal to their tenderest part;
Teach pupils like them through the skin—
The sole way of reaching the heart.

Domestic Teachers.

It used to be said, with truth not meant,
"The Schoolmaster is Abroad." He proved
to have gone, not only abroad, but astray. The
number of ladies who have been placed on
the Education Board suggests the hope that
the Schoolmistress will do better than the
Schoolmaster. Then, perhaps, we shall be
enabled to congratulate the British Public in
saying that the Schoolmistress is at Home.

STRANGE EMPLOYMENT.

MRS. MALAPROP is very proud of her
youngest son, who has a poetical turn. One
evening lately, she excused his absence from
the family circle by saying that he was busy
apostatising the Moon.

Where happy Snobbishness, awe-struck, agape,
Crawls, prone, to Rank's shrine, with its offered pelf,
And bows it down to Majesty's pet ape
Drest in the robes of Majesty itself,
Ablaze with gems of Brummagem, foil-set,
In pinchbeck of a Brummagem coronet.

O happy WATKINS, feeding this twin flame
Of snobbishness and loyalty combined,
When with LOUISE's and with LORNE's thy name
On JENKINS' roll of Fame shall stand entwined,
And when the eight peers' daughters thou hast ta'en,
Die, WATKINS! What holds Earth for thee to gain?

"Forbear, irreverent scoffer!" At my ear
JOHN BULL's indignant voice I seemed to seize,—
"How dare you mock what you, as I, hold dear?"
Who but *Punch* has been Laureate to LOUISE?
If 'tis a Snob's part at her stool to bow,
Who in this land has been more Snob than thou?"

'Tis true, O BULL, and so thou own with me
The majesty of gracious maidenhood,
Paying the homage of a bended knee
Unto the woman, gentle, fair, and good,
Graced with all arts, and, chiefest among these,
Endowed with woman's master-art—to please,

I'll waive the charge of snobbishness, and say,
"Let JOHN BULL and his *Punch*, companions vowed,
At the same shrine manly allegiance pay,
High in humility, in meekness proud—
As good Knights to their ladye bent the knee,
To love, not ladyship, in fealty!"

From Wigmore Street.

A BIRMINGHAM hair-cutter advertises "Private Wigs." What a
horrible thought for the bald that there may be such things as Public
Wigs! It is enough to make their hair (if they had any) stand on an
end.

THE FIRST KNIGHT OF MALTA.—Sir John Barleycorn.

FRESH FACTS ABOUT CHRISTMAS.



ON Christmas-Day KING ARTHUR filled his new Round Table (mahogany was then only to be found in great houses) with poor relations, and placed an envelope containing a bank-note for a considerable amount in the folds of each of their napkins. After dinner, MERLIN, his poet laureate, stood on a stool covered with wild oats, and recited the principal events of the year in iambs, and then the guests snow-balled each other till it was time to go. ARTHUR never went to bed, but roamed about "the wild woods of Broceliande" all the rest of the night singing madrigals to a theorbo, in a velvet jacket.

For many generations on the evening of the 24th of December the Druids who belonged to the old county families—rather Odd Fellows in their way, and Bachelors by compulsion of the Canon law—danced round their Christmas-tree (the oak with its hanger-on, the mistletoe) for three-quarters of an hour, without intermission or refreshment, to the Music of the Past in the moonlight, and then had bun and ale in their own private apartments. On the last day of the year they concluded the evening with quois and good resolutions for the future.

The Scandinavian races steep the yule-log in British brandy, before they hurl it on the hearth-fire with a look out of the corners of their eyes; and such of the women as are unmarried, after streaking their cheeks with red ochre, proceed to knock up the constable of the parish, to present him with a bowl of fumety spiced with ambergris: meanwhile the Scalds sing carols through their noses till he puts his head out of the window and gives them largess to stop. The Scandinavians make a point of having frost and snow at this season; and before civilisation, with all its baneful results, was thrust upon them, the tradesmen never thought of sending in their accounts.

Holly rhymes with jolly, and was supposed to banish melancholy long before the invention of printing, the old chroniclers telling us that the Anglo-Saxon maidens decorated the churches with its polished leaf and berry (under the superintendence of the curate), as far back as the stream of history is navigable. PETRARCH first saw LAURA, when she was twining a wreath of laurustinus, with a piece of string, round one of the serpentine pillars in the great church at Amsterdam.

The oldest and largest wassail bowl in Christendom is preserved in the vestry of the Vatican. It is never used except when the Pope has the entire College of Cardinals to supper. On this occasion all formality is laid aside, and etiquette is consigned to the tomb of the CAPULETS. The Pope himself roasts the apples, and the two youngest Cardinals make the toast and grate the nutmeg, while hunt the Pope's Slipper and other sports are freely indulged in till midnight. "Was-sail" is merely a corruption of "vassal," the great Saxon lords and

their serfs having been accustomed all to drink out of the steaming bowl in common at Christmas-tide.

There is a very ancient illuminated receipt for plum-pudding amongst the MSS. in the Ambrosial Library at Milan. Its antiquity is proved by the fact that candied peel is *not* mentioned as one of the ingredients, and candied peel we know, from OROSMIUS and other contemporary authors, was introduced into cookery long before the present era.

There were enactments about Snapdragon at a very early period (see the laws of Draco), and the charming story of St. George and the Snapdragon is closely interwoven with this favourite but perilous amusement of young and old, rich and poor, light and dark, when assembled at a Christmas party.

Mince-pies were first introduced at the Council of Nice.

Mistletoe is as old as kissing.

F. S. A.

"FROTH" AND "DREGS."

"Perhaps Mr. HOLMS, one of the Members for Hackney, put the case rather too strongly when he said that 'the men of our army were the dregs, as the officers were the froth, of society.'"—*Daily News*.

WHEN of our Army late I read
What HOLMS, M.P. for Hackney, said,
Quoth I, "How'er it came to pass,
This Hackney's yoked unto an ass."

When JOHN BULL rank and file would raise,
Officers cheer on glory's ways,
Will James like these fire one or both—
Rank and file "dregs," officers "froth"?"

But waiving how such names are like
Those unto whom they're given to strike,
I ask myself, in faith and troth,
How do they work, these "dregs" and "froth"?"

For doom when Fire and Ocean wed,*
On *Sarah Sands* and *Birkenhead*,
When their troop-freight fought or faced Death,
With shouldered arms and even breath.

And when Death down upon them came
With rushing strides of storm and flame,
Women saved, done all they could do,
For Death up at "attention" drew.

Nature her coat cuts by the cloth:
Could it be "dregs" that then shamed "froth,"
Or if 'twas "froth" such order made,
Could it be "dregs" that so obeyed?"

When England's few, through snow and rain,
On the storm-swept Crimean plain,
Front to the foe, back to the sea,
Faced War, Plague, Want—grim allies three.

When Balaklava's "thin, red line"
'Gainst sweep of shot and sabre-shine,
A handful to a host, stood fast,
While the Russ war-waves broke and past.

When in the balance India hung,
A myriad native tulwars flung
'Gainst our few swords to weight the scale,
And England's star looked dim and pale,

Who, sorely strained, but ne'er o'erthrown,
Through Delhi's leaguer held their own,
Checked mutiny, and treason stayed—
Brave of the brave—our black† brigade.

Could they be "dregs"—the rank and file,
That stood, fought, died so, all this while;
Or they "froth" that these dregs so led,
To gain ground, living,—hold it, dead?"

* Who, having read, has forgotten, or can forget, how the troops, passengers on board, saved the *Sarah Sands* and went down with the *Birkenhead*?

† The Rifle Brigade bore the brunt of the siege at Delhi, which broke the neck of the Indian Mutiny.

Commercial.

THE fluctuations of trade are remarkable. When Archery Clubs were first established in England, with their luncheons and dinners, the importation of arrow-root increased enormously.

A MERRIMAN TO THE RESCUE!



THE renowned WIDDICOMBE, Master of the Horse at Astley's, of old, was wont, between the acts of horsemanship, to address himself to the Clown in the Ring, saying, "Now then, MR. MERRIMAN, let us have some of your '*facetia*.'" In these words MR. WIDDICOMBE meant to invite his associate to play the fool.

MR. MERRIMAN, one of the leaders in the generous agitation for a war with Prussia in the interest of a French Republic, which has not as yet been constituted by France, is not to be confounded with any personage of the name and office above referred to in connection with MR. WIDDICOMBE. He has, however, been lately giving us not a few of his '*facetia*,' as MR. WIDDICOMBE used to say. He

has talked a good deal of fun at public meetings; for the suggestion that the Government of our Constitutional Monarchy should plunge into war on behalf of the Republic of a future *in nubibus*, to please the International Democratic Union, is a high joke.

Also MR. MERRIMAN has written a letter to the *Times*, resenting its description of him, between inverted commas, as "MR. MERRIMAN of Queen Street;" and showing that the MERRIMANS are no mushrooms, but an old civic family. Very likely indeed they are. Perhaps, like the SLYS, they "came in with RICHARD CONQUEROR." Their antiquity, no doubt, was higher than that of the merry men associated in ballad and legend with ROBIN HOOD. For, in fact, we do not call them the *Merrymen*, which would be as ridiculous as calling Mussulmans Mussulmen.

The more the pity, then, that the good old name of MERRIMAN (originally, perhaps, MIRAMANT) should, by its mere sound, be liable to be associated with the idea of a Circus fool. It ought not to be so sounded. A name of the same high order as the names of CHOLMONDELEY, GROSVENOR, and the like, it should manifestly be abbreviated, as they are, in speaking. MERRIMAN is the analogue of MARJORIBANKS, evidently, and ought to be pronounced MERRMAN. So indeed the MERRIMANS themselves, the Nobility and Gentry, pronounce it, for aught we know.

Chivalry merits a chivalric style of name. There is perhaps more chivalry than wisdom in MR. MERRIMAN's enthusiastic republicanism. There is something heraldic in the idea of a Merman; the monster so called figures in some coats of arms, and, although a monster, is not a ludicrous object like the zany whose image is suggested by the unmodified name of MERRIMAN.

A SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

THE Education Act is already doing great good. It is exciting and developing the energies of men who aspire to improve their generation. Here is proof in a letter addressed to a friend of *Mr. Punch*. The writer ought certainly, to come under the favourable notice of LORD LAWRENCE:—

"SIR—It is possible that a little recommendation now that Village Schoolmasters are likely to be in requisition, might be a great benefit to Me. As a reader of my own language I would Challenge Norfolk. "Geography." "Arithmetic." "Grammar." "Scripture Biography." History. "Natural History." Even a little Astronomy if it were needed if the possession of a little of all Branches of useful Education not only in the Theory," but in Extensive Practice be any use. I beg an interest in the influence which you possess and shall remain
"Gratefully yours"

Gratitude, which is said to be a lively sense of future favours, is pleasingly exemplified in the penultimate word; and, on the whole, *Punch* thinks the epistle worth insertion in our Educational Annals.

A Professional View of Things.

In the eyes of a thoughtful Confectioner, the ground-covered with snow resembles nothing so much as a huge bridecake.

MOTTO FOR RABBIT POACHERS.—"Not particular to a Hare."

BEAUTY AND THE BADGER.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, in his tenth lecture on Physiography, delivered for the improvement of the female mind at South Kensington, had occasion to invite the ladies to consider how it happened that our native animals are the same as those found on the neighbouring Continent; if for example, they came thence, how did they cross the Channel? Amongst them he specified the Badger, a creature "by no means fond of swimming" and described it as "an animal now pretty nearly extinct." Unhappily, that is so. As a lecturer, PROFESSOR HUXLEY's time was limited, or else he might, as a naturalist, addressing ladies, have invoked the sympathy of Beauty for the Badger.

This is one of the many interesting members of the British fauna improved off the face of the British earth, under the name of vermin. It does no damage whatsoever, beyond eating a few partridges' eggs, whilst it destroys a quantity of real vermin. The much more mischievous Fox is preserved for the purpose of hippolatri, as a sacrifice; or else the British Museum would soon contain the only specimens of that subject of HER MAJESTY's animal kingdom; and of what use are stuffed specimens there, if living ones are of none in Nature? Our foxes, as well as our badgers, would also be exterminated, but for horse-worship; abolished, likewise, for the sake of a small preservation of game, by our landed poulterers. If Members of Parliament had been addicted to badger-baiting, badgers would have been preserved, as foxes are; but whilst fox-hunting is a noble sport, badger-baiting is cruelty to animals.

OUR NATIONAL AND PERSONAL ENEMIES.

Too sensitive Englishmen need to be reminded that the malignant sneers which foreigners are always casting at this country are exactly like the language in which scamps are wont to abuse a respectable man with whom they happen to be connected. They hate him because he won't bet, won't gamble, keeps out of scrapes which they get into, won't countenance their rogueries; and, although he has done them good offices, because, when they try to cheat him they find they can't. There is one difference, however, between the respectable man and JOHN BULL. The respectable man will not endorse the scamp's bills. JOHN BULL does, in effect, as a matter of form, for the sake of peace; and when the bills are dishonoured, declines taking them up. It would be better if he did not endorse their bills. Foreigners might hate him no less than they do, but would not perhaps despise him quite so much—if that is of any consequence.

AUDACIOUS, IF NOT INSPIRED?

At the meeting lately held in St. James's Hall to express sympathy with the POPE, ARCHBISHOP MANNING asserted that:—

"Divine Providence had solved the question of how States should be related to the Church, by investing the Head of it with a temporal sovereignty."

Doubtless DR. MANNING is incapable of saying the thing which is not, knowing it not to be. Nor is he to be supposed capable of saying that a thing is, especially a thing which is, if it is, a solemn truth, unless he knows, or thinks he knows it, to be. We should, therefore, conclude; that, at least, he thinks he knows that which he, as above, affirms. He must, then, think himself highly favoured among men—a spiritual medium of the genuine kind and the highest order.

In the meanwhile, the Head of DR. MANNING's Denomination has been divested of the temporal sovereignty which DR. MANNING declares him to have been divinely invested with. DR. CUMMING might say that the Power, which DR. MANNING says invested him with it, divested him of it. How are we to decide when such Doctors disagree?

A Noisy Clergyman.

ACCORDING to an article in the *Echo*, the REV. A. H. STANTON, Curate of St. Alban's, while speaking at a meeting of the English Church Union, on the MACKONOSHE case, said that if the Privy Council "should take everything from him, his money, and even his clothes, he would remain a priest nevertheless." *Mr. Punch's* advice to the Privy Council is to leave this Reverend Gentleman his clothes, but to take away from him his gown.

Classical Con.

DEFINE the difference between "ARISTOPHANES" and "ARISTOTLE."—One was a Playwright, and the other a Staggy-rite.

"THE FIVE GREAT POWERS."—Love, Money, Ambition, Revenge, and a Good Dinner.



“WISE IN HIS GENERATION.”

“YOUR ADVICE AS A MAN OF THE WORLD, GUS. WHICH OF THE TWO MISS WILSONS SHALL I TAKE IN TO SUPPER? THERE THEY ARE BY THE MANTELPIECE.”

“WELL, IF YOU TAKE THE HANDSOME ONE, YOU’LL HAVE TO FLATTER HER; IF YOU TAKE THE OTHER, SHE’LL FLATTER YOU. TO A MAN WHO DOESN’T WANT TO MARRY, LIKE YOURSELF, I SHOULD RECOMMEND THE FIRST, AS BY FAR THE LESS DANGEROUS OF THE TWO.”

HOME AND FOREIGN POLICY.

Now Treaties are torn up and thrown to the wind
By nations regardless of justice and right.
Our faith to maintain those engagements is pinned;
That is, if we’re certain of having the might.
Let them alone, let them alone,
When they fall out we shall come by our own.

Vienna’s arrangements were stamped under foot;
NAPOLEON France chose to avenge Waterloo.
Ourselves in a frenzy we then might have put,
And plunged into war—but we didn’t so do.
Let them alone, &c.

For many a year, by superior strength,
France Italy kept out of Italy’s Rome;
To break German unity seeking at length,
Her Chassepôts recalled to work wonders at home.
Let them alone, &c.

And now an Italian is monarch of Spain—
About Spanish Marriages we might have fought.
We didn’t fight—LOUIS PHILIPPE’S schemes proved vain,
And, left to themselves, came completely to naught.
Let them alone, &c.

We have at this moment enough on our hands—
That let us do well, and not try to do more.
Our own self-defence all our effort demands,
From foreign attack to secure Britain’s shore.
Let them alone, &c.

When we have done that, on extraneous beat
Police we can send to quell thieves, if we please;

But first we have need to create such a fleet
As all the world’s navies shall sweep from the seas.
Let them alone, &c.

They, treaties who break with ourselves, will, no doubt,
Break faith with each other, whilst England devotes
Her simple endeavour to keeping them out,
Of each leave the other to fly at the throats.
Let them alone, &c.

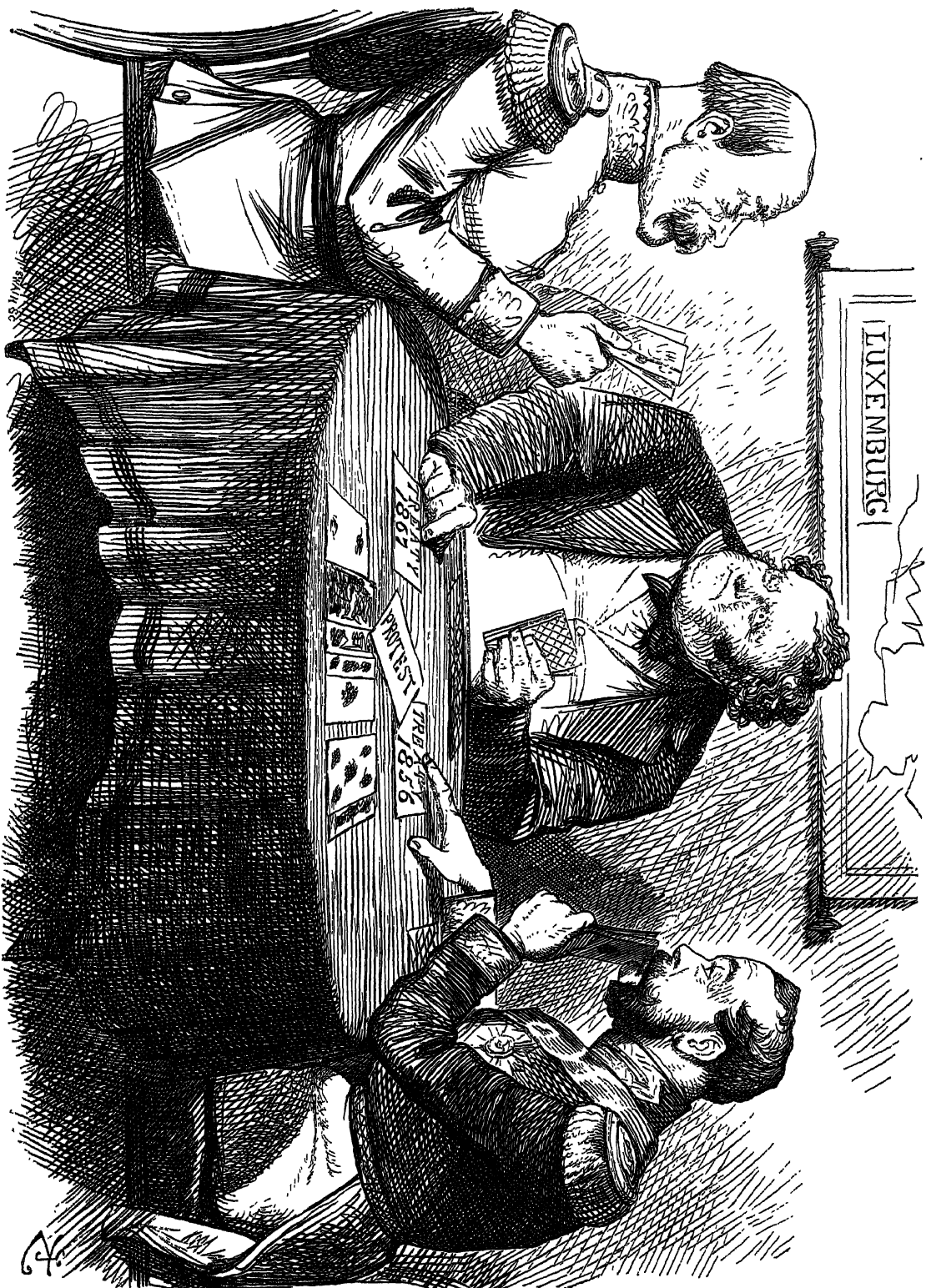
WHAT O’CLOCK IS IT?

“On Saturday morning Her Majesty the QUEEN . . . left Windsor Castle at a quarter past two o’clock, on a visit to LADY CLARENDON.”—*Times*.

WHAT an excellent example of early rising the QUEEN sets her subjects! And on these dark mornings, when it requires an immense effort to be up and stirring even at eight! But as we read on we get bewildered, for we are told that Her Majesty was back at Windsor “at 1.55 P.M. precisely,” and that the trip “only occupied three hours and thirty-five minutes.” Calculations of time must be very different at Windsor Castle (or in Printing House Square) from what they are in Fleet Street; and it would be more satisfactory if some learned Society, such as the Astronomical or the Horological, would help puzzled readers to solve this perplexing problem.

Spilt Milk and Worse.

THE saying that there is no use in crying over spilt milk applies to all fluids of which the waste is deplorable. Journalists disregard this saying when they lament bloodshed, and they equally ignore the admonition it implies when they aggravate the bray and the cackle which tend to war.



FOLLOWING A BAD LEAD.

MR. BULL, "HUILO, GENTLEMEN! TWO REVOKES! YOU'LL LOSE THE GAME BY TRICKS."

STRAWBERRY LEAVES.

SELECTION FROM THE VERY LATEST LETTERS OF THE HONOURABLE HORACE WALPOLE, OF STRAWBERRY HILL. FAVOURED BY OUR PRIVATE SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.

To SIR HORACE MANN.

I HOPE that you have not felt uncomfortable all the week. I should prize such a proof of your sympathy with your friend, but he would regret any discomfort to you. I have had some gout, I believe, and am glad to believe, for you know I regard gout as a remedy, not a disease. Therefore, I merely take pains to prevent its being more disagreeable than is necessary. I am not such a fool as to try to cure it of doing me good. But if I could have been tempted into the folly, it would have been by a charming request which I received from a lady friend to try a French medicine she was so good as to send me. Her brother-in-law, she said, had long suffered from the gout, but had taken the medicine for three years. Now he swears by it. "Previously," she adds, "he swore differently." Was it not clever, and worth having the gout for? Don't you wish her brother-in-law's name was Mann?

My poor dear Paris! Do not ask about it, for I have no heart to write on the subject. Imagine that once brilliant city without any gas at night. I think that must be the most depressing feature in the whole horrid business. Paris without light! But now we hear that all is prepared for a hideous illumination, and that Notre Dame is marked out as a target for the bombs. I will not believe it, but I can give you no reason for my unbelief, except that the idea is too shocking. Of course, I easily reason myself into conviction that we have nothing to do with the matter—*tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin*; but secretly I feel as if I were some kind of accomplice in a crime. Luckily, London is in no danger of such a state of things. We have no fortifications, and, as Lord Ellesmere said, if the enemy should march in at one end, the best thing the Guards could do would be to march out at the other.

You insist on having our twopenny local news, though what you do with it is as great a mystery to me as that which the old bear Dr. Johnson's satellites found in his collecting bits of orange-peel. Can you comprehend such trash being written down, by the way? Yes, you may, for in these days ten thousand times worse twaddle is written as biography of men who have not a quarter the old bear's title to respect. Apropos of bears, I may as well say, that we are not going to fight Russia because her circular was ill-mannered. Between poor fanatic Cowper and myself there is not much in common, but he wrote good verses, and here are two very much to the purpose:—

"Am I to set my life upon a throw,
Because a Bear is rude and surly? No."

But I was going to tell you that our London School Board has elected a Chairman, and you know him, so do millions. Sir, the ex-Governor-General of India, Lord Lawrence, was chosen by a great majority. He was reasonably safe, being a Lord, but I was afraid that the additional qualification of being a noble, simple-hearted, high-minded man, with great administrative power, might tell against him. It would have done so in most assemblies, but this Board is a picked Parliament. He is a staunch Churchman, so they chose a staunch Dissenter as Vice-Chairman. India seems triumphant. That Metropolitan Board chose Colonel Hogg, son of Sir James, as their chief. He has always been a favourite with them, and when he rose at the same time as another speaker, there was invariably a shout of "Ear Ogg." I hope Bashan will be loyal and obedient to its King.

I see that in America they have been playing *As You Like It*, and by way of strengthening the cast have put in Mr. James Mace, pugilist, as the Wrestler. But Orlando throws him, to the exceeding rage of the rowdies, who attend only to behold the bruiser. It is suggested that to please them, the manager should let him have another adversary, whom he might maul terribly, and thus please everybody. Of course, no manager has any knowledge of Shakspeare except from the Sixpenny Acting Edition, or the course would be clear. Charles, the wrestler, before the struggle with Orlando, has thrown three brothers, maiming them for life, and their father is described as wailing over them, and making the bystanders weep. This might be shown. I should be sorry to see the name of Mrs. Scott Siddons, a lady of merit, mixed up with such a "revival"—if anything in this world mattered.

The dear old Pope is amusing himself characteristically. There are about four thousand doors in the Vatican, and he amuses himself, quite harmlessly, by pervading the place, and unlocking and locking the doors for hours. I suppose this is to persuade himself that he has still the power of the keys.

Do you ever amuse yourself with rat-fighting? O, my dear Sir, you need not look so indignantly, though your sister says it becomes you so well. We fight rats in London. Mr. Knox, the excellent magistrate at Bow Street, had a case before him the other day, and was asked to consider that turning a hundred rats into a pit, that they might bite and be bitten by a poor bewildered dog, who had to be fomented and cherished up to his work, was a legitimate way of

destroying noxious animals. He could not see this, nor can I. But how a rat is killed is not so much to the point as what the persons should be done with who pay to see and who enjoy such a spectacle.

Chief Justice Cockburn is an admiration of mine. Seldom more so than when he snubs an absurd jury. There has been a tremendously long libel case before him—a philanthropic attorney—there are such beings, it seems, to prove to us that Hamlet was right about Horatio's philosophy—published vehement things against the ex-master of a workhouse. Justification was pleaded, and it was sought to show that the ex-official deserved the comments. The Chief Justice dwelt strongly upon the alleged cruelties in the workhouse. But the jury gave the master £600. "I shall stay execution," said Sir Alexander. If the jurymen understood—but how should they understand—all that his Lordship meant, they might not have snored comfortably that night. But "a wise man's speech sleeps in a juror's ear."

Your friend was at a wedding the other day. I could not help it, of that you may be sure. You do not know the people, but you can understand a somewhat elderly and plain young lady, with Sir Hugh Evans' "good gifts" multiplied by twenty at least, wedding a dashing young horse officer, who had not previously shown himself blind to beauty. That happens often, you will say. Your remark is just, Sir Horace. But it does not often happen that a perfervid young wedding guest, from Cambridge, inspired by goblets of high-coloured champagne, and the smiles of bridesmaids (coloured or not I could not say) should insist on supplementing a toast with a song, and should shout forth a canticle known as the Bold Dragoon, a story of a soldier who having nothing but his boldness and his long sword, saddle, bridle, whack! did marry a rich woman, and speedily bury her, and touch ten thousand pound. The poor lad was far too exalted to comprehend the situation he had created, but the family butler fainted into an ice-pail, as the singer smote his manly limb, and cried "Whack" with a voice that made the glasses ring. I thought the young Cantab took his *pons asinorum* in style.

Ever yours,

HORACE WALPOLE.

EPISCOPAL COOKERY.

COOKERY is a solemn—but we have hitherto scarcely regarded it as a sacred thing. For those who lower the Great Art to a level with Music, Painting, Oratory, and so forth, we have nothing but pity. But the line must be drawn somewhere. We did not expect to receive an Episcopal certificate to the merits of a Cork artist. Yet here is one, taken from an Irish journal:—

THE OPENING AND CONSECRATION OF ST. FINN BARRIE'S NEW CATHEDRAL, CORK.

THOMAS J. * * * * Practical Cook and Confectioner, having had the honour of fulfilling a prolonged and important engagement with the Lord Bishop of Cork and Mas. Gregg, who have entertained in a style of munificent elegance the highest dignitaries of the Church, the *elite* of the county and English metropolis, previous and subsequent to the opening of the above noble and magnificent edifice, respectfully announces his return from the Palace, Cork, to his residence, &c., &c.

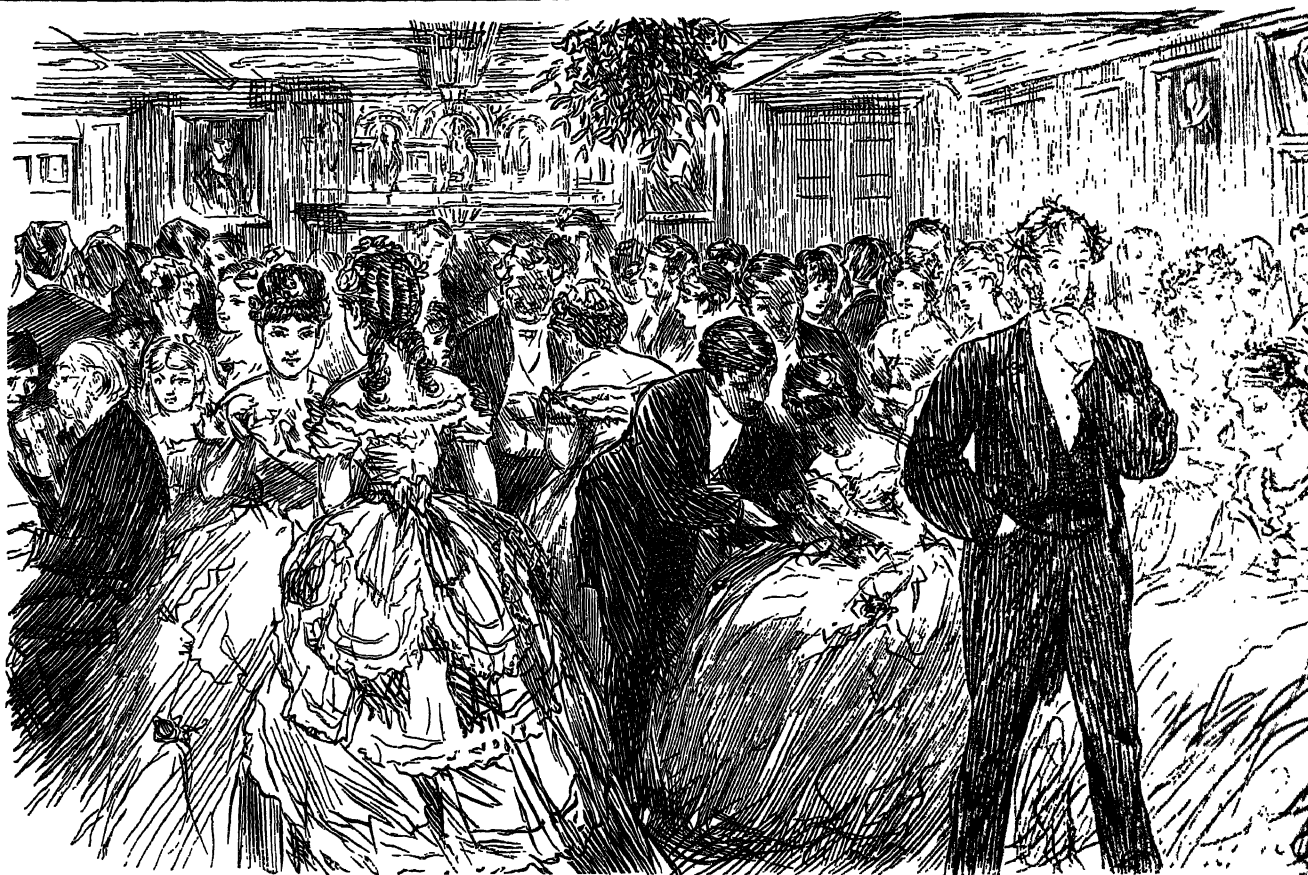
"REMEMBER, REMEMBER, THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER."

To an observant reader the daily catalogue of Marriages in the *Times* presents many amusing peculiarities, such as the enumeration of the various Clergymen employed—particularly if an Ex-Colonial Bishop chances to head the list—the disclosure of the bride's pet name in the family circle, the notice of the bridegroom being the great-great-nephew of the late SIR BRIEN MACLAFFIE, KNT., and so on; but nothing, perhaps, of late years has surpassed the oddity of a newly arrived announcement of a colonial wedding having taken place "on Guy Fawkes Day." We could have understood a young couple selecting Lady Day, or May Day, or Valentine's Day, for the celebration of their nuptial rites, and giving it special prominence in the advertisement; but why anybody should feel proud of being married on Guy Fawkes Day is hard to understand, unless the connection of that amiable conspirator with matches explains the difficulty. Perhaps, after all, the whole thing is a hoax—a squib—and will receive a positive contradiction.

Our Best Foreign Policy.

MRS. MALAPROP, having heard of the Russian difficulty created by PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF'S Circular, remarked that she hoped Government would concoct no more of those good-for-nothing Treaties with Foreign Powers.

SENTIMENT BY AN OLD-FASHIONED MUSICIAN.—"The Music of the Future," and long may it stop there!



WHATEVER CAN PLANTAGENET BROWN HERE BE THINKING ABOUT? WELL, THEY ARE GOING TO DANCE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, AND HE'S TRYING TO WORK THE PROBLEM OUT MENTALLY HOW HE SHOULD PLACE HIMSELF IN THE FIGURE WITH REFERENCE TO LUCY JONES, SO THAT HE SHOULD FIND HER AT HIS OPPOSITE CORNER.

(N.B. The Mistletoe hung in the middle.)

SOME APROPOS QUERIES.

MR. ODO RUSSELL (says DR. RUSSELL) was told by the CROWN PRINCE, at Versailles, "that nearly all the arms taken from Frenchmen in the late actions on the Loire were thought by the men to be of English manufacture," and "bore English words and marks." His Royal Highness expressed deep regret at the fact, and at the feelings it would excite in the Army and in Germany.

Query the facts, whatever we may think of the feeling.

Query the possibility of a German's distinguishing English, as written by JOHN BULL, from English as written by his American Cousin JONATHAN?

Query, whether for one rifle bought from JOHN, scores, if not hundreds, have not been "traded" by JONATHAN?

Query, whether, though this fact be beyond doubt or dispute, it will go far to prevent WILLIAM and BISMARCK from doing their best to pick a quarrel with JOHN, and to avoid one with JONATHAN?

Query, whether one man mayn't steal a horse, while another mayn't look over a hedge?

Query, whether, in this matter, JONATHAN hasn't been stealing horses, while JOHN BULL has been doing little more than looking over hedges?

Query whether JOHN BULL be not the most "benevolent neutral" going, having subscribed some half a million, in money and stores, to relieve the sick and wounded on both sides, to say nothing of his efforts of all kinds to stave off starvation from the wretched French peasants, and provide seed-corn for the fields, which he saw as he looked over the hedge?

Query, whether JOHN BULL has got, or will get, any thanks for all this?

Query, whether JOHN BULL does mind, or ought to mind, that?

Query, whether JOHN BULL hasn't even stinted his charity to his own wretched, to give it to those who can't find as much as a good word for him in return?

Query, whether JOHN BULL be more of a fool for his pains, after the world's reckoning, or of a Christian, after the New Testament's?

SUSCEPTIBLE STUDENTS.

A MEMORIAL, complaining of the admission of ladies to the classes of certain teachers in the School of Surgery, signed by sixty-six medical students, has been presented to the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. The memorialists allege, amongst other grievances:—"That the presence of women at the classes of Anatomy and Surgery, and in the dissecting-rooms of the College, gives rise to various feelings which tend to distract the attention of the students from important subjects of study." The youths who make this statement, speaking for themselves, doubtless say what is true, but it is difficult to imagine what the "various feelings," occasioned by the presence of women in dissecting-rooms, and at anatomical and surgical classes, and tending to distract men's attention, can be. Admiration of female minds superior to frivolity, and occupied in high and useful studies, ought to be one of the feelings thereby occasioned. But that would hardly distract male students' attention. As to any more ardent emotion of a specific kind, if they are affected with that by the presence of female students in dissecting, and anatomical, and surgical lecture-rooms, so probably they are also in hospital-wards by the presence of sisters and nurses. What very susceptible young men they must be! How will they ever manage to learn their profession?

Horse and Donkey.

ON Wednesday last week a telegram from Berlin announced that the Prussian Diet was opened on that day. It may be remarked, for the notice of blatant agitators, who call enforcing the cessation of security on repelled invaders aggression, that if the French invasion of Germany had prospered, Prussia would now be suffering what France complains of, and the diet of Berlin might be as bad as that of Paris, which Vain-glory, for being reduced to eat, has to thank itself.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

OUR Coachman, when he waits at table, always commits the same fault: he whips away the plates too soon.



CHRISTMAS OVER THE BORDER.

Southerner (forgetting that Christmas Day falls on Sunday this year). "GOOD MORNING, MR. NOABERHAIN. A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

The Rev. Mr. S. "E—H MON! THAT'S NAE A FITTIN' AE'JECTIVE TO PIT AFORE THE SABBATH!"

HORSE-WORSHIPPERS HORRIFIED.

THE extremities to which the Parisians have been reduced for food by the siege of their city must appear peculiarly appalling to British devotees of horse-worship. "ARGUS," in the *Post*, says:—

"From the very unfavourable accounts just received from France some apprehensions are entertained as to the yearlings of COUNT LAGRANGE, which are advertised by MESSRS. TATTERHALL to be disposed of at the hammer in the beginning of next month, being able to arrive here at the appointed time."

If they ever arrive at all, it will be well enough. "Better late than never." The yearlings of COUNT LAGRANGE, if still existing, possess a property which must render their existence in France, and particularly in Paris, just now, very precarious. Their flesh, as young horseflesh, is, doubtless, horseflesh of special tenderness. The votaries who regard the horse with sentiments like those which the ancient Egyptians cherished for the ox Apis, and Indian Brahmins also contemplate a bull with, must, considering the perilous position of COUNT LAGRANGE's yearlings, naturally feel extremely apprehensive as to the safety of those sacred animals.

Pat and his Pigs.

OUR iron manufacturers, we are told, are looking out for supplies of the ore in different countries. *Entre autres*, the resources of Ireland are being investigated. The Arigna Mines, near Galway, we are informed at one time offered good prospect of success, but "had to be abandoned from the hostile attitude of the neighbouring population." Naturally, if lamentably, Paddy, like other short-sighted producers, has always opposed the exportation of his pigs.

A GOURMAND friend of ours, writing from Paris, complains that they have plenty of *Sorties*, but no *Entrées*.

TO ARGYLL FROM IONA.

O LIST to antiquarian groans,
MAC CALLUM MORE, ARGYLL!
Not only SMITH, and BROWN, and JONES,
But recreant Scotchmen make no bones
Of marring monumental stones
In thine Iona's Isle.

Abbots and Priors they deface;
Old Saints and ancient Kings:
Those Cockneys vile, and Sawneys base,
Their common country's foul disgrace:
Opprobrium on the British race
Each Snob, each Caitiff, brings.

Exert, upon Iona's shore,
What power thou dost possess,
Its yet remaining relics hoar
From spoilers to preserve in store:
If that thou canst, MAC CALLUM MORE,
Thou'lt surely do no less.

SURPRISING NOVELTY.

AN unusual, if not unheard-of kind of thing has occurred. The *Pall Mall* announces that:—

"The Lords of the Admiralty have, in order to show their approbation of the general good conduct of the different crews of the ships composing the Channel Squadron, resolved that the men belonging to Plymouth shall have leave (watch by watch) to visit their friends at Christmas; and the same boon will be granted to those who belong to Portsmouth and the eastern ports, under like regulations."

Few people, probably, were ever more surprised in their lives than on reading the foregoing statement. Why, it tells us that a generous and gracious thing has actually been done by the Lords of the Admiralty!

To the Engaged.

WOULD you like the girl of your heart to see you while you are having your hair shampooed; or at that comical moment when the hatter, wishing to obtain the exact size of your head, is trying on the curious little machine which he keeps for that purpose?

PRIZES FOR VOLUNTEERS.

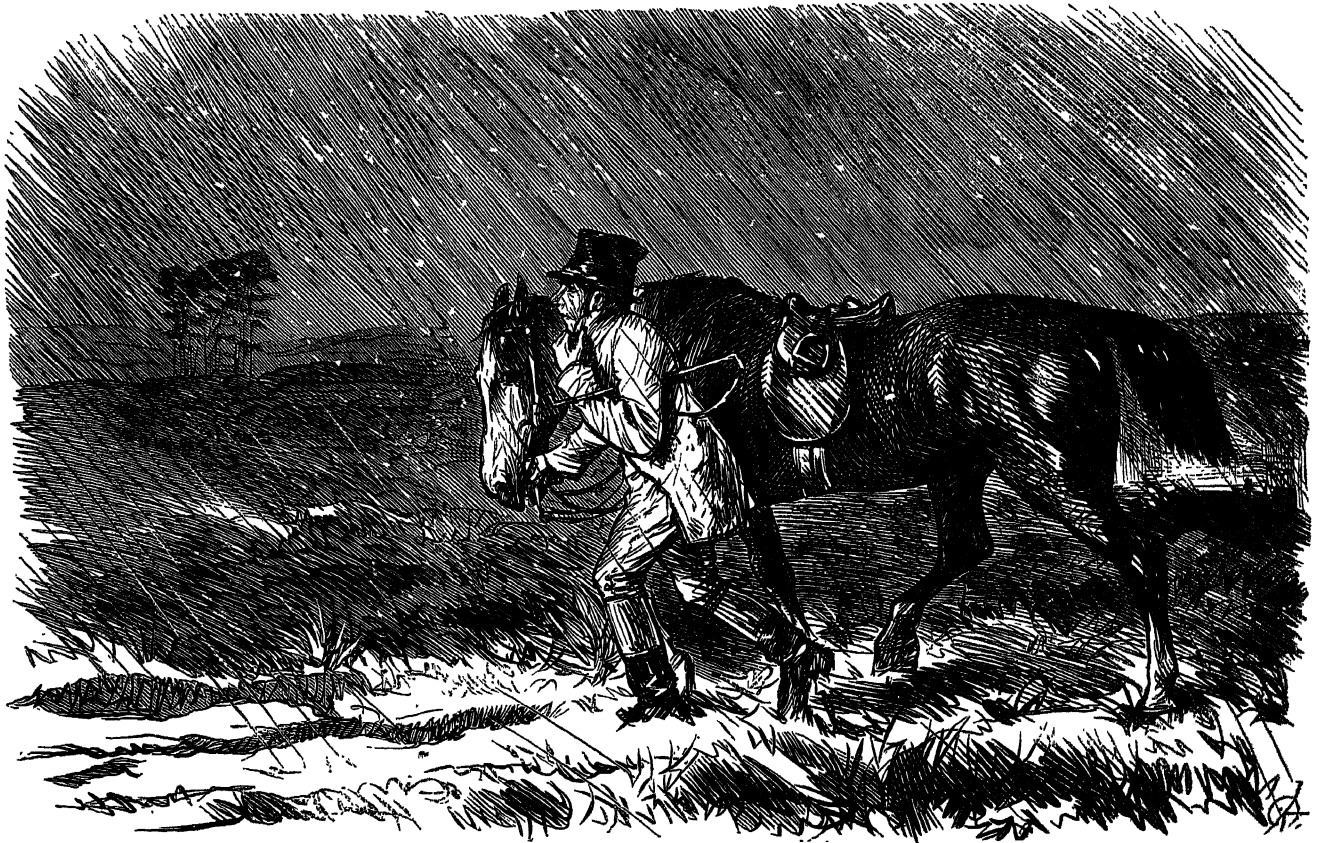
MR. PUNCH has been greatly struck with the extraordinary good sense of the Scottish folks about Roxburgh. Their deeds ought to be set down in a handsome book, with a Roxburgh binding. Look at this list of prizes just given to the Volunteers at Denholm:—

"Corporal J. Richardson, 1 dozen socks and 10s., presented by Lieutenant Elliott.
"Sergeant J. Henderson, a trouser piece and 5s., by Captain Dickson.
"Corporal Paterson, bag of potatoes and 5s., by Lieutenant Selby.
"Joseph Furness, bag of carrots and necklace and earrings, by Sergeant Turnbull and Corporal Lawson.
"Donald McDonald, gold albert and muffatees, by Mr. John Armstrong.
"John Armstrong, barrel of herring and 2s. 6d., by Mr. Jas. Turnbull.
"John Dunwoodie, bottle of brandy, by Mr. Leyden.
"George Tinker, pair of drawers and 1s.
"Frank Gray, a scarf and 1s. 6d., by Mr. Turnbull, Spittal.
"L.-Corp. J. Miller, 1 lb. of tea, by Mr. J. Elliot.
"Sergeant M. Bamford, bottle of whisky, by Mr. Barr.
"Corporal R. Hall, a bun, by Mr. Smith, baker.
"W. Thorburn, a bun, by Mr. Beattie, baker.
"Walter Little, ½ lb. of tobacco, by Mr. Oman.
"Thomas Scott, a pair of shoes, by Mr. Park.
"Sergt. Turnbull, bottle of cordial, by Mr. Gillies.
"E. Robson, a jet albert chain, by Mr. G. Little.
"J. McMorran, two combs, by A Friend.
"John Tait, a Bible, by A Friend."

The Slang of the Stranger.

THE nations, actuated by most selfish immorality,
Hate us because we treat them all with just impartiality;
They call it, in their spite, our "egotistical neutrality."

VETERINARY SURGEONS.—Horse Leeches.



GROWING WEATHER FOR CONVICTION.

STUBBLES HAS BEEN THROWN OUT ("OFF" AS WELL, WE RATHER FANCY), IT'S SLEETING CATS AND DOGS, HE HAS LOST HIS WAY ON THE MARSHES, HIS HORSE IS DEAD LAME, AND HE HAS NOT EVEN A CIGAR—AND BEGINS TO THINK, WITH MR. FREEMAN, THAT HUNTING IS CRUEL!!

AMERICAN OUTSPEAKING.

It is a great mistake to complain of the high-minded GENERAL BUTLER for proposing to entrap us into war, and we should not find fault with the noble GENERAL GRANT because he has recommended Congress to act on GENERAL BUTLER's suggestions. On the contrary, we ought to be very much obliged to the sometime Federal, but now, in relation to ourselves, Confederate generals.

BUTLER and GRANT, instead of openly and magnanimously threatening us with the hostility of the United States, might meanly and slyly have kept their intentions to do us a mischief to themselves, biding their time. They might have said nothing about what they were going to do, but waited until they should find us at war with some great Continental Power, then meaning to do it. But no. They have taken a leaf out of artless BISMARCK's book—with a difference. BISMARCK, indeed, plainly tells those whom it may concern what he purposes, but that information only warns them not to oppose him. It never enables them to do or abstain from doing anything that can tend to prevent him from effecting his designs. Now, the menaces of BUTLER and GRANT admonish us to take care how we engage in a quarrel. Thanks to those frank gentlemen, if we plunge into war with Russia, we shall do it with our eyes open to the behaviour which we must expect from our American kinsmen. We see with what wisdom we should act if, at the instigation of MR. MERRIMAN and his democratic associates, we should take up arms against Prussia, on the side of France, irrespectively of right, in order to abet Republicanism.

Forewarned is forearmed; and our heartfelt acknowledgments are due to the straightforward and aboveboard GRANT and BUTLER.

Another Notice to Publishers.

MORE disappointment arising out of the title of a book! An enterprising young farmer always on the watch for information, indeed an enthusiast in his profession, ordered *Rain upon the Mown Grass*, and found it was—Sermons!

MR. PUNCH TO MR. BRIGHT.

MY DEAR BRIGHT,

I HAVE been asked the following question:—

"If all work and no play makes JACK a dull boy, does all pay and no work make JOHN a BRIGHT boy?"

You know, my dear fellow, I have never joked about your retirement while it has been enforced—I have only regretted it. Now I think you may like to be stirred up. Eh?

Your affectionate

PUNCH.

MR. BRIGHT TO MR. PUNCH.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

Ha! ha! Very good. I shall be "all there" directly. Meantime, merry Yule-tide (carnally called Christmas) to you.

Ever yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

P.S. An out-and-out Almanack, old man.

Cannon-paring.

AMONG the "Scientific Jottings" of the week we read that further experiments with the bronze field guns now being cast for India show they are not so reliable as wrought iron or steel guns—"which," adds the naïf narrator, "is only what might have been expected." "Expected"—As if it wasn't perfectly well known! The man forgets the real point of superiority which determined the Office in favour of bronze before steel or iron. The bronze comes cheaper. What of that? Economy before efficiency! What says Penny-wisdom? "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves!"

ADVICE TO IRISH TENANTS.—Instead of taking "just a drain"—"Just take to draining."



Old Gent. (nervous). "BAD THING, WHISKEY, FOR SHAVING!"

Barber. "OU AY—ATWEEL IT IS—MAKS THE SKIN UNCO' TENDER; BUT I'LL TAK' GREAT CARE."

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE EAST.

WHY is Civilisation like a Crab? The answer is almost too obvious to be mentionable, but we will venture to say, "Because civilised Europe is going backwards." On the other hand, uncivilised Europe, that was, is making a degree of progress whereof the magnitude may be inferred from the following news:—

"A LADY LECTURING IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—The *Neologos* of Constantinople, of the 1st inst., says that in the first winter sitting of the Hellenikos Philologos Syllagos of Constantinople, MADAME DORA D'ISTRIA, an honorary member, delivered a lecture, in Greek, upon epic poetry and the works of M. GERVENIO. This is the first time that the City of the SULTAN has seen a literary entertainment in which a lady took the principal part."

"The wonderful social changes likely to be wrought in Turkey by the growing self-assertion of Woman, may be expected to result in nothing less than the conversion of the Turks. Turkish women will endeavour to vie with Greek in the display of their mental powers. They will take to lecturing too, and, deriving ideas from intercommunication with their English sisters, go on to occupy themselves with Penny Readings and other High Intellectual Treats. By-and-by, strong-minded Womanhood will have developed itself among the better half of the SULTAN's subjects. FATIMA and LEILA will harangue public meetings in advocacy of Woman's Rights, and demand to be eligible to a seat in the Divan, and the office of Grand Vizier. Seeing these things, and knowing that the Founder of their Creed never dreamt of them, the Mussulmans will perceive that MAHOMET was no prophet. Thus a chink will have been made for the thin end of the Missionary wedge. To make it is evidently, in Turkey, the mission of Woman."

Rhyme and no Reason Whatever.

Who 'LL be a Moblot?
I will, says BOB LOWE.

To CATHOLICS.—Is the Cook in a Convent a *Professed* Cook?

VERDICT—IN RE CAPTAIN.

A HOUSE divided 'gainst itself, indeed,
Is that which JOHN BULL's wooden walls controls:
With CHILDERS minuting sly digs at REED:
And with REED calling CHILDERS o'er the coals.

One thing seems clear, from minutes and replies,
Left to cool down, and passed through non-conductors;
That of the *Captain's* loss the credit lies
Alike at "my Lords" doors, and their constructor's.

Heat had bred heat, and quarrel quarrel fanned;
Servant who could not rule, rose on his chief;
The REED Lords would not lean on pierced their hand,
And 'twixt two schools the *Captain* came to grief!

Bequeathing us a total in her lost
Unto which no arithmetic arrives.
Who to the hundred thousands that she cost,
Can add the worth of her five hundred lives?

Happy for *you*, my Lords, and *you*, my Laird,
And you, Controller, Ex-Constructor, too,
Each so much of this un-summed debt is spared,
As from the others rightfully is due.

What odds at whose door heaviest blame should lie?
What should to pet, to partizanship, fall—
To those who swelled, or those who feared, a cry?
Enough, that all the blame rests on you all.

DECEMBER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

MRS. MALAPROP is a very just person, and never favours anyone unduly. She, therefore, did not approve of the eclipse being "partial," and thinks the astrologers ought to have known better than to have taken any notice of it.

QUITE IN ITS LINE.—The *Builder*, it is said, is to have an article on the old MORTARA case. Something about Bricks and Mortara, of course.

THE WORST KIND OF CONUNDRUM.—Riddling with Cannon-shot.

A TRAGICAL TALE.

THERE was no doubt she did it. It could not be concealed. Traces of it were too evident. Indeed she did not attempt to deny it. No one was by when it was done. Her mistress had only been speaking to her a few minutes before it happened. She was detected in the very act. A policeman was passing at the moment, and saw her through the area railings at the kitchen window. She was hardened enough to look up from what she was doing and smile, and nod to him. It came out that this was not the first time. And she declared she would repeat it. It was cleverly done. In a very brief space of time all signs of it would have disappeared. Yes, there could be no doubt of it—the law must take its course—she had smothered—a rabbit in onions!

WANT OF TACT.

ARGUING with an opponent who is lame, and assuring him that he has not a leg to stand on.

Telling a man with only one eye (in an insinuating way) that you would like to get on his blind side.

Urging a friend who stammers not to hesitate to express his opinion. Declaring to the possessor of a false set that you mean to do it in spite of his teeth.

Informing an acquaintance, who never has his glass out of his eye, that you consider he takes a very short-sighted view of things.

Telling a man who squints that you are sorry you cannot see the matter as he sees it.

A Problem for the Entomological Society.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM desires to know if Caterpillars are attracted to particular localities merely by the force of Caterpillarity Attraction?

THE BEST SHARE IN A FARM.—The Plough-share.

AYRTON ON HIMSELF.



MITTING dispute whether the physiognomical part of Phrenology is true or fallacious, its nomenclature is handy. This, for instance, enables us to understand what Mr. AYRTON meant to say for himself by certain remarks which he made the other day in a speech on the occasion of laying the chief corner stone of the new General Post Office.

He declared himself "happy to say the Commissioners of Works, in the design and construction of the building, had not allowed ideas of fancy or taste to be made paramount to the demands of public utility." The new building, he predicted, "will be a remarkable illustration of the advantages to be derived from the study of economy." He gloried in proclaiming that the Board of

Works "was not engaged on this occasion in erecting a Grecian temple, but a place of business; and therefore had sought to subordinate architecture to convenience." Finally, he said, he "hoped that men of sense would ratify the conclusion at which the Office of Works had arrived in this matter, in rendering beauty and art subservient to public convenience and utility."

Phrenologically considered, all this is tantamount to saying, "I am deficient in Constructiveness and Ideality; my Acquisitiveness is very large; and my Self-Esteem also greatly preponderating over my sense of beauty and predilection for building. I am proud as well as pleased in being able to announce that fancy and taste will be sacrificed to simply material and pecuniary utility. Probably there is a misprint in the words "design and construction of the building," reported as Mr. AYRTON'S. Very likely "and" should have been "for the." Otherwise a Phrenologist might apprehend a deficiency of the reflective faculties to have been indicated by speaking of the construction of a building not as yet constructed."

In the hope expressed by Mr. AYRTON for sensible men's ratification of the resolve of his Board to subordinate beauty and art to meaner objects, the Phrenologist would discern a degree of Love of Approbation, dominated, however, by Self-Esteem aforesaid. It is not the good opinion of everybody that Mr. AYRTON cares for, but only that of sensible men; that is to say, men whose Acquisitiveness, like his own, exceeds their Constructiveness and Ideality.

When the Chief Commissioner of Works boasted that he was not an Ædile, he uttered a vaunt which probably the new Post Office will prove to have been not empty. There is no Ædileship involved in merely laying a stone, even though it be the foundation of a Grecian Temple. The thing can be done without any more Constructiveness than Mr. AYRTON appears to have, and without any Ideality at all, which he also prides himself on not having. But was there no Grecian Temple of which the representative of the Tower Hamlets would have been especially fit to lay the corner-stone? Had the Goddess of Convenience no Temple? At any rate, we may suppose, there was a Temple of PLUTUS.

STRAWBERRY LEAVES.

A SELECTION FROM THE VERY LATEST LETTERS OF THE HONOURABLE HORACE WALPOLE, OF STRAWBERRY HILL, FAVOURED BY OUR PRIVATE SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.

To SIR HORACE MANN.

Is our family coming into fame again? Judge you, my dear Sir, when I tell you that among the blood horses sold the other day at Tattersall's was "Robert Walpole," by "Prime Minister." This shows an amount of historical knowledge one did not expect to find in the stable. Some little jockey-boy must have left his *Pennock* about, and his employers must have found it, and managed to spell out names.

You Continentals behave so decorously in the theatre, that you will scarcely understand that in London it is the fashion with sundry persons to chatter and jabber in private boxes, to the annoyance of the audience and the disturbance of the actors. A few nights ago, one of our cleverest leading actresses had to come down to the footlights, and publicly complain that such interruptions, from a certain box, made it impossible for her to do justice to her part. But vulgarians are not a new invention. I remember seeing Madame Vestris, who was playing *Apollo in Midas*, walk deliberately up to a box, in which sat a chattering old she-creature in a turban, and sing point-blank at her, "*Procy,*

Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue." The audience shouted the box-party out of the house. Aristocrat though I am, I have no patience with aristocratic insolence. There is the excuse that by audacious puffs and untruthful criticism folks may have been lured to a play, said to be good, and they find it is bad. Then they can go away, and not disturb those for whom it is good enough. No, Sir, that is not quite an answer. They may not have ordered their carriage for an hour or more. Besides, if a man sells me a rotten apple over his counter, must I not say it is rotten for fear of annoying other folks who are content to munch his trash? But the fact is, the sort of people who make disturbances are the last people to know whether a piece is good or bad, or if they knew earlier in the evening, they are seldom competent to judge at the time they come in. The words of Mercury would be harsh after the popping of the corks of Bacchus. I wish the Pit would try a bombardment of oranges.

Marriage is not a matter that concerns me much. But I hear that folks do marry, and are given in marriage, profusely. Too profusely, according to a certain London Banking House, which has issued a ukase announcing that any clerk wedding on a salary of less than £150 shall be held, *ipso facto*, to have resigned. I do not see the force of the outcry that has been raised against the Bank. If a garotter is dragged to gaol maudlin people say, "Ah, he is what society has made him; society should have looked after him." But the moment this abominable Society, which must mean Somebody, begins to exert a moral pressure on anybody, there is a clamour. Surely it is a good thing to save a person from trying to support himself, a wife (and her millinery), servants, and children on less than sixty shillings a-week? Ten shillings a day, leaving out Sundays! The extravagance of marrying on such a sum seems to me shameful—were I a parson, I should say sinful. Why, a Government clerk told me that his coat-flowers, for the morning, for the Park, and for dinner (for you must change your floralities, if you are anybody) cost him five and sixpence a-day, and cab-hire as much more. Do you wonder that mothers hesitate at consigning their daughters to abject penury?

Talking of marriage, divorce has suggested an odd thing. A lady wants to be separated from her husband, and not having the funds (for though we have made things as cheap as we can, the law's costly, as Lord *Sparkish* says), she is giving public readings in order to raise the expenses. I think that is a new feature in society. Perhaps, if one had to arrange the programme, one might make the injudicious laugh. The poor lady should read the Matrimonial Service, with commentaries and illustrations of her *sposo's* forgetfulness of his vows.

You are right, dear Sir, our love of scandal is one of the many bad signs and tokens of the day. I do not want classic testimony to the faith that when a nation is greedy to hear of the vices of its notable persons that nation is in a bad way. Yet you will remember Tacitus:—

"Civitas rimandis offensais sagax."

Yes, we are fast going to destruction, as I have told you many a time and oft. At a dinner-table, the man who could give news from the Georgium Sidus would be thought a bore compared to him who can tell a new scandal, especially if it tends to damage the character of somebody who was always supposed to be so good. The women, as usual, win in a race handicapped by folly, and started by spite—but you need not read this to your countesses.

Canning accused poor Lord Westmoreland of a glutinous adhesion to office. Our public men cannot be charged with the use of gluten. They are glad enough to get a holiday, for they are worked so mercilessly hard in these days. There is more to do, I suppose, than ever, but statesmen have lost the invaluable art of letting things alone. *Quæta non movere* was my father's rule, and he was not the least wise or successful of Ministers. The affectation of intense conscientiousness, and the desire to do everything oneself, make me smile, who have seen a nation governed, and well governed, over a bottle of wine, and by a council whence a good story was not excluded. We left clerks to do the work of clerks. All which is prelude to my mentioning that Mr. Bright has resigned. He, however, is much too wise a man to care for work merely for its own sake. He came into the Ministry for a special purpose, which was answered, and I am glad he is released. You can tell your people, if you like, that Mr. Gladstone has resolved to go to war with *Jerusalem and Madagascar, and North and South America*, and that Mr. Bright threw up office in consequence, but is to have the Garter—or perhaps you had better say the Star of India.

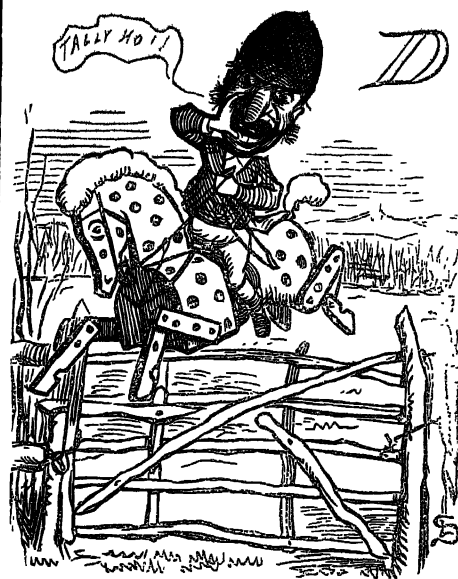
George Selwyn quoted Pope neatly the other night. We were dining at the Bedford, in Covent Garden, and there was a talk about the eating of cats by the besieged in Paris. I, for one, do not believe that an extra puss is devoured—culinary treason always did its worst in that line when stewed rabbits were ordered. But George said:—

"Let them adore a cat on oysters fed:
I'll have a party at the Bedford Head."

They tell me 'tis Christmas, my dear Sir. I suppose it must be, for everybody looks miserable, between indigestions and extortions. If any one thing connected with it can make me happy, it is that you are out of its enjoyments. *Adieu!*

HORACE WALPOLE.

OUR CHRISTMAS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.



O you know Mr. Punch, that at length a sensible remark has actually been made in a public speech on the War? Fact, Sir. W. ARTHUR RUSSELL, M.P., addressing his constituents at Tavistock, delivered that speech. It is not given to everybody to wipe Mr. MILL's eye. But surely the Member for Tavistock did, thus:—

"Mr. GLADSTONE has been blamed severely by others for not displaying more energy before the war broke out, and for not threatening with war the first who broke the peace of Europe. But, Gentlemen, a great Power like England must not threaten unless she is in earnest, and the French are not a people who yield to threats—that policy would not have been successful. The French, in July, were far too much excited to care for our menaces, or to believe that we meant what we said; if, after that, to prove that we were in earnest we had bombarded some of the peaceful commercial towns on the coast of France, nobody would have been more shocked and horrified than those very men who first recommended that policy."

To be sure, Sir, we might have said to the French and German Governments, "We hold the first who strikes our foe," and then, when France struck first, have held still. Nor would "civilised Europe" have scoffed at and taunted us any more than it does. But civilised Europe would have despised us in reality. The Czar would not merely have tried aggression on. He would have quietly proceeded to rebuild Sebastopol, and create a Russian fleet in the Black Sea. BIZZY, in like manner, would have seized upon Luxemburg without the superfluity of a warning, and then very likely have gone on to annex Holland and Belgium as well.

As it is, we are spending a Christmas which is at least more seasonable than it would seem if we had burnt Boulogne and Havre for no good, and more satisfactory than we should feel it if, by doing less than nothing, after having swaggered, we had made ourselves ridiculous, and incurred the unfeigned contempt of the Unscrupulous Powers. That is the position we might have placed ourselves in. Then, there we should have been; but now, at any rate, as the Clown (Wise Merryman) says,

HERE WE ARE!

PEOPLE WE HAVE NOT MET.

A HAIRDRESSER who can cut your hair without venturing to make any cutting observations on it.

A waiter at a City dinner, whose white gloves are not big enough for either Gog or Magog.

A linen-draper's shopman who will be content with selling a lady what she wants, and will not worry her to buy a dozen things she doesn't want.

A Shakespeare commentator who will abstain from twisting simple passages into thoroughly obscure ones.

An habitual criminal in the art of punning, who will avoid using a word because he sees there is a joke in it.

A railway guard or porter of sufficient self-control to shut a carriage-door without violently banging it.

Brutum Fulmen.

THE POPE pronounces excommunication Of all the parties to Rome's annexation. What would become of the Italian nation, Were Papal curses sure of operation?

MISNOMER.—"It is," says some paper, "The Union Insurance Co. that has forbidden its clerks to marry under a salary of £150 per annum." Surely not the Union Company.

GENERAL CATECHISMS

(Intended for the Use of all Schools of every Variety of Creed).

Historical and Scientific Question. Where was the Hebraic Lawgiver on the extinction of the Ozokerit of that period?

[Opportunity for Advertisement—unintentional, but evident.

Answer deferred until either DR. SMITH, BISHOP COLENSO, or PROFESSOR MCINTOSH throws some additional light on the Egyptian darkness of this subject.

Q. Who is O'Zone?

Ans. An Irishman.

Q. Who were the Kings of Cologne?

Ans. FARINA & SONS, none other genuine.

Question for Prizemen in Ecclesiastical History. Who was ARIUS?

Ans. He was a Heretic, who played on a Dolphin's back.

Q. And—what were the Aryan Races?

Ans. They were got up in the East, and were ridden on wild asses. Not much money ever changed hands at these meetings.

Q. Was a PALÆOLOGUS a bird or a Pope?—Give your reasons for your answer.

(Unanswered as yet.)

Q. Without descending to personality, state what you know of RENZI, the last of the Barons?

Ans. He was a friend of LORD LYTTON's, in Rome. Nothing further has ever been heard of him.

Q. Who was ARNOLD of Brescia? At what time did he become Head Master of Rugby?

(Answer deferred.)

The above questions will lighten the labours of the Educational Bored and Educational Borers.

Yours,

ONE OF THE FORMER.

WILLIAM THE SERIOUS.

THE writer of some verses made by Indignation and published in the *Pall Mall*, abusing the Germans in a strain of vigorous invective, asks them:—

What if he dealt the foremost blow,

Your old, hereditary, foe!

What if his rash, unchastened hand

Lit up the war-fires in the land!

To this demand the Germans might naturally enough, if not poetically, reply:—

What? Why we'll make it certain, then,

He ne'er shall do the like again.

Whether such certainty is attainable by means which must secure the eternal hatred of France, is a question between the new Emperor that is to be and his Chancellor. The pious KING OF PRUSSIA, in the meanwhile, is doubtless praying fervently for his enemies, whom at the same time he endeavours to trample with all his might. He accompanies his sincere prayers on their behalf with the utmost exertions to bring them to repentance.

WAR AT THE PRICE OF PEACE.

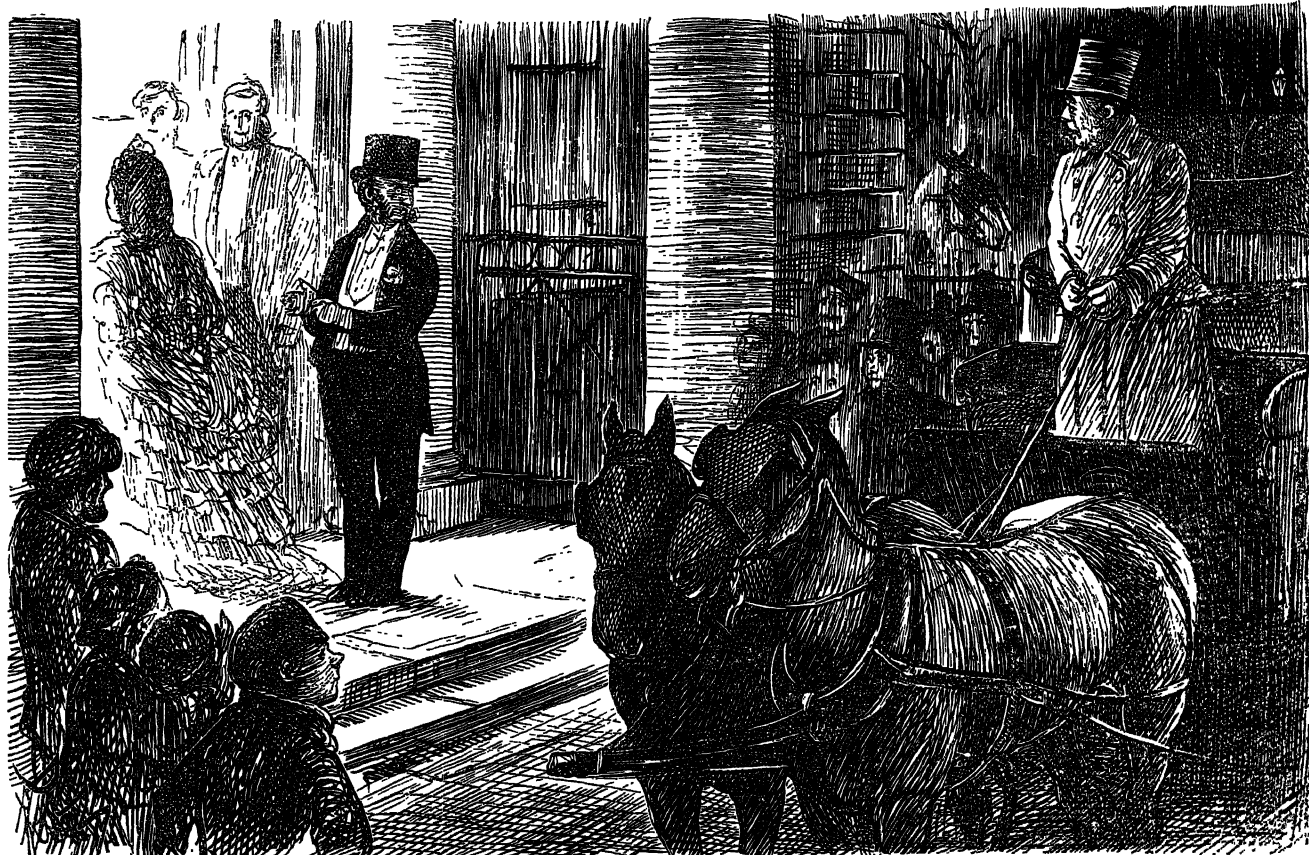
PEACE at any price which is not, in the end, dearer than the cost of War. That should be the motto of every Briton, if all Britons were equally taxed. It is the motto of every sane payer of Income-tax.

Very well, then. Had we not better pay the American Government all the damages they demand in their *Alabama Claims*? Quite the contrary. For, instead of purchasing peace by such a payment, we should more likely incur war. A government capable of declining our offer to submit those claims to arbitration is capable of any conduct that can result from intellectual sharpness and moral idiocy. If we were to pay it the sum which it asks, we should pay it a great deal of money. Money is the sinews of war. There would be nothing but the fear of us to restrain the Government of Washington from picking a quarrel with us on some fresh score, entrapping us into war with the United States, and employing the funds which we had supplied them with in carrying it on.

Mrs. R.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, being very fond of music, told a friend that she was going to hear BEETHOVEN'S "Missy Solomons" performed. It turned out to be the *Missa Solemnis*.

CHRISTMAS TELEGRAM FROM JOHN BULL, ESQ., TO THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT:—Grant U.S. Peace.



A "SELL."

(WE'VE ALL GOT OUR LITTLE WEAKNESSES. BROWN'S LITTLE WEAKNESS IS THIS: WHEN HE AND MRS. BROWN GO TO A DINNER-PARTY, THEY DO IT IN STYLE; AND HE NATURALLY LIKES HIS ENTERTAINER'S FLUNKYS TO THINK THAT THE EQUIPAGE HE HAS HIRED FOR THE OCCASION IS HIS OWN.)

Brown (in a loud voice). "O—A—COME FOR US AT ELEVEN, JOHN."

The Coachman (in a louder). "HALL RIGHT, SIR! WHAT NAME SHALL I HASK FOR?"

A DEUTSCHER DOVE-COO.

"The reply of Gottingen University to the appeal addressed by the Royal Irish Academy and Trinity College, Dublin, to the various learned bodies throughout the world, urging a monster protest against the threatened destruction of the scientific and art treasures of Paris by the prosecution of the siege, has been received. It is signed by the pro-rector of the University, DR. DOVE."

AND thus it runs, this Dutch Dove's coo,
Their smoky *bier-haus* potting in,
In answer to the cry undue
That urges ruth upon the U-
Niversity of Gottingen!

"You follow us, and not we you,
Ultima Thule sotting in;
That we're Earth's light is plainly true—
At least we think so at the U-
Niversity of Gottingen! *

If Deutschland culture's work^{es}eschew,
Battle-fields to go shooting in,
The sacrilegious French should rue
The day they roused to arms the U-
Niversity of Gottingen.

If Deutschland deal not France her due,
Of dead men dead fields rotting in,
Fling o'er Alsace, Lorraine, her shoe,
There is no justice, says the U-
Niversity of Gottingen.

* "The German people, who in their intellectual aspirations are ever seeking to realise PARACELSUS's proud remark—'English, French, Italians, follow

In our book Heaven's law is writ true,
All other books there's blotting in:
And if Heaven's law e'er gets its due,
Next God's grace, Earth may thank the U-
Niversity of Gottingen! †

Back from French frowns when England drew,
Shop and peace work besotting in,
Who to ordeal of battle flew?
BISMARCK, and WILLIAM, and the U-
Niversity of Gottingen! ‡

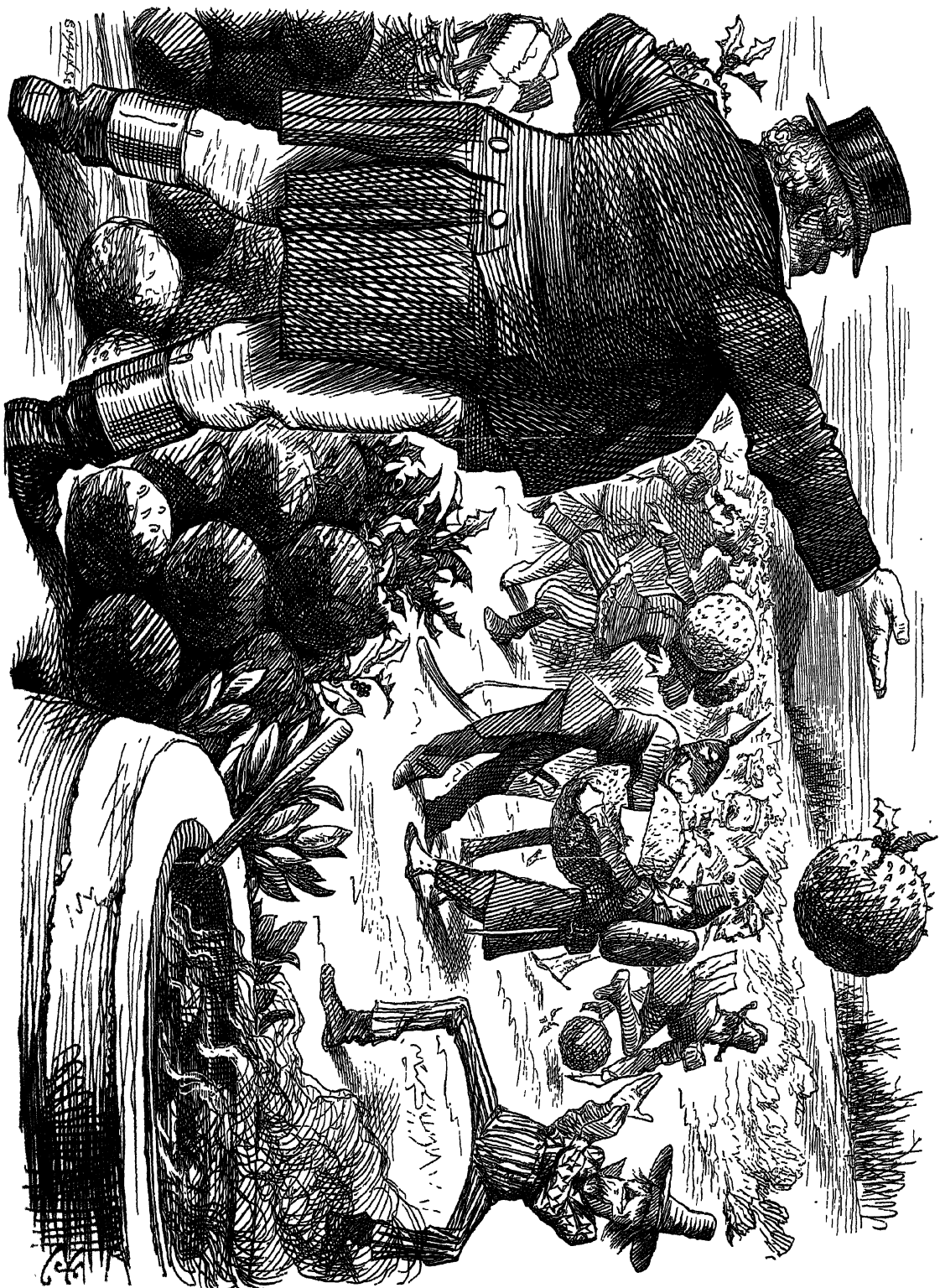
Of course, Archangel Fiend o'erthrew
(The *Times* see CARLYLE's jotting in)
Now the Fiend's face we must put through
The nether millstone, says the U-
Niversity of Gottingen! §

me, not I you'—have been forced to leave the work of peaceful culture, the only field of their ambition, because by a hostile attack their dearest possessions, their national existence, their moral self-consciousness, their honour, were menaced."

† "They are now fighting in France for the future security of this sacred possession (i.e., national existence, moral self-consciousness, honour, aforesaid, *not* Alsace and Lorraine), as also for the peace of the world and the morals of humanity; for these would be destroyed if the idea of requiting Justice could disappear from the consciousness of peoples. That the world retains the belief in this justice it owes, next to God's grace, to the German people."

‡ "When Europe had not the moral courage to prevent a wanton breach of the peace, this people, awaiting the righteous judgment in the thunder of battles, put its existence at stake."

§ "It has sent out the intellectual flower of its youth to the sacred struggle, which a great English historian has justly described as the struggle of the Archangel against Belial."



ENGLAND'S CHRISTMAS BOMBARDMENT.

(WITH ALL THE "COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.")

JOHN BULL. "IF YOU DON'T LIKE 'EM, WE'VE PLENTY OF THE SAME SHAPE—BUT A GOOD DEAL HARDER!"

German *Geist* 'gainst French Ape-dom! Pooh!
Nice balance to be totting in!
Turcos and Garibaldian crew,
What's myriads such to one o' the U-
Niversity of Gottingen? *

If peasants starve, and Paris too,
Our steel links her flanks knotting in—
'Tis all because they won't *kotoo*
To their born masters, of the U-
Niversity of Gottingen!

Why don't they yield, and not undo
Themselves, resistance plotting in?
If they'll give in they'll never rue,
But bless the wise rule of the U-
Niversity of Gottingen!

By fighting thus till all is blue,
Despair defeat not wotting in,
They keep us from our books, and do
Damage to graduates of the U-
Niversity of Gottingen. †

But who's JOHN BULL, to bid us rue—
Our place Heaven's work allotting in?—
Keep thyself to thyself, *dummerdu*!
Nor dare to dictate to the U-
Niversity of Gottingen! ‡

Pitch into your own rulers, do,
Policeman's garb garotting in!
Letting your trade the French unto
Sell guns, for firing at the U-
Niversity of Gottingen. §

JONATHAN sells still more, 'tis true—
His debt my book I'm dotting in—
But to please him I'll bully you;
Two foes at once don't suit the U-
Niversity of Gottingen!

To Russia's CZAR, at war with you,
Our Krupp big guns came 'trotting' in;
But Goose-sauce won't for Ganders do;
Wrong in JOHN BULL is right in U-
Niversity of Gottingen!

* "Our high school, also, which deems it its entire honour to be German, has placed hundreds of German youths under arms, not regarding the inequality of the stakes, in our being compelled to contend with African semi-savages, or the collected rabble of Garibaldian adventurers."

† "German science already mourns among the fallen heroes several distinguished savants, and a large number of hopeful youths."
‡ "England, however, may continue to refrain from interference of any kind with us."

§ "The learned societies of England would best serve humanity by stepping with their prestige into the lists against the violation of the principle of neutrality by the conduct of the present Government respecting the trade in arms."

"FROM THE SUBLIME," &c.

THERE has been a "demonstration" in Trafalgar Square "to express sympathy with France, and to urge upon Her Majesty's Government the necessity of recognising the French Provisional Government." When the meeting was over, the announcement was made, "that a procession would form, and proceed to the French Embassy, at Albert Gate, Hyde Park, to formally place in the hands of the *Chargé d'Affaires* the resolutions passed at the meeting. . . . But at the Embassy no response was made other than by the porter, who stated that no higher authority was at that moment in residence. Accordingly, the deputation, after besieging the entrance of the Embassy, had no alternative but to turn back." Unlucky deputation! What a drop from the *Chargé d'Affaires* to the—porter!

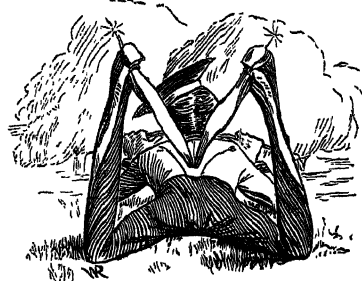
"The Harp that Once," &c.

THE Harp, the cherished musical instrument of the Twanglangodillo Principality, is now rarely found in Wales. The Welsh Harpers have taken to the turf, and their name is changed to Welsh Sharpers, or Welchers. Alas! Alas! That the only remains of their glory should be the Something-bury races, got up by sporting publicans and sinners not a hundred miles from the Welsh Harp of Hendon.

THE CONVICT'S *CARTE DE VISITE*.—The Prison-Van.

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

No. VII.—MY MILITARY ACQUAINTANCE SMOKED OUT.



MY Military Acquaintance, PIPKIN, is an expert at borrowing small sums. This is the only thing that I know *very much to his credit*. He has a knack of flourishing sixpence and insisting upon his paying *his* share of a shilling cab-fare, which induces a belief in his ability to make a call upon a considerable sum at his Banker's. But will it come when he calls? I fancy that if I offered fifty pounds for PIPKIN's assets PIPKIN

would jump at it and be the gainer. He will borrow half a sovereign of you because he hasn't got change for a fiver. If you happen to have the required five sovereigns, he will have mislaid the note and "forgotten what the deuce he did with it." Half-crowns and shillings he gets from his friends by ingenious tossing, at which amusement he is singularly successful.

PIPKIN puts on a very knowing look when the Derby is at hand. He is perpetually asking what his acquaintances individually will "give against" so and so, and will refuse their offer whatever it is with a wink of such deep signification as leads those who do not know him to suppose that PIPKIN is a thorough turfite with a big book and the odds at his fingers' ends. Of course he has not a penny on it, and so far PIPKIN is wise.

PIPKIN, my Military Acquaintance, has a mysterious way with him in speaking of any lady, which has often imposed on the most astute. He will point out some lady to you, and ask *sotto voce*, "Do you see her? eh?"

You will become deeply interested and will probably expect to hear some thrilling tale, which, if known publicly, would show Society rotten at the core.

You *do* see her, and you naturally say interrogatively "Well?" looking for the interesting details.

Not a bit of it. PIPKIN will simply wink, smile, say "Ah!" and shake his head in the ambiguous manner which *Hamlet* anticipated his friends would assume when keeping the celebrated Ghost Secret. (Perhaps, by the way, PROFESSOR PEPPER once made similar remarks to MR. DICKS when the "Spectral Illusion" was first introduced to the public.)

If pressed to reveal his knowledge, PIPKIN will commence in your ear, "Well," slowly, "I'll tell you." Then, after looking round to see if no one is within earshot he'll continue, "She was once—" Here he breaks off, as if he really must not commit a breach of confidence, and adds, "No, I'd better not tell you." This of course leaves his auditor to imagine whatever he likes, or does not like, as the case may be, and the wary PIPKIN has it always in his power to reply to any charge, that he never said a single word against MRS. THINGUMMY; but, for all that, he is the best hand, and this is the best method of taking away a reputation, with which I am acquainted.

PIPKIN will, of course, be kicked one of these days, and serve him right. His amours would fill a volume—if told by himself—and he is always ready to tell anybody who will listen, specially women. Naturally, no woman of sense is to be taken in by PIPKIN for one second, and to see PIPKIN, in his most fascinating mood, taken down several pegs and snubbed by some lady, upon whom he was congratulating himself that he had made a favourable impression, is worth more than a trifle.

Well my Military PIPKIN's familiarity means "an easy bearing," and to him vulgarity is "good breeding."

He is addicted to showing letters signed by various female Christian names:—"Annie," "Sophy," "Milly," &c., to himself, three or four at a time, and will extract tender passages in corroboration of his own account of his own prowess. I fancy he writes some of these himself, perhaps most of them. You can't please him more than by calling him a "Don Juan," and if he can only meet you in the street when he has a petticoat on his arm, his happiness has reached its climax. If it was his Grandmother, and she had her veil down, he would give one of his winks aside at you, as much as to say, "Ain't I a sly dog, eh? Another conquest, Sir, another conquest." PIPKIN is an ass, but not harmless; no man who possesses his power of winking *can* be harmless. PIPKIN, when found out, is amusing, for a time, but after a while you decide that he is despicable, and will cease to find any source of mirth in his love letters, his bombast, his sporting, or his military bearing. We have chatted over our Cigarette: let us throw the bit of paper away, and drop my Military Acquaintance.



THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.

MR. PUNCH'S AWFUL WARNING TO ASPIRING YOUNG NOBLEMEN.

OUR CHRISTMAS CORNER.

Household Correspondence.

J. HORNER writes:—"I want a receipt for Grouse-Pudding."
[By all means. Nothing easier. Send the Grouse-Pudding here, and we'll return you a receipt for it by bearer.—Ed.]

"I WANT," says our amiable Correspondent, Miss GOODCHILD, "to know how to make a nice drink for evening parties, neither expensive, nor strong. Something that the maid can hand round in little glasses, or something hot for a bowl on the table, to which all could go and refresh themselves."

[For the "little glasses," hot water with a squeeze of lemon in it. Delicious! For the more jovial "bowl" we recommend, also, hot water—with soap and towel. Most refreshing!—Ed.]

PUZZLED PUMPKIN.—"Can you suggest a good bill of fare for one week?" [Yes.—Ed.]

"LUNCHEON is an awkward meal," says MRS. JENKINSON. "I want to know what dishes I can extemporise when a lot of visitors come in suddenly about one o'clock, and stay to lunch."

[It quite depends upon what you have in the house. Parsley, onions, jam, cheese, bread, something cold from yesterday, salt, mustard, pepper, and anchovy sauce. If you can't extemporise luncheon out of such materials as these, then neither you nor your friends can be hungry.—Ed.]

"GIVE me a short method for making mince-pies."—X.
[Make mince, make pie. There you are!—Ed.]

Heigh-ho!

LITTLE MINIKINS, who is only five feet five, high boot-heels and all, and who thinks that the height of ambition is to be tall, averts his head when he passes shops which announce "Size" for sale.

BEETHOVEN AND THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

ON the evening of Saturday last week the centenary of BEETHOVEN was celebrated at Covent Garden by the performance of *Fidelio*. "The house," says one who had paid for his admission, "was crowded, particularly in the cheapest part. I was in the cheapest but one—the Amphitheatre Stalls; should, if worth a thousand a year certain, have occupied a Pit Stall; nay, perhaps the centre of a box, with a suitable companion on either side, of me. The people encored the overture first played—to wit, *Leonora*. They listened most attentively to the whole performance from beginning to end." Now, *Fidelio* is an opera of which the interest does not consist in sympathy with vice. BEETHOVEN was not the composer to write music descriptive of breaking the Seventh Commandment. On the contrary, in *Fidelio* he glorifies conjugal loyalty—worthily, both by voice and acting, expressed by TITIENS. The public appreciation of a work founded on the basis of sentiments proper to Man (especially Woman), and not at all on that of the nature which mankind share with apes and the rest of the lower animals, appears to me a cheering indication. It is a symptom of progress, though partial, which may afford some little comfort to melancholy persons, disgusted and disheartened by the scene of brutality and backwardation at present generally exhibited by the surrounding world.

Educational.

IF MISS GARRETT, is at any future time elected to the Chair of the Education Board, her official position will be recognised by the title of "Chairwoman" (as "Charwoman" pronounced), in which capacity she will employ, let us hope, the newest brooms.

SCIENCE GOSSIP.

SPEAKING of edible birds'-nests, it was the remark of an acute and far-seeing naturalist, that the Swallow makes them and the Chinese swallow them.

"THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON."—A Barrel-Organ.



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